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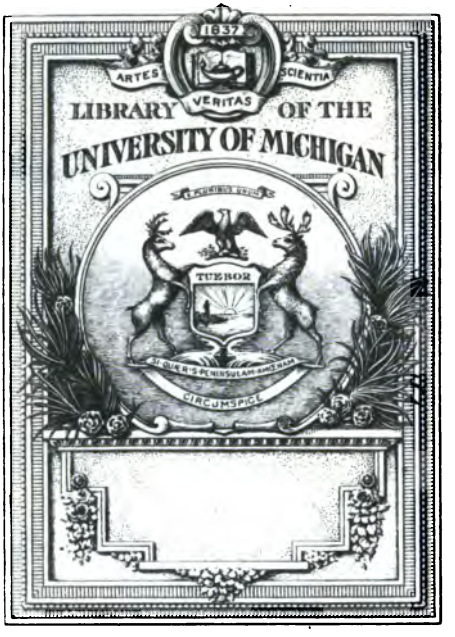
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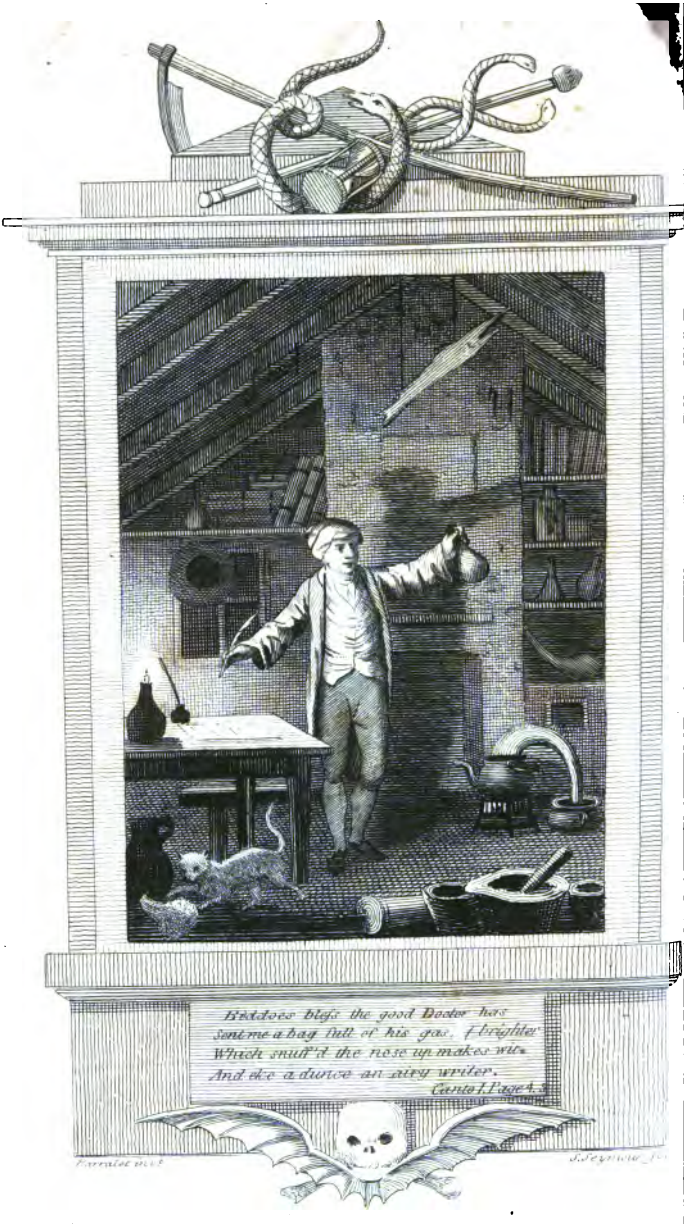
Beddoes blefs the good Doctor has
Sent me a bag full of his gas, (bright'er
Which snuff'd the nose up makes wit
And eke a dunce an airy writer.
Canto I. Page 4.

Fessenden, Thomas Green,

THE

MODERN PHILOSOPHER;

828
F415m
1806

OR

TERRIBLE TRACTORATION!

IN FOUR CANTOS,

MOST RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON.

BY CHRISTOPHER CAUSTICK,

M. D. A.S.S.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, ABERDEEN, AND HONORARY MEMBER OF NO LESS THAN NINETEEN VERY LEARNED SOCIETIES.

SECOND AMERICAN EDITION,

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND MUCH ENLARGED BY THE AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

FROM THE LORENZO PRESS OF E. BRONSON,
PRINTED FOR I. RILEY AND CO. NEW YORK.

1806.

DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, TO WIT:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the eleventh day of (L. S.) June, in the thirtieth year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1806, Thomas Green Fessenden, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

"The Modern Philosopher, or Terrible Tractoration! in four cantos, most respectfully addressed to the royal college of physicians, London. By Christopher Caustick, M. D. A.S.S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Aberdeen, and honorary member of no less than nineteen very learned societies. Second American edition, revised, corrected, and much enlarged by the author."

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the district of Pennsylvania.

TO

JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQUIRE,

THE FOLLOWING

POEM

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND

AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND AMERICAN EDITION.

IN the preface of the publisher of the first American edition of this work, some statements relative to its origin, together with a concise biographical sketch of its author, have been presented to the publick. That preface, however, having been written before my return from England, and without my knowledge, cannot be supposed to be perfectly correct in all its particulars; and though I highly appreciate the friendly motives which appear to have actuated the publisher in penning it, yet I hope he will pardon me if, instead of an advocate, I now appear in *propria persona* and explain a little more at large the topicks and events of which he has taken notice.

Previous to my journey to England, for the purposes hereafter to be stated, my life had been checkered with but little variety; and I shall merely state such prominent events as may be necessary to account for my having made my literary debut in the uncommon character of an American author in London.

My father is a clergyman, who has been settled in Walpole, in New Hampshire, more than forty years. He is by no means in affluent circumstances, and I am the eldest of eight children yet living. I acquired a collegiate education, and graduated at Dartmouth college in New Hampshire, in August 1796. The expenses of my education were principally defrayed by my own exertions. During the vacations I eked out my finances by instructing a village school, and added sometimes a pittance to my purse by teaching psalmody a number of evenings in each week, after having finished my daily avocations as a pedagogue. In the autumn of the year 1796, I commenced the study of law at Rutland, in Vermont. After completing my studies I began business in partnership with Nathaniel Chipman, Esq. formerly a senator in congress, and a gentleman who is placed by his legal, literary, and scientifick attainments in the highest rank of American worthies.

While member of the university and student at law, I often amused myself and perhaps sometimes my friends, by poetical effusions, many of which were published in the Laypreacher's Gazette, edited by Joseph Dennie, Esq. and The Eagle, a newspaper printed at Dartmouth. Some of these poems I have since published in England, and they have, likewise, been republished in a work just issued from the Lorenzo Press of E. Bronson, Esq.

In the spring of the year 1801, I was employed as an agent for a respectable company, formed in Vermont for the purpose of securing a patent in London of a new invented hydraulick machine. This machine was the invention of a Mr. Langdon (not mine as has been stated by some of my good friends in this country.) I was likewise a member of this company, and thus became deeply interested in its success as one of the principals as well as agent. I was urged to hurry my departure in consequence of a report in circulation that certain persons by stealth had made them-

selves master of the invention, and were determined to anticipate us in our object of securing a patent in London.

In consequence of this report, the experiments which were made with this machine were performed in a hasty manner. The machine itself was complicated with parts which were of no use, and are not worth a description. The only principle which gave it any apparent superiority to the common pump was not stated in the patent specification. By the aid of this principle, however, which we shall presently describe, water was raised in a hasty experiment through leaky tin pipes, apparently by suction or the pressure of the atmosphere alone, forty-two feet from the surface of the fountain to the bottom of the cylinders in which the pistons were worked.

From these experiments, it should seem that some new principle in the laws of hydraulicks was developed; as the simple pressure of the atmosphere can never elevate water to a greater height than thirty-four feet.

But my principal hopes of deriving benefit from this machine, consisted in its property of drawing water from a distance through pipes, ascending from the fountain to the place of delivery on a principle not dissimilar to what is now in practice in England, and for the application of which a lucrative patent was obtained by a Mr. Dalby. I embarked from New York the fifth of May, and arrived in London, after a tedious passage, the fourth of July. I waited on Mr. King, then ambassadour from the United States, to whom I had letters, and was by him favoured with a letter to Mr. Nicholson, an eminent philosopher and chymist, at Soho square. With this gentleman I had several interviews on the subject of my hydraulick machine, and from him received an opinion in writing, stating his unfavourable view of its merits. I likewise made a number of experiments in London, with a different result from what I had seen in Vermont.

In this desperate situation of the adventure, I received a letter from one of the Vermont company, informing that there was a deception in the patent. That by some experiments made subsequent to my departure for London it appeared that no water could be raised by Langdon's invention higher than by the common pump, unless by a perforation in the pipe, which made what the inventor called an air hole; and which by him had been kept a secret, and not mentioned in the patent specification.* This perforation, by admitting air into the pipe, lessened the gravity of the column of water and caused it to rise some feet higher than it could be forced by the simple pressure of the atmosphere. I troubled Mr. Nicholson again with this last principle: he informed me that a similar deception had been practised on the academicans at Paris, but that the trick was discovered by the hissing noise made by the air rushing into the aperture in the pipe.

My next essay was an attempt to improve on the principle last developed, by which a column of water might be raised higher than it could be carried by the simple pressure of the atmosphere, by admitting air into the pipe to assist in its ascent. This I shall briefly sketch, and I hope to make my meaning intelligible without a diagram.

Suppose the simple apparatus of what is commonly called a suction pump, moved by steam or any other power, were placed at the top of a pipe leading sixty feet perpendicular height from the fountain and the air exhausted from the pipe by the operation of its piston. The water would rise in this pipe thirty-three feet and two-thirds nearly, leaving a vacuum from the surface of the water thus elevated in the pipe, to the bottom of the piston. At the height

* This was such a fraud in the inventor, that by every principle of law and reason the patent was void, and no contract founded on it could be valid.

of thirty feet from the fountain I would have a valve in the pipe, opening upwards. Immediately above this, a pipe branching horizontally from the main pipe to what I will call *a second pump box*, from which the air would be exhausted by the operation of the piston at the top of the main pipe. In the top of the second pump box I would likewise place a small valve opening upwards. This valve should communicate with a piece of cork or other light wood appended to the valve by a rod within the box. The air being exhausted within the machine, the water would rise and flow into the second pump box, and by *floating the wood*, would lift the valve at the top of the box, the air would rush in, and shutting the valve below, operate by its spring or pressure to force the water into the box at the top of the main pipe.

If the main pipe were continued to a greater perpendicular height from the fountain, suppose ninety feet, by placing a third pump box, branching pipe and valves similar to the second and its apparatus as above described, and an exhaustion made at the top of the pipe, the water would be raised by *renovated pressure* of the atmosphere ninety feet; and by a succession of similar machinery, to any height short of that in which the pressure of the atmosphere would cease to operate. This invention I proposed to apply to raising water from deep wells, coal mines, &c. and in situations where it was necessary to raise water a great height, but impossible or inconvenient to apply the machinery of a common lifting or forcing pump.

Having completed a tolerable sketch by way of a diagram of this invention, I consulted Mr. Nicholson, and some other gentlemen of mechanical skill, respecting its merits. They all agreed that it was new, ingenious, and might be in some situations useful; but thought that the expense of a patent, which in England is near £120 and the difficulty of obtaining patronage for a new thing,

though it might be really useful, ought to deter me from attempting to prosecute my improvement.

I now relinquished all hopes of being able to effect any thing beneficial to my employers or myself by Langdon's machine, or by any possible modification of any of its principles, and in August 1801 was preparing to return to America.

At this juncture, an American introduced himself to me at my lodgings in the Strand, whom I had never before seen. He informed me that he was the inventor of a new and curious machine for grinding corn and other useful purposes, for which he had obtained a patent. That sir William Staines, then mayor of London, was at the head of a company for carrying his patent into effect.—That he had sold one fourth part of his patent for £500 sterling to a gentleman who was a great mechanick, a person of much respectability, a city surveyor, and possessed of a large property—That he, the inventor, had built a number of mills in America, and was fully competent to direct, in every particular, respecting his invention. He produced the counterpart of his assignment of one fourth part of his patent, in which £500 was expressed as the consideration of the deed. I found on inquiry that he had married the daughter of a clergyman, settled in London, and a person of respectable appearance, and I saw no reason to disbelieve any of his statements. This adventurer likewise produced a small model of his machine, which seemed to be the work of considerable ingenuity. At length, after some hesitation and inquiry, I was prevailed on to purchase one fourth of the patent, and was sufficiently punished for my temerity.

The mayor soon took the liberty of seceding from the concern. The rich partner who was prior to me in the purchase of a part of the patent, was not exactly so rich, nor

quite so respectable as had been represented. The £500 stated to have been paid by him was only a *nominal* sum to induce others to purchase. The patentee sold out, and I found that no ordinary exertions were necessary to prevent the total failure of the whole scheme. A company of four persons was now formed to build a machine, on a cheap scale, on the Thames, which, it was hoped, would display the principles of the patent, and perform work enough to requite the expense of construction.

In order to become in some measure competent to render assistance in this undertaking I set about investigating the principles on which a machine ought to be built, which would come within the patent. From the writings of Smeaton, Ferguson, the Encyclopædia Britannica, and some other authors who had treated on such branches of mechanical philosophy as were connected with this subject compared with experiments, which had been made with a view to this patent, I was able to develop its principles and recommended such rules as those concerned have been taught by experience to adopt. But I found myslf connected with men who despised science, who could not even comprehend my statements, and who proceeded in spite of my remonstrances to spoil the machine. After suffering no small degree of vexation, fatigue, and anxiety, I induced to attempt to make my pen subsidiary to my support. In the prosecution of this last plan, I published Terrible Tractoration, and a volume of Original Poems, both of which met a favourable reception by the publick, and were recommended by professional criticks.

Those, however, who are best acquainted with me, will do me the justice to believe, that I never should have written a work calculated to give the tractors favourable notice, had I not fully believed in their efficacy. As conductors of animal electricity, and in principle allied to the Galvanick stimulants, even their modus operandi may be

in a great measure explained:* and the cases of their having performed cures are attested by too many respectable characters, both in Europe and America, to render it possible that they should be an illusion. I likewise found that though by many they were condemned as the offspring of quackery, their most bitter opponents were generally men who deserved to be ranked with the Solomons and Brodums who disgrace the profession of physick†.

Justice requires that I should acknowledge my obligations to some friends in London, for many materials which

* I am tempted in this place to present the reader with a quotation from Cavallo, which shows that metallick substances have a powerful effect on animals.

"The principle phenomena of animal electricity, viz. the property of being put in motion by a metallick communication between the nerves and muscles is not peculiar to a few animals, but must be a property of all; a law of nature which admits of few exceptions, and these of a very doubtful nature. The experiments have already been tried with a great variety of terrestrial, aerial, and aquatick animals. The human body, whilst undergoing certain chirurgical operations on its recently amputated limbs, has been convulsed by the application of metals. From the ox and the horse down to the fly, the effects of metallick applications have been repeatedly and unequivocally observed, with the same power."

† Many respectable English reviews spoke in favourable terms of the tractors. I shall here quote the authority of the Anti-Jacobin Review, the reputation of which is so well established that we cannot suppose it possible that its conductors would give any thing like quackery the sanction of their authority. In a review of a satyrical work of one *Corry* who had written against the tractors, they observe, "with equal avidity, though certainly with but little knowledge or skill, does our angry satirist fall upon Perkins's metallick tractors. Much as we detest and reprobate quackery of every description, we do not feel ourselves authorized to restrain or suppress the extension of scientifick discovery; and considering the tractors to be constructed on known philosophical principles, they do not appear so contemptible as this author affects to represent them." *Anti Jacobin Review* for April, 1802, p. 399.

composed the London edition of the following performance. The verse, with the exception of about half a dozen stanzas, is mine, with no other assistance but such as conversation with those friends afforded me by occasionally supplying hints and topicks, which I afterwards displayed in rhyme. Some of the notes were printed with but little alteration from matter furnished me by correspondents. As many of these communications, however, are of a personal nature, I do not feel at liberty to divulge the names of their authors without their consent.

Such was the origin of the English editions of the following work. I thought it proper briefly to narrate the circumstances, which led to its publication, in consequence of inaccurate statements, which have been circulated. The present edition contains nearly double the quantity of matter published in the last English edition, the satire is more general, and it is hoped the additional matter will be thought not inferiour to what has repeatedly obtained the sanction of British and American professional criticks. My object has been not only to disclose the follies of philosophy, falsely so called, but to give publicity to such inventions and improvements as are really useful. I have the highest reason to be satisfied with the reception which the performance has met in Europe and America from men of literature and candour. It is true that some pitiful attempts have been made to persuade the publick, not only that this poem, but the immortal work of which this is an imitation is "gross and nauseous." But such malignant and sorry criticisms will serve merely to render their authors ridiculous, and their folly will ever serve as an antidote to their malevolence.*

* I allude here to a critique upon this poem and Democracy Unveiled, written by a pitiful *American* scribbler for Philips's Monthly Magazine, London, and republished with much ostentation, as the opinion of *British* criticks, by an editor of a very contemptible paper at New York. This man, not contented with abusing my poems,

In preparing the additional matter I have had no assistance except such as libraries and the conversation of men of science and literature have afforded. The urbanity of gentlemen of those descriptions, in this metropolis, and the readiness with which they have afforded me access to the sources of intelligence in their possession, will live in my remembrance and be at all times acknowledged with gratitude.

has attacked the immortal works of Butler. He seems not to possess powers for discriminating between doggrel rhymes and Hudibrastick poetry; for he declares that "to make verses of this kind," to wit, like Butler, "is one of the *lowest orders* of intellectual employments." If we may judge, however, from some specimens of this critick's own verse, "the lowest order of intellectual employments" in his hands would be "likely to be lower!!" But Pope has hit his case so exactly that we will dismiss him with a quotation from that writer, whose productions he will doubtless pronounce "gross and nauseous."

"Some have at first for wits, then *poets* past,
"Turn'd *criticks* next, and prov'd *plain fools* at last."

Philadelphia, June 18, 1806.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

LONDON EDITION.

THE demand for a second edition of CAUSTICK'S PETITION, within the short period of two months from the publication of the first, has excited so much vanity in the author as to induce him to believe that his efforts have not been altogether unacceptable, and to hope that his objects may ultimately prove not to have been altogether unaccomplished. With such a reward for former exertions, and such an incitement for future, it will be thought natural in him to have used his endeavour for a continuance of publick favour.

The present edition, which contains more than double the quantity of matter that composed the last, will plead the virtue of industry, even should the merit of the new matter not justly lay claim to that indulgence with which the former was honoured.

Besides enlargement, this edition will be found, especially in the first canto, to be materially *altered*.

The aim of the alterations has been to avoid, as much as the subjects necessarily enlarged upon would admit, every

sentiment and expression, which would offend the heart of innocence, or the eye of delicacy. Addressed, as the poem originally was, to professional men, there was, perhaps, little cause to complain of too great a licence in this particular. The circulation of the work proving, however, to be by no means confined to the medical profession, and promising to be still less so in future, it has been the author's study to savour this to the more general palate as well as to enlarge the scope of its objects.

Of one, among other advantages, which may generally be derived for the improvement of second editions, viz. the criticisms of monthly journals, the author is in a great measure deprived. Two only (the *Antijacobin* and *Monthly Register*) have yet committed the deeds of Dr. Caustick to the test of their tremendous ordeal.

The sweet drops of their approbation, which, in their great clemency, they have allowed him to taste, instead of the bitter pill which the trembling poet feared might have been his dose, inculcates a hope of a survival of the affray, without a *broken heart* through his *own chagrin*, however great his danger of a *broken head* through the *chagrin of others*.

Thus far I had proceeded in remarks, which are applicable to this second edition only, and hesitated some time, before I resolved on the expedience of pursuing my observations, and offering something like an explanation of the motives, which led to the present publication. This delay has enabled me to mention a third review of the first edition (by the *British Critick*). Like the *former two* it has indulged Dr. Caustick with encomiums on his "ingenious burlesque," his "humorous notes," his "happy ludicrous compounded rhymes, and many other qualities to ensure no trifling success in doggrel verse." &c.

To have hoped, by any thing that might be said in this introduction, to alter the conduct of those, against whom the animadversions contained in the poem are directed, would be vain. Others, however, who seek after *truth* with more disinterestedness, and with whom truth, when known, may be subservient to some good effect, may have their inquiries facilitated by a simple detail of a few plain facts.

The discovery of Perkinism, and the ascertainment of its utility in the cure of diseases, have been objects of the author's most critical and cautious investigation. This investigation, terminating in a conviction of its great importance to mankind, and its high claims to a rank among the choicest blessings to humanity, has placed him on the alert to watch its progress, and to feel an anxiety for its success. He has of consequence been roused at the disgraceful attempts made by the combined energies of prejudice and self interest to prevent the use, nay, even the *trial*, of the efficacy of the metallick tractors.

Opposition, honourable in its views, and fair in its means, to discoveries of great pretensions, is not only commendable, but almost indispensably necessary to the development of truth. Such opposition, like friction to the diamond, proves its hardness and increases its lustre. But when, as in the present instance, every avenue to truth is defended by scorpions, who endeavour to frighten you back by their hisses, or assail you with their stings, it cannot be unjustifiable to attempt to clear the passage by whipping away the reptiles. The author, however, would not presume to represent that he has accomplished this task. But, if he has failed in his attempt, he is not yet discouraged. They have thrown the gauntlet in an untenable cause, and, as his quiver is yet full of arrows, he will be justified in shooting folly, malice, and ignorance

whenever they appear in any guise to combine against this important discovery.

The writer would, however, caution against any supposition that the whole medical profession, many of whom are stars of prime magnitude in the hemisphere of science, are enemies to Perkinism, or would make use of any unjustifiable means to oppose an improvement in the art of healing. Indeed, no person can hold the more honourable part of the profession in higher estimation than the author of the following poem.

A concise sketch of the history of Perkinism, since its first introduction into this island, will render evident what has been the nature of the opposition to the metallick practice, inasmuch as it will show that it resolves itself into two heads, viz. *ridicule* and *malicious falsehood*. These, when called into action even by men of moderate talent, who are compelled by interest to extraordinary exertion, are no impotent engines, employed against the weak, however inefficient they may prove with men of penetration and independence.

I shall proceed to the proof of my assertion relative to the *character* of the opposition to Perkinism. I shall draw my facts from the several writers' own acknowledgements and Mr. Perkins's answers; both of which have long been the subject of my attentive observation.

At the head of that part of the opposition to be classed under *ridicule*, may be mentioned certain proceedings in the Bath and Bristol infirmaries; the former under the direction of Dr. Haygarth, a physician of Bath; and the latter conducted by Mr. Smith, a surgeon of Bristol. These have been the grand rallying points about which every minor assailant has taken his stand. But it is unnecessary to recapitulate them here, as they are sufficiently enlarged upon in the second and third cantos of the

following poem. Before quitting the subject, however, I would briefly mention, in addition to what is there stated, that Dr. Haygarth, who condemns Perkinism on his own experiments, does not appear to have ever used the tractors a second time on a patient; and Mr. Smith, whose virulent observations and *necromantick* manœuvres constitute three fourths of Dr. Haygarth's *evidence* against the tractors, admits, before he closes his communication, that he *never tried them*. This last gentleman candidly acknowledges that he "played the part of a necromancer," in his ridiculous pranks in ridicule of Perkinism.

Next in order comes the writer of the article "PERKINISM" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. How far I am justified in ranking this attack under the head of *ridicule*, will be learnt from the remark of the writer himself, who says, "to treat this discovery with *seriousness* would disgrace the profession of a scientifick critick." The whole attack is accordingly a strain of ridicule, invective, misrepresentation, and misquotation, which, in the opinion of some, has not much *honoured* the profession of a "*scientifick critick*." This writer copies, among others, the attack of the *Monthly Review*, which shall next claim our attention.

None has enjoyed, in a higher degree than the author of this poem, the effusions of wit which sometimes decorate the pages of the *Monthly Review*; but still he regrets that a journal which might so eminently promote the cause of literature, should so often sacrifice every thing to a good joke. They have certainly been very witty at the expense of the tractors, and I have myself joined in the laugh, whenever it has appeared to be the object of the criticks to utter a *smart*, but not a *malicious* thing. But I apprehend that no honestly disposed person has derived that lasting satisfaction from their "quips and cranks," which he would have experienced from a learned and candid investigation of the merits of Perkinism.

In their last attack on Mr. Perkins, alluding to the consequences of an unlucky kick, they advise him to avoid the use of the tractors on horses, and wittily suggest the propriety of his confining their application to bipeds, and among others would beg to recommend *geese* to his polite attention. But whether the gentlemen intend to offer *themselves*, or some other bipeds of the same species, but of less hissing notoriety, as the subject of experiment, they have not informed us.

But *ridicule*, as before observed, has not been the only weapon with which Perkinism has been assailed. Falsehoods, BASE, WILFUL, and MALICIOUS, have been propagated with the like *benevolent* intention of extirpating this intrusive practice. I say *base*, *wilful*, and *malicious*, because they carry with them the marks of barbarous design. At the head of this list should be named a masked writer, who has found access to the pages of the *British Critick*. Surely there will not be found many, among the more civilized inhabitants of this kingdom, who will approve of an attempt to brand with infamy those acts in a PERKINS, which immortalized a HOWARD. But such has been the attempt of the writer in question.

Dr. Elisha Perkins, the inventor of the metallick tractors, and the father of the present proprietor, it is known, like Howard, sacrificed his life in the cause of humanity. The latter ended his days with a malignant fever at Cherson, while visiting the sick and in prison. The former lost his life with a malignant fever at New York, caught whilst engaged in the benevolent office of hunting out, and offering medical assistance to the poor, in their dreary and distressed habitations, during the rage of that dreadful scourge, the yellow fever. Both alike left the calm enjoyment of domestick ease in this godlike employment, and both equally pursued the object with no other expectation, or wish for reward, than the consolation of relieving the

distressed. But it was reserved for the conductors of the *British Critick* to offer their pages to a wretch, who could conjure up an infamous falsehood, with a view of casting a sneer at the philanthropist and covering with disgrace his benevolent acts.* After such a specimen of the liberality of the conductors of this journal, with respect to the metallick tractors, it did not surprise me to find, that although they were so condescending as to grant that this poem had merit, as an "ingenious burlesque," &c. still they pro-

* Dr. Perkins entertained the opinion that powerful antisceptick remedies had not been sufficiently tried in that putrid disorder, and *these* it was that he was solicitous to put to the experiment. The particulars of his death were (as appears from Mr. Perkins's correspondence with Messrs. Rivingtons, since published) in possession of the editors of the British Critick. That journal, however, gravely asserts in its preface to vol. xx. "it is a curious fact, we have lately learned, that the American inventor fairly duped himself on the subject of his tractors. He died, we are told, of the yellow fever, with this useless operation performed on him at the moment." The atrocity manifested in the invention of this falsehood is equalled only by the subsequent conduct of the editors, in refusing, when convinced of its injustice, to correct their statement.

After numerous applications on the part of Mr. Perkins, they dismiss the affair by the following *shuffle*. Among the addresses to correspondents in the number for August 1800, is the following. "Mr. Perkins's letter we have handed over to our *correspondent*, whom it more immediately concerns." The editors were *cautious* to avoid mentioning what *Mr. Perkins* this was, or the subject of his letter! But to close this specimen of the *honesty* and impartiality exercised towards the metallick tractors, the explanation or vindication of this "*correspondent*," although frequently demanded, has not only never been given, but from that time the tractors were forbidden to be advertised for sale in that Review, with this pretence, on the part of the publishers, that they had just come to a determination of admitting no more advertisements of medicines (the tractors then are *medicines!!*) it is necessary only to add, that soon afterwards, March 1801, this Review was stuffed, as *usual*, with the advertisements of *quack medicines*. See the numbers of the *British Critick*, already mentioned, and Perkins's *Cases of Successful Practice*, page 21, second edition, for the particulars of this nefarious attempt.

nounced it an empirical puff, and the production of Mr. Perkins; and had the knavery also to misquote the title, by printing it PRACTICAL, instead of *Poetical* Petition, &c.

The next assailant of Perkinism, of whom I shall take notice, is Dr. James Anderson. This ingenious gentleman condescended to amuse the readers of his *Recreations in Agriculture* with the following falsehood, in proof of the falling reputation of Perkinism. "The price of the tractors is now reduced to four guineas the set!!" But perhaps a gentleman of Dr. Anderson's *fertile imagination* and *inventive genius* ought by no means to be confined within the boundaries of truth. Had the doctor been obliged to state *useful facts*, and *probable theories*, merely, his *Recreations* might possibly have been published in a sixpenny pamphlet, instead of the tedious and voluminous work he has contrived to botch together.

Another assailant of Perkinism is a Mr. Corry. One would, however, feel little disposition to censure this character, as his low situation in life exposes him to temptations, which, it is to be hoped, he would otherwise resist. This, however, is no excuse for his *employers*. In a book against quackery, he attacks the tractors most furiously, and in support of his opinion of their inutility, adduces a statement of a number of experiments, purporting to have been made by one Mr. Wilkinson, at Avondale, near Stratford upon Avon. Mr. Perkins has been at the trouble to ascertain the correctness of this statement, and has found that neither the said Wilkinson nor Avondale ever had existence!! In short, the whole is a fabrication.

I have to mention only one more of these *gentlemen* assailants. The late lord Henniker was a friend and promoter of the metallick tractors. He purchased at different periods, during three years, *three* sets for the use of his own family. Being a fellow of the royal society, and

considered a gentleman of superiour judgment and talents, the zeal with which he supported them, it may well be imagined, gave *pain* to many. Accordingly, at the death of that nobleman, some person conceived the idea of obliterating from the mind of the publick any impression which might have existed in favour of the metallick practice, in consequence of his patronage; and for that purpose the following paragraph was inserted in a biographical sketch of lord Henniker, in the *Monthly Register*, for April 1803.

'No one sooner adopted a prejudice, but no one more readily submitted it to that test, which suited it, and upon no one had an original prejudice less effect in dazzling a subsequent judgment. The numerous testimonies in favour of a celebrated nostrum induced his lordship to become a purchaser. Having obtained it, he immediately put it to the proof, and discovered its *absolute inefficacy*. His lordship immediately returned the nostrum, with a pecuniary present to its inventor. "You will consider as your own what I have already paid for your tractors. Employ the enclosed notes to embark in some more honest business, and no longer impose on the credulity of the publick."

From another letter in the *Monthly Register* of the succeeding month (May) it appears there never occurred between lord Henniker and Mr. Perkins *any* circumstance which could give the least colour for such a representation. To the time of his death he remained a firm advocate of Perkinism.

Two more assailants might be mentioned, but their deeds are already alluded to in the fourth canto of the poem.

I have now mentioned *every publick writer* of whom I have a knowledge, against Perkinism, and given a specimen of their *arguments*. The more private opposers, who employ that unruly member, the tongue, are a hundred fold more numerous, and not less malicious.

After this exhibition of the *spirit* which has influenced the opposition to the metallick tractors in Great Britain, can there be found one honest man who will say that they have met with such treatment, as ought to have been expected from a liberal and enlightened profession; or that the author of the present poem has commenced an unprovoked attack on honourable and deserving characters? Perkinism is supported by no mean and common pretensions. Five years has it buffetted the storm of interest and prejudice, and all true friends to humanity, acquainted with its merits, will congratulate each other on the result.

The two following facts will place the evidence in favour of this discovery in a fair point of view.

Not an individual of those persons, who have communicated their experiments and remarks in favour of Perkinism (among whom are eight professors in four different universities, twenty-one regular physicians, nineteen surgeons, and thirty clergymen) has publickly or privately, so far as my knowledge extends, retracted his good opinion of the metallick tractors.

2. The contest respecting the merits of the tractors has lain entirely between *disinterested* persons who have approved of them, after a cautious and faithful experiment (Mr. Perkins never published any facts on his own authority) and *interested* or *prejudiced* persons, who have condemned them without any trial whatever, generally indeed who have never seen them. This fact is demonstrated

by the report of the committee of the Perkinean society to their general meeting, conveying the result of their application, indiscriminately made to the possessors of the tractors in the metropolis, for their concurrence in the establishment of a publick institution, for the use of them on the poor. It was found that only five out of above a hundred objected to subscribe, on acccount of their want of confidence in the efficacy of the practice, and these, the committee observes, there is reason to believe, never gave them a fair trial, probably never used them in more than one case, and that perhaps a case in which the tractors have never been recommended as serviceable. Purchasers of the tractors would be among the last to approve of them, if they had reason to suppose themselves defrauded of five guineas.

I am now willing to express a confidence that the candid and unbiassed reader will be persuaded that the author has been engaged in a cause not unworthy of his best exertions; and that every real friend to humanity and *useful* science will wish him success.

It remains to speak of the plan and design of the poem. The author's ambition has been to produce an original performance, and avoid all "servile trick" and "imitative knack" of ordinary dealers in rhyme. He would rather introduce indefensible eccentricities, and run the hazard of the lash of the critick, than to "threat his reader, not in vain, with sleep."

Although the attacks upon the metallick tractors are the principal subject of the following poem, still the author has painted

——————"every idle thing
That Fancy finds in her excursive flight;"

and he is sorry to say that our modern philosophers furnish such a multitude of "idle things," which they call *discoveries* and *inventions*, that he need never lay his brush aside for want of proper subjects upon which to exercise skill in his vocation. Were the mere *inutility* of their researches the only objection which could be urged against them, they might be permitted to follow their frivolous pursuits without molestation. But when, in addition to inutility, their experiments are accompanied with the grossest inhumanity, the indignation of the reflecting mind is roused at so wanton a misapplication of time, and prostitution of talent. It has given the writer no small satisfaction to find the opinion entertained by professional criticks, who have examined the former editions, that "the attack on some of the cruel and indecent experiments of certain modern naturalists, which seem limited to the gratification of a licentious curiosity, having for their object the attainment of no one practical good, is just and commendable. The author has not merely *rhyme*, but very frequently *reason* on his side in his satirical remarks." (*Antijacobin Review of April*, 1803, *on the first edition of this poem.*)

In the present edition, another variety of this species of philosophers has received some attention, although not fully equal to what their demerits require. These are they whose atheistical theories and speculations appear to have no other object than to annihilate a belief in an overruling Providence, and cancel every religious and moral obligation.

In this department I have dwelt upon the theories of an author (Dr. Darwin) whose

> "Sweet tetrandrian monogynian strains
> Pant for a pistil in botanick pains;
> On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,
> On beds of yielding vegetable down;

Raise lust in pinks; and with unhallowed fire
Bid the soft virgin-violet expire;"

and whose writings have a direct tendency to unhinge society, and reduce mankind to a state of nature, by giving a loose to those passions, which of all others require restraint.

It is to me a most surprising, as well as lamentable circumstance, that *pure intellect* has so little to do with the affairs of mankind. Whim, folly, and fashion, predominate most deplorably even in this (which we pretend to style an enlightened) age. The man who discovers an extra joint in the tail of a tadpole is immortalized for the discovery; whilst he who gives relief to thousands, languishing on the bed of sickness, is to be sure an empirick, and unworthy of countenance and protection.

A *bad head* generally indicates a *bad heart*. A *fool*, nine times in ten, to the extent of his abilities, is a *knave*. And it is happy for mankind that knaves commonly are fools, and generally *too cunning* for their *own interest*. Thus it has happened with many of the opponents to the tractors. Gross palpable lies, which were easily detected, have been circulated to disparage Perkinism. The detection of those lies has served as an advertisement in its favour, and evinced the *motives* of its adversaries. It is wisely ordained by Providence, for the good of society, that knaves should be permitted to *overreach* themselves.

Although many things, which I have enlarged upon in this performance, are intended to be stigmatized, others are introduced merely for the purpose of laughing *with*, but not laughing *at*, the inventors.

The experiments of Aldini, as well as those of certain learned and respectable chymists, the discerning reader will perceive, from the manner in which they are treated,

that I have introduced merely for the purpose of giving them publicity, and thus promoting the interest of science.

Indeed, it would be very ill judged in the author to discourage Galvanick experiments, when not attended with inhumanity. Every advance in that science is a step nearer the top of the eminence on which Perkinism rests. I am not, however, very sanguine that Perkinism is likely to derive that immediate support from the step-by-step progress which Galvanism is making, that one would, on the first reflection, be led to imagine. I fear the medical profession will fail to support Galvanism the moment it is attempted to be applied to any *useful* purpose, that is, to an *easy* and *cheap* mode of curing diseases; for then it will become identified with the other *offending* practice. Perkins and Aldini I conceive go hand in hand; but the former *cures* diseases (ay, there's the rub) and thereby encroaches on the province of the faculty; and, I apprehend, it will continue to be the province of too many of the medical profession to condemn the *American*, while they bend the knee to the *Italian*.

In the third canto, entitled MANIFESTO, the author has discussed the merits of every argument, which, to his knowledge, has been adduced against the tractors. Their ridiculousness, like that of some of our Bond-street fops, is almost *beyond the reach* of caricature. For instance, when we perceive Dr. Haygarth attempting to persuade the publick that the tractors cure diseases by operating on the *imagination* of the *patient*, although every possessor of them may have daily proof that infants and brute animals are as much subject to their power as the most credulous; and when incontestable proof is adduced by Mr. Perkins of their efficacy on those subjects, we see the doctor attempt to show that, in those cases, "it is not the *patient*, but the *observer*, who is deceived by his own imagination"—when we next find that Dr. H. and his

adherents, whose duty it is to *cure* diseases in the most *safe*, *cheap*, and *expeditious* manner, anathematize the tractors, because they *cure* diseases (as they pretend to suppose) by an operation on the *imagination* (a pleasant remedy!)—when they exclaim against the tractors, and assert that no confidence is to be placed in their effects, because the *modus operandi* is not explained and demonstrated, like a mathematical problem, although the *modus operandi* of the best and most approved medicines in the materia medica is even more inexplicable—when we find it objected to the tractors, that the testimony of those who support the discovery is not admissible, nor satisfactory, although such testimony is, in every sense, preferable to that on the other side of the question, inasmuch as it is from learned and disinterested men, many of them MEDICAL CHARACTERS, RETIRED ON THEIR FORTUNES FROM BUSINESS—it is difficult to show the ridiculous conduct of the party opposed to Perkinism, in a more conspicuous manner, than by presenting a simple relation of facts. The author has merely endeavoured to give a ludicrous turn to such nonsensical arguments, and, by thus placing them in their just light, show them to be ridiculous as well as foolish.

In the fourth canto, after exhibiting some specimens of pure and unadulterated quackery, together with some other curious traits of character, the poet has plunged headlong and headstrong into a battle, which is intended for the entertainment merely of your stout hearted, roast-beef readers, who feast upon terrible images and horrour-fraught descriptions. Ladies and ladies' men, and all other delicate, timid, and gentle readers, are respectfully informed, that they will do well not to venture too incautiously upon the terrifick scenes there introduced.

Should it be objected against this poem, that the author is unnecessarily severe on some occasions, I shall reply, in

addition to what has been before observed, respecting the provocations given, that he has founded his severity upon FACTS, and if he has nothing extenuated, he has set down nought in malice. Were men of real science to unite in stripping the mask from ignorant and impudent pretenders to knowledge and acquirements which they do not possess, society would no longer be imposed on by empiricks, pseudo-philosophers, poetasters, and other witlings, who puff themselves into consequence with the less enlightened, but more numerous part of mankind. If, by attacking some of that kind of scribblers, exposing to ridicule and contempt their whimsical and impracticable theories and speculations, and supporting a discovery, which (although it has been treated with unmerited obloquy) experience has proved to be *useful*, the author has been of service to society, and contributed his mite to the treasury of correct literature, his most ardent wishes and expectations will be amply gratified.

The following LINES, relating to the excellent institution, so frequently mentioned in this poem, the author conceives may be copied here, not improperly, as a conclusion to this introduction.

An address delivered before the PERKINEAN SOCIETY, at their publick dinner, at the Crown and Anchor, July 15, 1803, in celebration of the opening of the charity in Frith street, Soho, for the use of the METALLICK TRACTORS, in disorders of the poor: by a friend to the institution.

Say, "SONS OF SOUL," when erst th' Omniscient plan
Design'd this globe the tenement of man,

What " firm, immutable, immortal laws,
Inpress'd on nature by the GREAT FIRST CAUSE;"
Bade jaring atoms form one beauteous whole,
Fitted to order's durable control?
SAGES OF SCIENCE, eagle-ey'd, disclose,
What aptitudes and appetencies those,
Which world with world connect in one vast chain,
CAUSE and EFFECT, a never ending train?
Can ye unfold what energies control
The magnet, faithful to its kindred pole;
Or render plain the philosophick WHY
Th' electrick fluid fires the cloud-roof'd sky?

Meek they reply; " these causes mock the ken
Of human intellect. Short-sighted men,
With *finite* views, as well might hope to trace
Infinity, and fathom boundless space;
With *finite* views, explain the links which bind
The world of matter to the world of mind.
Not Newton's self could look all nature through,
His, though a wide, was still a partial view.
Experience teaches, from EFFECTS alone,
The works of Deity *in part* are known.

As time rolls on, with raptur'd eye, behold,
The laws of nature constantly unfold!
Behold Galvani's vivid, viewless flame,
Bids mimick life resuscitate the frame
Of man deceas'd;—the vital lamp to burn,
With *transitory* glow, in death's cold urn.
See POINTED METALS, blest with power t' appease,
The ruthless rage of merciless disease,
O'er the frail part a subtil fluid pour,
Drench'd with invisible Galvanick shower,
Till the arthritick staff and " crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe!"

What, though the CAUSES may not be explain'd,
Since these effects are duly ascertain'd,
Let not self interest, prejudice, or pride,
Induce mankind to set the means aside:
Means, which, though simple, are by Heaven design'd,
To alleviate the woes of human kind;
Life's darkest scenes with radiant light to cheer,
Wipe from the cheek of agony the tear.

Blest be his memory, who, in happy hour,
Gave to humanity this wondrous power;
Friend to the wretched, time shall write thy name,
A second Howard, on the rolls of Fame
When late the fiend of Pestilence could boast
His power resistless o'er the western coast,
Poison'd the air with fell mephitick breath,
Gave countless thousands to the realms of death;
Unmov'd by fear, though relatives implore,
Mov'd by no claim, save pity for the poor,
Thou didst, humane, with goodlike aim essay,
By med'cine's power, his fury to allay;
But soon COLUMBIA mourn'd a PERKINS' doom,
Which swell'd the triumph of the sateless tomb.

Ye worthy, honour'd, philanthropick few,
The Muse shall weave her brightest wreaths for you,
Who, in HUMANITY's bland cause, unite,
Nor heed the shafts by interest aim'd, or spite;
Like the great Pattern of Benevolence,
Hygeia's blessings to the poor dispense;
And, though oppos'd by folly's servile brood,
ENJOY THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD.

CANTO I.

OURSELF!

ARGUMENT.

GREAT Doctor Caustick is a sage
Whose merit *gilds* this *iron* age,
And who deserves, as you'll discover,
When you have conn'd this canto over,
For grand discoveries and inventions,
A dozen peerages and pensions;
But, having met with rubs and breakers,
From Perkins' metal mischief makers;
With but three halfpence in his pocket,
In verses blazing like sky rocket,
He first sets forth in this petition
His *high* deserts but *low* condition.

FROM garret high, with cobwebs hung,
The poorest wight that ever sung,
Most gentle Sirs, I come before ye,
To tell a lamentable story.

What makes my sorry case the sadder,
I once stood high on Fortune's ladder;[1]
From whence contrive the fickle jilt did,
That your petitioner should be tilted.

And soon th' unconscionable flirt,
Will tread me fairly in the dirt,
Unless, perchance, these pithy lays
Procure me *pence* as well as *praise*.

Already doom'd to hard quill-driving,
'Gainst spectred poverty still striving,
When e'er I doze, from vigils pale,
Dame Fancy locks me fast in jail.

Necessity, though I am no wit,
Compels me now to turn a poet;
Not *born*, but *made*, by transmutation,
And chymick process, call'd—*starvation!*

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[1] I once stood high on Fortune's ladder.

Although Dame FORTUNA was, by ancient mythologists, represented as a whimsical being, cutting her capers on the periphery of a large wheel, I am justified in accommodating her goddesship with a ladder, by virtue of a figure in rhetorick called POETICA LICENTIA, *(anglice)* poets' licentiousness.

Though poet's trade, of all that I know,
Requires the least of ready rhino;
I find a deficit of cash is
An obstacle to cutting dashes.

For gods and goddesses, who traffick
In cantos, odes, and lays seraphick,
Who erst Arcadian whistle blew sharp,
Or now attune Apollo's jews-harp,

Have sworn they will not loan me, gratis,
Their jingling sing-song apparatus,
Nor teach me how, nor where to chime in
My *tintinabulum* of rhyming.[2]

What then occurs? A lucky hit—
I've found a substitute for wit;
On Homer's pinions mounting high,
I'll drink Pierian puddle dry.[3]

---

[2] My *tintinabulum* of rhyming.

"The clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme." COWPER.

[3] I'll drink Pierian puddle dry.

Pursuant to Mr. Pope's advice;

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Beddoes (bless the good doctor) has
Sent me a bag full of his gas,[4]

---

[4] Sent me a bag full of his gas.

This wondrous soul-transporting modification of matter is christened by chymists *gaseous oxyd of nitrogen*, and, as will be evident, from the following sublime stanzas, and my judicious comments thereon (in which I hold the *microscope* of criticism to those my peculiar beauties which are not visible to the *naked eye* of common sense) is a subject worthy the serious attention of the poet and physiologist.

Any "half-formed witling," as Pope says *(Essay on Criticism)* "may hammer crude conceptions into a sort of measured nonsense, vulgarly called prose bewitched." But the daring mortal, who aspires to "build with lofty rhyme" an *Ævi Monumentum*, before he sets about the mighty enterprise, must be filled with a sort of incomprehensible *quiddam* of divine inflation. Then, if he can keep clear of Bedlam, and be allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper, every line he scribbles, and every phrase he utters, will be a miracle of sublimity. Thus one Miss Sibyl remained stupid as a barber's block, till overpowered by the overbearing influence of Phebus. But when

——————————ea fræna furenti
Concutit, et stimulos sub pectore vertit Apollo,

the frantick gipsy muttered responses at once sublime, prophetick, and unintelligible,

Indeed, this *furor mentis*, so necessary an ingredient in the composition of the genuine poet, sometimes terminates

Which, snuff'd the nose up, makes wit brighter,
And eke a dunce an airy writer.

---

in real madness, as was unfortunately the case with Collins and Smart: Swift, Johnson, and Cowper, were not without dismal apprehensions of a similar fate. The wight, therefore, who wishes to secure to himself a sublunary immortality by dint of poetizing, and happens not to be *poeta nascitur*, must, like Doctor Caustick, in the present instance, seek a sort of cow-pock-like substitute for that legitimate *rabies*, which characterizes the true sons of Apollo.

Although my own experiments with Dr. Beddoes's sublimating gas would not warrant me in pronouncing it superiour to the genuine, fresh-imported waters of Helicon, still I have no doubt but a person possessed, as Dr. Darwin expresses it, of a "temperament of increased irritability," or, as Dr. Brown would have it, whose animal machine was accommodated with a smaller quantity of "excitability," might receive astonishing benefits from the stimulus of this gaseous oxyd of nitrogen.

Mature deliberation and sedulous investigation of this important subject have led me to conclude, that the benefits which result from inhaling this gas, have been more widely diffused than has been generally imagined, and not at all confined to those persons in whom it produced the singular effects detailed by Dr. Beddoes, in his ingenious pamphlet on a certain windy institution, entitled, "*Notice*," &c. Most of the sublime speculations of our modern system-mongers, from Dr. Burnet, who encompassed the earth with a crust, like the shell of a tortoise, and which, being unfortunately fractured, produced a Noah's flood, to Dr. Darwin, with his "*omnia e conchis*," have arisen from immoderate potations of this bewildering gas.

This precious gas, sirs, is the pink
Of pure philosophy,—the link
With which great metaphysicians bind
To *worlds of matter, worlds of mind.*

The chymick basis of an *ens,*
A *demi-animus,* or *mens,*
A non-descript, terrene-*etherial,*
But like *some people's* souls, *material!*[5]

---

5 But like *some people's* souls *material!*

That most renowned modern philosopher, metaphysician, theologian, &c. &c. Joseph Priestley, L. L. D. F. R. S. and other things,

"Who as the demon of the day decrees
Air, books, and water makes with equal ease,"
Pursuits of Literature.

Who "could reduce all things to acts
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where entity and quiddity
The ghosts of defunct bodies fly," *Hudibras.*

has made many wonderful discoveries in the world of spirits. From him we learn that "On the whole, the state of things is now such that *it appears to be absolutely necessary to abandon the notion of a soul, if we would retain christianity at all.* And happily the principles of it are as repugnant to that notion as those of any modern philosophy." *Disquisitions relating to Matter and Spirit.* Preface to the second edition, p. xxx. Again he informs us (idem, p. 99) "It will also, I think, be difficult to account for the

A mongrel sort of mind, created
From matter, erst *oxygenated;*
Brew'd while the elements were sparring
In chaos-quakes of Doctor Darwin.[6]

---

separation of the soul from the body after death, unless the spiritual substance be supposed to be a proper constituent part of the *solid mass* which, like *fixed air* in bodies, is set loose when the rest of the mass is dissolved, by putrefaction, or otherwise. If putrefaction or total dissolution be the physical cause of this separation, is there not a good foundation for the practice of the Egyptians, who preserved the bodies of their friends as long as they possibly could, probably with a view of retaining their souls in them or near them?" ! ! !.

This scheme of Doctor Priestley, however, which evolves souls from bodies, while the process of putrefaction is carrying on, although it is undoubtedly very ingenious, is, we are sorry to say, not very *savoury*, and we are not a little apprehensive that some wag will call it a *stinking theory.*

6 In chaos-quakes of Doctor Darwin.

"We can have no idea" says this sage of sages, "of a natural power, which could project a sun out of chaos, except by comparing it to the explosion of earthquakes, owing to the sudden evolution of aqueous, or of other more elastick vapours; of the power of which, under immeasurable degrees of heat and compression, we are yet ignorant." *Botanick Garden*, Canto I. Now there can be no doubt but this same gas was manufactured in prodigious quantities, by the agency of "elastick vapours" and "immeasurable degrees of heat," and the explosions and combustions so poe-

That vital principle, which one
Prometheus plundered from the sun.[7]
It forms the intellect, or *nous*
Of man, of mammoth, or of mouse.

As animals (so Darwin said)
In Nile's *organick mud* were bred,[8]

---

tically and philosophically described by Doctor Darwin as giving origin to the universe.

[7] Prometheus plundered from the sun.

Prometheus the son of Iapetus and brother of Atlas formed men of earth and water, and then stole from Apollo this very gas, or something very like it, for their principle of animation. (See Ovid's Metamorphoses.) Jupiter behaved very shabbily on the occasion, and, instead of rewarding him for his ingenuity, commanded Vulcan to bind him to Mount Caucasus with iron chains, and employed a vulture to prey upon his liver. Dr. Swift, who appears to have been as well acquainted with the court history, and green room anecdotes of the gods of those times as Ovid, or any of his predecessors, gives an account of the management of the arch thief on this occasion. *Intelligencer*, No. 14.

[8] In Nile's organick mud were bred.

"Creative Nile, as taught in ancient song
So charmed to life his animated throng;
O'er his wide realms the slow subsiding flood
Left the rich treasures of *organick mud*;
Bird, beast, and reptile spring from sudden birth,
Raise their new forms, half animal, half earth,

But rose each generation, one key
To Adam, who was but a monkey; [9]

The roaring lion shakes his tawny mane,
His struggling limbs still rooted in the plain,
With flapping wings assurgent eagles toil
To rend their talons from the adhesive soil!
The impatient serpent lifts his crested head,
And drags his train, unfinished from the bed.—
As warmth and moisture blend their magick spells,
And brood with mingling wings, the slimy dells." &c.
The Temple of Nature, Canto I.

" In eodem corpore sæpe
Altera pars vivit; rudis est pars altera tellus
Quippe ubi temperiem sumpsêre humorque calorque,
Concipiunt; et ab his oriuntur, cuncta duobus."
Ovid. Met. lib. i. 403.

9 To Adam, who was but a monkey.

Lord Monboddo says, however, that our common progenitor was an oran outan, and congratulates the human race on his being a sort of an animal somewhat more elevated than the ape or monkey. However, the specifick difference between all these animals, of the Simia species, and man, is acknowledged to be so trifling that we shall make them synonimous; or at least take that liberty when it becomes convenient for the better manufacturing of our metre. For this we have a notable precedent in Butler.

" A squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in adventures went his half,
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one:
And when we can with metre safe
Will call him so, if not plain Raph."

So Beddoes' gas, Sirs, I'm inclin'd
To think we'll burnish into mind,
By dint of chymical gradations
And Doctor Darwin's fine filtrations. [10]

And our philosophers will learn,
From timber such as this, to turn,
In this good age of grand inventions,
Souls of all sizes and dimensions.

This serves small poets for a shift,
Gives lagging lays a lubber lift,
Forms episodes and other tackling,
And sets your *Florence geese* a cackling. [11]

---

[10] And Doctor Darwin's fine filtrations.

"The story from Ovid," says Doctor Darwin, "of the production of animals from the mud of the Nile, seems to be of Egyptian origin, and is probably a poetical account of the opinions of the magi, or priests of that country; showing that the simplest animations were spontaneously produced like chymical combinations; but were distinguished from the latter by their perpetual improvement by the power of reproduction, first by solitary, and then by sexual generation; whereas the products of natural chymistry are only enlarged by *accretion*, or purified, by *filtration*."

[11] And set your *Florence geese* a cackling.

This epithet the author of the Pursuits of Literature has

With this a brother bard, inflated,
Was so stupendously elated,
He tower'd, like Garnerin's balloon,
Nor stopp'd, like half wits, at the moon:

But scarce had breath'd three times before he
Was hous'd in heaven's high upper story, [12]
Where mortals none but poets enter,
Above where Mah'met's ass dar'd venture.

Strange things he saw, and those who know him
Have said that, in his Epick Poem, [13]

---

had the hardihood to bestow on the sublime writers in the British Album, to wit, Della Crusca, Anna Matilda & Co.

[12] Was hous'd in heaven's high upper story.

Brother Southey then made the important discovery that "the atmosphere of the highest of all possible heavens was composed of this gas."

Beddoes's Notice.

[13] Have said that, in his Epick Poem.

The same poem to which the gentleman alludes in his huge quarto edition of *Joan of Arc*, in the words following —"Liberal criticism I shall attend to, and I hope to profit by, in the execution of my MADOC, an epick poem on the discovery of America, by that prince, on which I am now engaged."

As *liberal* criticism appears to be a great desideratum with this sublime poet, I trust he will gratefully acknowledge the

To be complete within a year hence,
They'll make a terrible appearance.

And now, to set my verses going,
Like "*Joan of Arc*," sublimely flowing,
I'll follow Southey's bold example,
And snuff a sconce full, for a sample.

Good Sir, enough! enough already!
No more, for Heaven's sake!—steady!—steady!
Confound your stuff!—why how you sweat me!
I'd rather swallow all mount Etna!

How swiftly turns this giddy world round,
Like tortur'd top, by truant twirl'd round;
While Nature's capers wild amaze me,
The beldam's crack'd or Caustick crazy! [14]

---

specimens of my liberality towards a worthy brother, which I propose hereafter to exhibit.

[14] The beldam's crack'd or Caustick crazy.

Or, it is possible, may it please your worships, that I—I for the matter of that am a little te—te—tipsey, or so.—But as there may perhaps be, as it were, now and then, one of your Right Worshipful Fraternity, who has been in a similar predicament se—se ipse, I hope I shall receive your worships' permission to stagger on with a jug full of gas in my noddle, at least, through a stanza or two.

I'm larger grown from head to tail
Than mammoth, elephant, or whale!—
Now feel a "tangible extension"
Of semi-infinite dimension!—[15]

Inflated with supreme intensity,
I fill three quarters of immensity!
Should Phebus come this way, no doubt,
But I could blow his candle out!

This earth's a little dirty planet,
And I'll no longer help to man it,
But off will flutter, in a tangent,
And make a harum scarum range on't![16]

---

[15] Now feel a "tangible extension"
Of semi-infinite dimension.

Much in the same way was Mr. Davy affected in consequence of respiring this soul-elevating gas. He informs us, that after having been shut up in a breathing-box for an hour and a quarter, "A thrilling, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced. I felt a tangible extension, highly pleasurable in every limb; my visible impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified." *Davy's Researches Chymical and Philosophical.*

[16] But off will flutter in a tangent,
And make a harum scarum range on't!

Mr. Davy's dose had a similar operation. He says, "I

Stand ye appall'd! quake! quiver! quail!
For lo I stride a comet's tail!

---

lost all connexion with external things. Trains of vivid visible images rapidly passed through my mind, and were connected with words, in such a manner as to produce perceptions perfectly novel. I existed in a world of newly connected, and newly modified ideas. I theorized, I *imagined* that I made discoveries." [Perhaps if the learned lecturer were to repeat the dose, he might in *reality* hit on something of little less importance than the grand discoveries of Dr. Caustick.] "When I was awakened from this semi-delirious trance, by Dr. Kinglake, who took the bag from my mouth, indignation and pride were the first feelings produced by the sight of the persons about me. My motions were enthusiastick and sublime, and for a minute I walked round the room perfectly regardless of what was said to me. As I recovered my former state of mind I felt an inclination to communicate the discoveries I had made during the experiment. I endeavoured to recall the ideas: they were feeble and indistinct. One collection of terms, however, presented itself; and with the most intense belief, and prophetick manner I exclaimed to Dr. Kinglake, "Nothing exists but thought; the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains!!"

Davy's Researches.

My sensations in consequence of respiring this gas were not precisely the same, though somewhat similar to those of Mr. *Davy*. That gentleman could not "recall the vivid visible images" which made such "rapid progress through his mind, and produced perceptions perfectly novel!" But I have recorded, in the following stanzas, some of the most important ideas, which passed through my mind, and am willing to own that *pride* and *indignation* were predominant.

If my deserts you fail t' acknowledge,
I'll drive it plump against your college!!

But if your Esculapian band
Approach my highness, cap in hand,
And show vast tokens of humility,
I'll treat your world with due civility.

As Doctor Young foretold, right soon
I'll make your earth another moon, [17]

---

[17] I'll make your earth another moon.

The idea of the practicability of this stupendous performance I derived March 28th at the Royal Institution, into the gallery of which I had the happiness to obtain admission, by virtue of a borrowed *blue* ticket. That learned lecturer was then discoursing on Secondary Planets, Moon, Satellites, Force of Gravitation, Keplean Laws, &c. In the course of his observations he alluded to the well known apprehensions of the hen-hearted Sir Isaac Newton, respecting the mischief comets might produce to our earth, should any of these journeying gentry take it into their heads to come within the sphere of its attraction.

Whether the humane, polite, and learned Doctor was impelled to this speculation from perceiving an emotion like that of terrour and anxiety among the fair part of his audience, which he was solicitous to dispel, or whether he has actually discovered some new secret in the laws of gravitation, evincing that the largest bodies are attracted most powerfully by the smallest, and that of consequence one of these huge flaming masses of matter, whose ve-

And Phebus then, an arrant ass,
May turn his ponies out to grass.

---

locity and projectile force are almost incalculable, ought, in conformity to the said new laws, to take up its residence among us, and, with all the politeness and agility of a French dancing master, skip about our puny globe in company with Miss Luna, are points which, with me remain undetermined; but such certainly were the cheering hopes his profound speculations led us to entertain.

If we are really to be blessed with another moon from this source (I should have termed it a sun) it will evidently not be such a changeable jade as our's is at present; for, being an entire flame, it will shine with unborrowed lustre; so that it will be a matter of no consequence whether its face or backside is turned towards us. In that case our new moon, as was judiciously observed by a Hibernian of my acquaintance, would be of more consequence than even the sun himself, for he shines only in the day time, when we can see very well without him.

On the whole, after weighing the subject maturely, deliberately, and considerately, as its importance requires, I am disposed to think that we are indebted to the ladies for this *lunary* (not lunatick) speculation of Dr. Young. This opinion I ground on the excessive sensibility which that polite lecturer on many occasions shows and most undoubtedly feels for the fair sex.

Leaving these moot points, however, to be decided by more competent judges, I cannot pass over one important affair which I have just right to exclaim against, as an infringement on my rights as a free-born British subject. Every proprietor of the Royal Institution has two red tickets transferable, which admit the possessor into the lower part, or body of the house, and also one *blue* ticket,

But now, alas! a wicked wag
Has pull'd away the gaseous bag:
From heaven, where thron'd, like Jove I sat,
I'm fall'n! fall'n! fall'n! down, flat! flat! flat! [18]

---

transferable, to take his servants into the gallery. I have said above that I obtained a seat in the gallery by the aid of one of these blue tickets. This ticket I borrowed of Sir Joseph's coachman. Could it be imagined that my presence should have caused so much alarm, that orders should be immediately given that no person should thereafter be admitted by the blue ticket, which orders are in force to this day? Knowing that I could not contrive to possess myself of a red ticket, to admit me among ladies and gentlemen, this arrangement was intended for my particular vexation.

Being on good terms with the coachman aforesaid, I have been allowed to hold this blue ticket in possession, and have frequently essayed, by virtue thereof, to enter the gallery. But that old Cerberus of a door keeper has ever growled me back again, with a Gorgon-like aspect which would have petrified any heart, unless like mine, it were previously rendered callous by adversity.

Indeed it is apparent, from the conduct of the Managers, that the whole host of Literati at the Royal Institution would be more terrified at beholding the meagre phiz of Doctor Caustick stretched over the front seat of the gallery, to scrutinize their proceedings, than if the cloven footed fiend should in reality make his personal appearance in the midst of them.

[18] I'm fall'n! fall'n! fall'n! down, flat! flat! flat!

See Dryden's Feast of Alexander, where one king Da-

Thus, as the ancient story goes,
When o'er Avernus flew the crows,
They were so stench'd, in half a minute,
They giddy grew and tumbled in it:

And thus a blade, who is too handy
To help himself to wine or brandy,
At first gets higher, then gets lower,
Then tumbles dead drunk on the floor!

Such would have been my sad case, if
I'd taken half another tiff;
And even now, I cannot swear,
I'm not as mad as a March hare!

How these confounded gasses serve us!
But Beddoes says that I am nervous,
And that this oxyd gas of nitre
Is bad for such a *nervous* writer!

Indeed, Sir, Doctor, very odd it is
That you should deal in such commodities,

---

rius has a terrible tumble down, beautifully described by half a dozen "fallens." But I think the Persian monarch did not, after all, fall quite so *flat* as Doctor Caustick.

Which drive a man beside his wits.
And women to hysterick fits ! [19]

Now, since this wildering gas inflation
Is not the thing for inspiration;
I'll take a glass of cordial gin,
Ere my sad story I begin;

And then proceed with courage stout,
From " hard-bound brains" to hammer out
My case forlorn, in doleful ditty,
To melt your worships' hearts to pity.

Sirs, I have been in high condition,
A right respectable PHYSICIAN;
And passed, with men of shrewd discerning,
For wight of most prodigious learning;

For I could quote, with flippant ease,
Grave Galen and Hippocrates,

---

[19] And women to hysterick fits.

See the lamentable case of the Lady, page 16th of Dr. Beddoes's pamphlet, who, taking a drop too much of this panacea, fell into hysterical fits, &c.

Brown, Cullen, Sydenham and such men,
Besides a *shoal* of learned Dutchmen. [20]

In all disorders was so clever,
From toothach, up to yellow fever,
That I by learned men was reckon'd
Don Esculapius the second!

No case to me was problematick;
Pains topical or symptomatick,
From aching head, to gouty toes,
The hidden cause I could disclose.

Minute examiner of Nature,
And most sagacious operator,
I could discern, prescribe, apply
And cure [21] disease in louse's eye. [22]

---

[20] Besides a *shoal* of learned Dutchmen.

Boerhaave, Steno, De Graff, Swammerdam, Zimmerman, *cum multis aliis*. By the by, gentlemen, this epithet *shoal* is not always to be taken in a *shallow* sense; but when applied to such *deep* fellows, must be considered as a noun of multitude, as we say a *shoal* of herrings.

[21] —— discern, prescribe, apply,
And cure————

My learned friend, Dr. Timothy Triangle perusing the manuscript of this my pithy petition, discovered that my

To insect small as e'er one sees
Floating in torrid summer breeze,

---

description of the *modus operandi* on the insect as above, compared with the celebrated "*veni, vidi, vici,*" as a specimen of fine writing, is superiour in the direct proportion of *four* to *three*; consequently Dr. Caustick has advanced one step higher in the climax of sublimity than Julius Cesar.

[22] ——disease in louse's eye.

I do not pretend that in this, and other acquisitions herein stated, I have been so fortunate as to exceed many other profound geniuses, who have delighted the learned world with sublime discoveries in the abstruse sciences of insect-ology, mite-ology, and nothing-ology. Such gentlemen, for instance, as Leuwenhoek, Reaumur, Swammerdam, and Monsieur Lyonet. Indeed I have discovered *prodigious* curiosities, which escaped the notice of the latter philosopher, in the organization of La Chenille de Saule, or caterpillar of the willow. The extent of his discoveries on this insect will be perceived from the following statement by Adams, in his work on the microscope. "The number of muscles that our observer (M. Lyonet) has been able to distinguish is truly astonishing. He found 228 in the head, 1647 in the body, and 2066 in the intestinal tube, making in all 3941."

And I might boast that I have felt the *feverish* pulse of that invisible family, the Animalcula Infusoria; and effected jugular phlebotomy on a sick louse, without subjecting the unhappy insect to the *ad unguem* operation, attempted by every bungling old woman, in our scholastick nurseries. In short, gentlemen, in my opinion, I ought to be placed in the ranks of literature, somewhere within gun-shot of Linnæus.

Although to less than nothing verging,
Could give a vomit or a purging.

I had a curious little lancet,
Your worships could not help but fancy it,
By which I show'd, with skill surprising,
The whole art of *flea*-botomizing!—

And with it oft inoculated
(At which friend Jenner'll be elated)
Flies, fleas, and gnats, with cow-pock matter,
And not one *soul* took small-pox a'ter!—

Could take a microscopick mite,
Invisible to naked sight;
Ad infinitum, could divide it,
For times *unnumber'd* have I tried it.

With optick glass, of great utility,
Could make the essence of nihility

But I have still further claims to your polite attention. I am an animal, of the *Class* of Illuminati, the *Order* of Authors, the *Genus* of Poets, and the *Species* of Garreteers, which last distinction shows me to be an *elevated* character, and of consequence one who ought to stand *high* in your estimation.

To cut a most enormous figure,
As big as St. Paul's church, or bigger! [23]

---

[23] As big as St. Paul's church, or bigger!

I propose, immediately, to open a shop for the manufacture of these glasses, provided I can obtain sufficient credit for that purpose. Then of course Adams, Jones, and Dolland, must shut up theirs. I shall admit into partnership with me a friend of mine, who some time since applied to the Honourable Board of Longitude, humbly hoping to obtain a premium for having invented an optical instrument, which would display the wing of a fly, placed on the top of St. Paul's, and peered at from the street adjacent, as large as the mainsail of a man of war.

It is well known that this distinguished, right honourable body are little less noted than the gentlemen of the Trinity House, for their discernment in appreciating true merit, and their liberality in rewarding those artists whose inventions or discoveries have any connexion with the improvement of navigation, especially if such artist happen to be as *poor* as he is ingenious. The said Board of Longitude were so astonishingly liberal in the present instance, that they offered to reward him with no less than thirty pounds sterling; and I have no doubt but they would have paid the whole sum, either in cash, or accepted bills of a short date. This, indeed, was a huge sum, when it is considered that the inventor had laboured, with unremitting assiduity, in perfecting this instrument no more than seven years. But his indignant ingenuity spurned at the sum as trifling and inadequate, and he accordingly broke his glass before the faces of his noble patrons.

A soldier in my glass's focus, [24]
Without the aid of hocus pocus,

But notwithstanding the unfortunate issue of this application, great men like Dr. Caustick, and my friend aforesaid, have always resources in their own minds, sufficient to enable them to force their way forward in society. Improvements of such magnitude are now introduced in the mechanism of this instrument, principally by *my* instrumentality, that we should be justified in refusing any reward, as too trivial for our merits, which the united funds of all Europe could bestow.

I shall only state to your worships a few of the important objects to which our astonishing magnifier may be advantageously applied.

It has been supposed, by some people of little or no research, that persons (very *un*like the gentlemen of the Trinity House and the honourable Board above mentioned) have no *souls*. But by taking a squint at them through our instrument, which makes *nihility* visible, you may perceive that each has a soul about the size of a large lobster.

A certain statesman had been thought to possess no *talents*, and to be sure they were not quite visible to the naked eye; but, when peered at through our peerless microscope, this same statesman not only appeared superiour to Machiavel, as a politician, but his splendid abilities shed ineffable lustre on all his *relations!!*

This microscope is equally useful in magnifying *services*, which have been tendered to the community. Thus the uncles, aunts, cousins, sisters, brothers, and little children of the aforesaid statesman, by virtue thereof, seem-

Briareus-like, terrifick stands,
With fifty heads and hundred hands!

A fish-boat seems a grand flotilla,
To frighten Addington or Billy;
Appears a dreadful French invasion
T' annihilate the British nation.

Could tell, and never be mistaken,
What future oaks were in an acorn;

---

ed to have rendered such services to the community, that nothing short of the most princely revenues, clerkships of *Pells*, &c. &c. &c. could reward them in proportion to their deserts, or enable them to support, in a suitable manner, their *newly* acquired dignity.

[24] A soldier in my glass's focus.

Somewhat similar to the microscope described by Mr. Adams.

"Leuwenhoek discovered in the eyes of the Libellula 12544 triangular lenses, each forming a distinct image of the object placed before it. On turning your eye towards a soldier, by the aid of the mirrour of the microscope, you will have an army of pigmies, performing every motion in the same instant of time."

Adams on the Microscope, p. 339.

My improvement of the glasses renders each "of these pigmies" as big as a Polyphemus.

And even calculate, at pleasure,
The cubick inches they would measure.

Scotland could never boast a wight,
Could match OURSELF at second sight.[25]
Nor Wales a wizard, who so well
Could destiny's decrees foretell.

For we'd a precious knack at seeing,
Not only matters not in being,
But ever and anon would still be
Foreseeing things which never will be—[26]

---

[25] Could match OURSELF at second sight.

That your worships may be able to form something like an idea of the wonderful ken of our mental opticks, it will be necessary to con with diligence the opinions of Dr. Johnson on this subject, as expressed in his tour to the Hebrides. The Doctor there tells us, that though he "never could advance his curiosity to conviction, yet he came away at last, *willing* to believe." But we would have all those who anticipate the deriving any advantage from our slight at second seeing, not only willing, but absolutely *predetermined* to "believe," positive evidence to the contrary notwithstanding.

[26] Foreseeing things which never will be.

Yes, gentlemen; among other great and wonderful events, which we foretold, but which never have happened, and moreover never will happen, was the restoration of the

Discover'd worlds within the pale
Of tip-end of a tadpole's tail,
And took possession of the same
In our good friend, Sir JOSEPH's name;[27]

And soon shall publish, by subscription,
A topographical description
Of worlds aforesaid, which shall go forth
In *fool's* cap folio, gilt, and so forth,—

Could tell how far a careless fly
Might chance to turn this globe awry,

Jews by the intervention of that renowned pacificator, Buonaparté. We first prophecied, and many men of our cast who had a knack at prying into futurity, echoed our prediction, that the *pious* emperour of the Gauls would make Jerusalem the head quarters of the Millennium, and under our auspices many a wandering Jew was recruited, and stood in readiness to march at a moment's warning to take possession of his patrimonial property.

[27] In our good friend, Sir JOSEPH's name.

This was immensely proper, as I propose colonizing these hitherto *Terræ Incognitæ*, and know of no person in existence, except *myself* (who am now decrepit with age, and, alas, sadly poverty stricken) whose scientifick qualifications, knowledge of the coast, and well known ardent zeal in the science of Tadpolism, so well entitle him to command such an important expedition.

If flitting round, in giddy circuit,
With leg or wing, he kick or jerk it!—[28]

Could amputate with ease, I trow,
A puppy's leg—*in utero*;[29]

---

[28] With leg or wing, he kick or jerk it.

Could we command the years of a Nestor, "the indelible ink" of a Lettsom, and the diligence of a Dutch commentator, we should still readily acknowledge that our powers were totally inadequate to the task of eulogising, in proportion to their merits, the philosophical and literary performances of that profound sage, Dr. James Anderson, LLD. FRS. *Scotland*, &c. &c. &c. &c. whose mysterious hints afford a clue by which we have been enabled to add lustre to the present age, by many of our own sublime discoveries and inventions.

In his *deep* work called "*Recreations in Agriculture and Natural History*," the Doctor says, among other things not less marvellous, "The mathematician can demonstrate with the most decisive certainty, that no *fly* can alight on this globe which we inhabit, without communicating *motion* to it; and he can ascertain, with the most accurate precision, *if so he choose to do*" (by the by, this *sine qua non* part of the sentence is very beautiful, and not at all redundant) "what must be the exact amount of the motion thus produced." *Vol.* ii, *p.* 350.

[29] A puppy's leg—*in utero*.

More wonderful matter, perfected from hints of Dr. A.! After telling the publick how to propagate rabbits with one ear, which would be no less useful than the renowned

Have matters comical in tow,
For docking colts in embryo. [30]

And could prepare a puny fry
Of yet unborn *homunculi*

Gulliver's breed of "naked sheep," the Doctor says, "I know another instance of a dog, which was brought forth with *three legs only*, the fourth *being wanting*:" (which last curious circumstance might possibly happen, if *it* had *three legs only*.) "*It* chanced to be a *female*; *she* has had several litters of puppies, and among these several individuals were produced that had the same defect with herself; but no pains were taken to perpetuate this breed by pairing them with others of the same kind." To be sure a most lamentable circumstance! *Vol.* i. *p.* 68.

[30] For docking colts in embryo.

Another Andersonianism. "It has been several times," says the Doctor, "taken notice of by naturalists, that in England, where the practice of docking horses very short, for a long time prevailed, the horses naturally produced have *fewer joints* in their tails than those of other countries; and though I have never heard it noticed, that any were produced, without having a tail that required to be docked, yet it may have often happened without being remarked; for as it would not be known, when old, from one that had been docked, it might pass unobserved." The Doctor afterwards appears surprised (as well he might be, at such an extraordinary phenomenon) that many men, who have lost a leg or an arm have had children after the accident, and these, for the most part, free from any blemish!!

To chant the dulcified *squeakissimo*,
And eke to trill the *grand squallissimo.* [31]

By bare inspecting, though months a'ter,
A place where patient *had* made water,
We could divine, with skill unfailing,
Of what disorder he was ailing!

And you'll allow, sans hesitation,
On score of vast accommodation,
That few discoveries this can equal,
When you have heard us through the sequel.

For bottled urine has, no doubt,
In publick mails been frank'd about;

---

[31] And eke to trill the *grand squallissimo.*

I anticipate the being idolized by amateurs of Italian operas for this my beautiful invention. Surely it must be allowed I have herein far exceeded even what my friend Doctor Anderson would have supposed possible. As soon as this my invention is made publick (which shall take place whenever I have by patent, or parliamentary donation, secured to myself the emoluments thereunto belonging) John Bull may gratify his delicate taste for refined musick, without the trouble and expense of importing from Italy those pretty *things*, whose delicious warblings compose the soul of *true melody*.

(A thing there must be mighty trouble in)
To London as it were, from Dublin, [32]

That such a man as Doctor Mayersbach,
(Such things took place not many years back) [33]

---

[32] To London as it were from Dublin.

Contemplate for a moment, gentlemen, the extreme inconvenience attending the present mode of conveying, for the purpose of medical scrutiny, the singular contents of these bottles, to and fro, from Dan to Beersheba. Besides, our patients cannot *all* be Lord Lieutenants of Ireland. They cannot *all* enjoy the privilege of franking, per mail, all sorts of commodities; and unless by particular act of parliament, allowing bottles of urine, like stamped almanacks, a free passage per mail, to any part of his majesty's dominions, I confess I do not see how Dr. Mayersbach can exercise, so often as could be wished, his soothsaying sagacity on the precious contents of such bottles.

[33] Such things took place not many years back.

I was at the house of Dr. M. when the postman, besides the usual budget of letters, brought a huge bottle *franked* from Dublin Castle. I have particular satisfaction, however, in stating, for the information of those ladies and gentlemen who by the same mail may have received either love letters, or state letters, that I have no reason to apprehend (as there was no apparent leakage or fissure in the bottle) that those letters were actually p—d upon.

Might view this urick oxyd's basis,[34]
And rightly understand the cases.

But I've a plan by which our betters
May make a few drops on their letters;[35]

---

[34]————urick oxyd's basis.

I wish it may not be inferred, from my adopting the term *Urick Oxyd*, that I propose to take any part in the controversy between Doctor Pearson and that blustering Fourcroy; though I have no hesitation in asserting (*in privato*) that my countryman is right. But I would submit to any brother poet, who knows that

" Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
" By which, like ships, they steer their courses,"

and who sometimes, like myself, is non-plussed for want of a proper expression to convey an important idea, whether there need be any other proof of the existence of the Urick Oxyd than the genteel gingle thereby introduced in this my incomparable poem, and the happy opportunity thereby afforded for mentioning an *indelicate matter* in so *delicate* a manner, that the most *delicate person* in existence (myself for instance) may express the thing, and preserve his, or her cheek, as free from a blush as a snow-ball. Supposing I had said, " Lithick Acid," as Scheele and Fourcroy would have had me; not a soul would have understood it.

[35] May make a few drops on their letters.

You will please, gentlemen, to take particular notice, that my mode of consecrating e-*pist*-olary favours intended

And though it be but "*monstrous* little,"
I'll tell what ails them to a tittle:

And since I ought, as well as Jenner,
To have some pence to buy a dinner,
I shall solicit cash and thanks
From parl'ment, for preventing franks.

Oft have I quench'd man's vital spark:
"The soul's old cottage," cold and dark,
Again, in spite of Death, our grand ill,
Illum'd as one would light a candle. [36]

---

the Esculapian fraternity, will effectually preclude the risk of any accident happening to a whole mail of letters, many of which are frequently neatly folded, and addressed to as modest and delicate persons as any in the kingdom.

[36] Illum'd as one would light a candle.

In my younger days I lived on terms of intimacy with Doctor Franklin, highly honourable to both parties, as it showed we were both men of discernment in choosing each a great man for his friend.

In a letter from that venerable sage, afterwards printed (*See Franklin's Works, p.* 115, *vol.* ii. *third edition*) he told *me* that toads buried in sand, shut up in hollow trees, &c. would live forever, as it were; and, among other things, informed me of certain curious facts about flies, which I will relate in his own words. "I have seen an instance of common flies preserved in a manner somewhat similar. They had been drowned in Madeira wine, apparently about

And we can drown your worships in,
Suppose we say a pipe of gin,

---

the time when it was bottled in Virginia, to be sent to London. At the opening of one of the bottles, at the house of a friend where I was, three drowned flies fell into the first glass which was filled. Having heard it remarked that drowned flies were capable of being revived by the rays of the sun, I proposed making the experiment upon these. They were therefore exposed to the sun upon a sieve, which had been employed to strain them out of the wine. In less than three hours two of them began by degrees to recover life. They commenced by some convulsive motions of the thighs, and at length they raised themselves upon their legs, wiped their eyes with their fore feet, beat and brushed their wings, with their hind feet, and soon after began to fly, finding themselves in Old England, without knowing how they came thither. The third continued, lifeless until sun-set, when, losing all hopes of him, he was thrown away.

"I wish it were possible, from this instance, to invent a method of embalming drowned persons, in such a manner that they might be recalled to life, at any period, however distant; for having a very ardent desire to see and observe the state of America a hundred years hence, I should prefer to an ordinary death the being immersed in a cask of Madeira wine, with a few friends, until that time, then to be recalled to life by the solar warmth of my dear country. But since, in all probability, we live in an age too early, and too near the infancy of science, to see such an art brought in our time to perfection, I must, for the present, content myself with the treat which you are so kind as to promise me, of the resurrection of a fowl or turkey cock."

Now, if your worships will be so obliging as to make

And then revive you when you please,
Preserv'd like toads in hollow trees.

And since this is a fact, it follows,
That we can winter you with swallows;
Therefore, in autumn would not stick
To merge you in a muddy creek. [37]

---

me a present of a cask of Madeira to try the experiment, I will certainly bury myself therein for a century or two, and I have no doubt but I shall be awakened with as much facility as was Endymion, the famous sleeper of antiquity, who slept seventy years at one nap.

[37] To merge you in a muddy creek.

That it is very practicable to pickle swallows in this way no man can doubt for a moment, who has ever read a certain article in the Medical Repository of New-York, which is no other than the testimony of a Mr. Peter Cole, and *goes in this sort.* "As I was standing at my door, between the hours of five and six in the morning, I observed a very large flock of swallows, flying in an easterly direction. I immediately repaired to the pond, where there was already a vast number collected in the reeds and rushes. They continued coming for nearly the space of half an hour, and vast numbers of them were flying over the water in almost every direction. Some of these birds appeared to run on the surface of the water, with great rapidity, towards the east corner of the pond, and in the twinkling of an eye disappeared under the water, and rose no more."

All this the man says he saw with a "spy glass."
Medical Repository, vol. ii. 178.

But if we cannot well contrive,
To dig your worships out alive,
Will make you into petrifactions,
For our philosophers' transactions. [38]

Now, if your worships, with an optical tube, will trace with precision the motions of a swallow on the wing, "between the hours of five and six in the morning" among "reeds and rushes" and of consequence alternations of light and shade, we will pronounce you to possess penetration not inferiour to that of Mr. Peter Cole. If, however, you should be inadequate to this task, we hope you will willingly submit to our above proposed experiment.

[38] For our philosophers' transactions.

I crave the honour, in this place, of introducing to your worships a set of the most stupendous philosophers (OURSELF excepted) that ever decorated human nature. Indeed, gentlemen, I recommend them to you as samples of that perfectibility of man, which philosophers have long since promised, and which we in America are beginning to realize. These are the president and members of the TRUE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

"—— famâ super æthera noti,"
Anglice, pretty well known in Philadelphia,

men, who have in many sublime instances, fallen but little below us in discovery-making and manufacturing useful inventions.

Wheresoever these philosophers have beaten the bushes they have been sure to start and hunt down all the game; and not a cranny in and about Dame Nature have these gentlemen left unexplored; all which is very evident from a glance at their *doings*, called "Transactions," &c.

We've shown a mode, in Latin thesis,
To pick man's frail machine to pieces,

Now having a most ardent and laudable ambition to twist ourself into the good graces of these great geniuses, we have been casting about for ways and means of making them a present, which may not disgrace our pretensions. We have sometimes had it in view to manufacture a complete set of Mammoth bones, and likewise to fabricate a Megalonyx's claw or two; and making a pompous parade with our donations, to rival parson Leland with his mammoth cheese. But when we came to peruse the fourth volume of the *doings* of these gentlemen, we found about twenty pages, filled with the names of the donors of certain curiosities, together with their invaluable presents. Such for instance as "a ball of hair, found in the stomach of a mule;" "a stone found in the stomach of a cow;" "some petrifactions of wood from Martinique;" "a pair of Indian boy's leggings;" "a specimen of petrified supposed buffaloe dung;" "skin of an Indian taken from the side;" &c. &c. The perusal of these most instructive and amusing articles furnished us with a key to the character of this learned society, of which we shall so far take advantage as to introduce ourself into the penetralia of their warmest affections. Instead of Indian hides and petrified buffaloes' dung, we propose to make them a most magnificent present, which will figure in their next volume of *doings* in this wise:

DONOR.	PRESENT.
The right worshipful Christopher Caustick, L.L.D. ASS. &c. &c. &c.	A Royal College of Petrified Physicians.

Now, I would venture your worships a trifle (to be paid to your executors in case my experiment succeeds) that on the receipt of my prodigious present, I shall be elected

And how the same again to botch,
Just as an artist does a watch![39]

Patron and President of the "TRUE *American Philosophical Society.*"

[39] Just as an artist does a watch!

I do not arrogate to myself the whole merit of this noble invention. Dr. Price and Mr. Godwin, in divers elaborate works, especially the latter, in his *Political Justice*, suggested some ideas which set my ingenuity in such a ferment, that I could not rest quietly till I had brewed a sublime treatise on the best mode of pulling down, repairing and rebuilding, decayed and worn out animal machines.

I shall not attempt, in this place, to oblige your worships with any thing like a table of the contents of this judicious and profound performance. I will, however, gratify your curiosity so far as to glance cursorily at a few of the leading topicks therein discussed and illustrated, and slightly mention some of the immense advantages which will be the result of this discovery.

In the first place, I make it apparent, by a long series of experiments and scientifick deductions, drawn therefrom, that it is very practicable to enlighten the mind of a stupid fellow, by battering, boring, or pulling his body to pieces. Mr. poet Waller's authority is here to my purpose, who tells us, that

"The soul's dark cottage *batter'd* and decay'd,
"Lets in *new light* through chinks which time has made."

Mr. Gray, likewise, in his *Hymn to Adversity*, requests that "Daughter of Jove" to impose *gently* her iron hand," and trouble him a *little* with her "torturing hour," although he appears disposed to avoid, if possible, her more dismal accompaniments, such as her Gorgonick frown," and the "funereal cry of horrour."

Thus brother Ovid said or sung once,
The Gods of *old* folks could make *young* ones [40]

The Spaniards, under Cortes and Pizarro, managed much in the same way, and enlightened the natives of the mighty empires of Peru and Mexico in the great truths of Christianity, by killing a part, reducing the remainder to a state of servitude, and battering their souls' cottages at their leisure. This process is in part expressed in a poetical epistle, which I received not long since from my correspondent settled at Terra del Fuego, in South America, who thus expresses the conduct of some of his acquaintance, in converting the aborigines to Christianity.

Good folks to America came
To curtail old Satan's dominions;
The natives, the more to their shame,
Stuck fast to their ancient opinions.

Till a method the pious men find,
Which ne'er had occur'd to your dull wits,
Of making sky-lights to the mind,
By boring the body with bullets.

Like Waller, with process so droll,
To illume an old clod-pated noddy;
They thought they might burnish the soul,
By beating a hole in the body.

I have read of a great mathematician, who was uncommonly stupid till about the age of twenty, when he accidentally pitched head first into a deep well, fractured his scull, and it became necessary to trepan him. After the operation it was immediately evident that his wit was much improved, and he soon became a prodigy of intellect. Whether this alteration was caused by "new light let in

By process, not one whit accuter,
Than making *new* pots from *old* pewter

---

through chinks," the trepanning chissel had made, or whether the texture and position of the brain were materially changed for the better, in consequence of the jar and contusion of the fall, I shall leave to some future Lavater, or any other gentleman, who can guage the capacity of a statesman, or a barrel of porter, with equal facility, to determine.

2d. I proceed to demonstrate, that man being, as our most enlightened *modern* philosophers allow, jumbled together by mere *Chance* (a blind capricious goddess, who, half her time, does not know what she is about) it is extremely easy to understand the principles of his texture; because the mechanism of his frame is less intricate than that of a common spit jack. Consequently, a Solomon or a Brodum can mend this machine when deranged as well as a Harvey, a Sydenham, or a Mead.

3d. I proceed to prove, from analogy, with what facility this machine may be disjointed, pulled to pieces, and again botched together. My friend Mahomet had his heart taken out, a drop of black blood expressed therefrom, and went about his common concerns next day as well as ever. So when a sighing swain is taken desperately in love, he may lose all his insides without any very serious inconvenience. This I can attest from *sad experience*, as, about forty years since, I was terribly in for't, with a sweet little sprig of divinity, whose elbow was ever her most prominent feature, whenever I had the audacity to attempt to approximate the shrine of her Goddesship.

So fam'd Aldini, erst in France,
Led dead folks down a country-dance,

4th. The important advantages, which will undoubtedly arise from this invention, are almost too obvious to require explanation. I shall, however, advert to a few.

By taking the animal machine to pieces, you may devest it of such particles as clog its wheels, and render its motions less perfect. A decayed worn-out gallant may have *its* parts separated, thorougly burnished, botched together, and rendered as bright as a new-coined silver sixpence. Thus my venerable Piccadilly friend, who, as Darwin expresses it, sometimes "clasps a beauty in *Platonick* arms;" if he should, fifty years hence, perceive that the mechanism of his frame is rather the worse for wear, may come to Dr. Caustick, and be rebuilt into as fine a young buck as any in Christendom.

5th. Hereditary diseases may be thus culled from the constitution, and gouty and other deleterious particles separated from those which are sound and healthful.

Pride may be picked from the composition of an upstart mushroom of a nobleman, impudence from a quack, knavery from a lawyer, moroseness from a methodist, testiness from an old bachelor, peevishness from an old maid; in short, mankind altered from what they are to what they ought to be, by a method at once cheap, practicable, easy and expeditious.

The only difficulty which has ever opposed itself to my carrying this sublime invention to the highest possible pitch of perfection, has been the almost utter impossibility of procuring any man, woman, or child, who is willing to become the subject of operation. Now if either

And made them rigadoon and chassé
As well as when alive, I dare say!

And I once offer'd, very prettily,
To patch up Frenchmen kill'd in Italy,
Though shot, or stabb'd, or hack'd with fell blows,
As wives patch coats when out at elbows!

---

of your worships would loan me his carcase to be picked to pieces, and again botched together in the manner above stated, provided the experiment should not fully succeed, I will engage to pay *all* the damages thereby accruing to community out of *one tenth* part of the profits of this publication.

[41] The gods of *old* folks could make *young* ones.

——Stricto Medea recludit
Ense senis jugulum: veteremque exire cruorem
Passa, replet succis. Quos postquam combibit Æson
Aut ore acceptos, aut vulnere barba, comæque
Canitie posita nigrum rapuere colorem.
Pulsa fugit macies.

This passage, with a condensation of thought and felicity of expression peculiar to myself, I have thus happily hit into English.

Medea cut the wither'd weasand
Of superannuated Æson,
Then fill'd him with the acrid juices
Of nettle-tops and flower-de-luces;
Till from the defunct carcase, lo!
Starts a full blooded Bond-Street beau!!

Made a machine of monstrous merits,
And brew'd therein a world of *spirits*, [42]
Divine, *botanick*, *human*, *beastly*,
The *souls* of Darwin and of Priestley. [43]

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[42] And brew'd therein a world of *spirits*.

It would be absolutely impossible for us, at full length, to specify the principles of this our prodigious production in a performance, which would be less voluminous than a complete edition of the writings of Dr. Priestley. The data on which we proceeded were derived from *tracts without number*, which treated on the "Phisosophy of Mind," *all* of which you will please to peruse at your leisure. But we will condescend so far as to mention a few works which have served us as a sort of *vade mecum*, and have in fact furnished us with the basis of our superstructure.

Malebranche's Recherches de la Verité; the works of Hobbes, Spinosa, and other scepticks in the same school; Bishop Berkeley's Principles of Human Knowledge; Hume's Essays; the works of Lord Bolingbroke; Reed's Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense; Stewart's Elements of the Philosophy of Mind; Kaime's Sketches of the History of Man, and the most metaphysical parts of his "Elements of Criticism;" all the writings of Lord Monboddo; Hartley's Observations on Man; Pope's Essay on Man, and Johnson's refutation of the principles which it contains; Hart's Metaphysical productions; Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary; the works of Diderot, D'Alembert, and in short all the productions of the French Encyclopedists; Godwin's Political Justice; Belsham's Philosophy of Mind; Edwards's work on the Will, &c. &c.

Our process, Sirs, approaches nigh
To making whiskey out of rye,

Add to these a host of German and Dutch geniuses whose names we cannot remember, and whose works we have never seen.

All these you will please to con over with very vast retention, and when you have thoroughly sifted, amalgamated, transmuted, decomposed, chymically combined, separated the phantasms from the substantial forms, the quidities from the entities, and extracted the essences of the matter and spirit of each and every treatise, you will begin to possess some slight idea of our wonderful invention abovementioned.

43 The *souls* of Darwin and of Priestley.

There is a wonderful *concurrence* in the ideas of great modern philosophers, which would lead us to believe that the one actually looked over the shoulder of the other while in the act of composing his lucubrations. Dr. Darwin creates animals (see note 8.) much in the same way that Dr. Priestley produces souls (see note 5.) a putrescent process seeming to be most commonly preferred in both cases. But their efforts, though very wonderful, have effected little more than merely to pave the way to my invention. Dr. Darwin was somewhat too desultory in the application of his means. Sometimes his "Nymphs of Primeval fire," together with "Love Divine" brooding on chaos are his sole agents in calling "from the rude abyss the living world," souls and all. At other times the putrescent process, and "organick mud" are preferred. Dr. Priestley, however, relies altogether on the mephitick mode. I have adopted all that is essential in both their

A sort of *spiritual* creation,
From *matter*, put in distillation.

Now, since it is secur'd by patent,
You cannot steal it, Sirs, there's that in't,
Nor serve an honest man as sadly
As did your countryman, one Hadley. [44]

---

contrivances, but have a partiality for the real "organick mud." But, here I will stop short lest I afford such a clue to the labyrinth of my invention that you will be able to make your way into its innermost recesses.

[44] As did your countryman, one Hadley.

This man, by dint of diplomatick skill made himself master of the invention of what is called Hadley's Quadrant. The instrument was, however, actually invented by a Philadelphian, whose name was Godfrey. Hadley professed himself to be the patron of Godfrey, and proffered his services for procuring a patent in England; but very adroitly made imself principal in the affair, took a patent in his own name, and deprived the inventor of both the honour and profit of his invention.

This your worships will allow to have been extremely well conducted, and in perfect consistency with modern philosophical principles. Thus both M. De Luc, and Lavoisier, took the liberty to make use of Dr. Black's theory of latent heat, without any acknowledgment to its author; and thus Lavoisier was denounced by his intimate friend and pupil, a true modern philosopher, decapitated accordingly, and his discoveries and theories claimed by this grateful disciple.

The mystick characters of Nature
We read more readily than Lavater,[45]
To us her lineaments are labels,
Which stare like capitals on play bills.

From bearings of the different osses
In chin, in forehead, and proboscis,
The skull and occiput's topography,
Can write a man's complete biography.[46]

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[45] We read more readily than Lavater.

There was one Mr. George Christopher Lichtenberg, who foretold, with very considerable accuracy, the progress which physiognomy would make under our auspices.

"When physiognomy arrives at the perfection expected by Lavater, we shall hang children before they have committed the crimes which deserve the gallows. There will every year be a physiognomical *Auto da Fe!* How provoking it is to perceive that Lavater found more in the noses of some authors, than we can find in their writings!"

[46] Can write a man's complete biography.

If the truth were known, we are positive that we should discover that most of the stories told by modern biographers about deceased personages, were taken from data somewhat similar to the grounds of our above stated discovery. We would, however, by no means wish your worships to entertain an idea that Miss Anna Seward wrote her "Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin" by any rules which are at all consonant to our science. Had Miss Anna Seward been in the least degree acquainted with this our

We've drawn nine million diagrams,
Which wags denominate "*flim flams*,"

---

method of etching a man's biography (which, in physiognomical nomenclatures, by a word delicately coined from the Greekand rounded with a most energetick Latin termination, is denominated metronomocenocephalismaticality) and in possession of no one document nor the least information respecting the great personage, whom she has taken off in her "Memoirs," she would have given us a much more correct account of the wonderful philosopher. But now, alas! she is most unconscionably handled by the Edinburgh Reviewers. These anti-chivalrick criticks, without the least regard to that delicacy towards the fair, which ought to regulate the strictures of gentlemen, upon lady-authors, have fallen upon her without mercy, and I am sorry to say that our Amazon appears not quite impregnable. We will oblige you with a specimen of their lack of gallantry.

"On the birth, parentage, and education of her hero, Miss Seward has not deigned to bestow a single line. We are abruptly introduced to him at the age of twenty-four, when he first came to practice physick at Litchfield, in the autumn of the year 1756; and even then instead of proceeding directly in her narrative, she stops at the threshold to give us a "sketch of his character and manners," such as they had appeared to her in the subsequent course of Dr. Darwin's life. This inversion of the usual arrangement in biographical writing may be perfectly consonant to the desultory plan of these memoirs; but in itself is so palpably injudicious, that there is very little hazard of its adoption as a model. Within these few years a similar innovation was attempted by a Scottish historian, who at the commencement of every reign, in-

On which you'll please to place reliance,
For shortest outlines of this science. [47]

---

troduced that general delineation of character, which has usually found a place at the close: but, if we may judge from our own feelings, the example of Mr. Pinkerton will not probably prove more *seducing* than that of Miss Seward."

Edinburgh Review, April 1803.

As respects us in this aforesaid discovery we will candidly confess, that conceiving ourself justified both by the principles and the practices of our contemporary philosophers, we actually built our superstructure on the foundation of the famous Dr. Gall, whose theory is thus described.

"The brain is alike the immediate seat of all the powers of life, whether strictly vital, moral, or intellectual; and each power having its seat in a peculiar portion of the brain, the degree of general power, in each individual is in exact proportion to the quantity of that particular part of the brain, in which the function is exercised. The brain, being complete before the ossification of the cranium, must give it a peculiarity of figure, according to the largeness or smallness of its own parts; and therefore if the position of the seat of each faculty were known, the *depressions* or *prominences* of the skull might be taken, as indicative of the degree, in which the different powers were possessed by the owner of the skull!!!" See Edinburgh Review for April 1803.

Now, all real philosophers must be enamoured with this theory: whence it follows that the Edinburgh Reviewers *are not* philosophers; for they assail it in the following manner.

By these we measure our first rates men;
Can tell a scoundrel from a statesman,

"That the general strength of the vital, moral, and intellectual powers is great in each individual, in proportion to the quantity of the encephalon, is an assertion, to which the experience of every one must have furnished him with a reply. We confess, though at the risk of having the periphery of our heads diminished, in the imagination of our readers, that our experience is completely against this assertion. We have known a large cranium with very great dulness of the intellectual, and moral, and even the vital powers." &c.

Now I will undertake to lay prostrate these Reviewers, by a simple statement of my mode of physiognomising. I would premise, however, that I borrowed a hint from one Archimedes, a chief of the Mohawks, in an experiment which he made on the fur cap of a certain Hiero, a noted Narraganset.

1. I fill a bucket, capable of containing five gallons, brimful of water.

2. I place a vessel under said bucket, to catch the contents in case of its overflowing.

3. I gently sink the head of my patient, the *Physiognomée*, into the said brimming bucket of water.

4. I catch all the water which thus overflows from the bucket.

5. I measure, to the nine hundred and ninety ninth part of a thimble full, what is the amount of the water, which has thus overflown.

White women from mulatto gypsies,[48]
As people calculate eclipses.

And we've a rule, by which we'll bet,
We'll sound your cunningest coquette,
And ascertain, by mensuration,
The bottom of her inclination:—

---

6. I make a scale of men and women's capacities, proportioned to the quantity of water, which their heads, "*ducked*" * as aforesaid, are able to displace.

7. From these data we ascertain—but for further information we would beg leave to refer your worships to the minute and wonderful essay of Count Rumford on the art and mystery of excavating and eating a hasty pudding.

[47] For shortest outlines of this science.

That is to say, we have made an *abridgment* of the last edition of the works of John Casper Lavater, and have reduced his likenesses, profiles, &c. from nineteen millions to nine millions ditto.

[48] White women from mulatto gypsies.

This line your worships cannot possibly comprehend. No man short of a certain president of a certain philosophical society, and infinitely the greatest man in the United States, can possibly obtain the least inkling of our meaning.

* Quoted from Darwin's "duck to death:" vide Temple of Nature.

And, if your worships wish to court her,
Can gauge her, like a cask of porter,
Tell if she fitted more or less is
For your right worshipful addresses.

This our new system likewise suits
The physiognomy of brutes;
Cannot, in application, fail
From mammoth downwards to the snail. [49]

We've fourteen folios, now in types,
Call'd "Physiognomy of Snipes,"
And these we shall, with great propriety,
Present a certain learn'd society.

Profoundly vers'd in chymick science,
I could bid matter's law defiance;
Was up to Nature, or beyond her,
In mimick earthquakes, rain, and thunder! [50]

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[49] From mammoth downwards to the snail.

Lavater, and Dr. Gall, if we mistake not, were deeply versed in the physiognomy not only of quadrupeds, but of fishes. But in the physiognomy of insects they are very greatly our inferiours.

[50] In mimick earthquakes, rain, and thunder!

Chymistry furnishes us with a method of manufacturing

And by a shock of electricity,
(I tell the truth without duplicity)

---

artificial earthquakes, which will have all the great effects of those that are natural. The old-fashioned receipt for an earthquake, however, of iron filings and sulphur mixed in certain proportions and immersed in the earth, I shall not take the trouble to state to your worships; as most of you have, *perhaps*, read Mr. Martin's Philosophy nearly half through. But my plan is to make such an earthquake as no mortal, except Dr. Darwin and myself, ever supposed possible. The former gentleman made shift to explode the moon from the *southern* hemisphere of our earth, and I propose to forward other moons by artificial earthquakes of my own invention, from the *northern* hemisphere, unless Dr. Young's comet, as mentioned in note 17, should render such moons unnecessary. I will give your worships a specimen of Dr. Darwin's moon-producing earthquake, from "*Botanick Garden*," Canto I.

"Gnomes! How you shriek'd! when through the troubled air,
Roar'd the fierce din of elemental war;
When rose the continents, and sunk the main,
And earth's huge sphere exploding burst in twain.—
Gnomes! How you gaz'd! When from her wounded side,
Where now the *South* sea heaves its waste of tide,
Rose on swift wheels the Moon's refulgent car,
Circling the solar orb, a sister star,
Dimpled with vales, with shining hills emboss'd,
And roll'd round earth her airless realms of frost."

No man will say in this case,—

Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus.

I did (what won't again be soon done)
E'en fairly knock the man in the moon down![51]

The reaction, at the moment of explosion, of that mass of matter which now composes our moon, is the cause of the obliquity of the polar axis to the poles of the ecliptick, according to Dr. Darwin; though Milton says,

"————Angels turn'd askance
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more:
From the sun's axle, they with labour push'd
Oblique the centrick globe."——

Whether an explosion similar to that, so beautifully described by Dr. Darwin, from the *north* side of the equator, would not set all right, and a new era be announced, which will be, like that of old, when

"————————Spring
Perpetual smil'd on earth, with vernal flowers,
Equal in days and nights"——

is a problem worth the attention of our modern philosophers. But at any rate, I, Dr. Caustick, will positively try the experiment.

Now, as to my "rain and thunder" I have only to inform your worships that I have a wife, and she is the very essence of a Xantippe, the yoke-fellow of Socrates. You well remember the observation of that sage, when she supplied him with a vast quantity of those articles, purporting, that after such violent peals of thunder a shower of rain must necessarily follow.

[51] E'en fairly knock the man in the moon down!

This notable exploit I think to be a very great improvement on electrical experiments made by a number of

Could tell how Nature works her matters
In making brutes and human creatures:
Gave long, detail'd, authentick histories,
Of all that lady's nameless mysteries.

I learnt these from as nice a rabbit
As naturalist could wish to nab at. [52]

---

renowned French and English philosophers. See *Priestley's History of Electricity*, page 94.

[52] As naturalist could wish to nab at.

Such a gentleman as he who *honoured* the royal society with that most *interesting* communication in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lxxxvii. p. 197.

I cannot express the degree of my contempt for an obscure ignoramus, who, in a scurvy pamphlet called "*Pursuits of Literature*," has endeavoured to bespatter the above gentleman, and cast obloquy on certain *useful* and diverting experiments by him instituted. He tells us that he

"——Spurn'd unfeeling science, cruel tales
Of virgin rabbits and of headless snails."

And continues; "When an experiment for any purpose, useful to our fellow creatures, has been once made upon an animal, it should be *finally* recorded, by men of science and veracity, as authentick and satisfactory, not to be repeated." Again; "Surely to sit calmly and to watch with an impure, inhuman, and unhallowed curiosity the progress of the desires and the extinction of the natural passions in devoted animals after such mutilations and

With toads and tadpoles made as many
Experiments as Spallanzani. [53]

But what surpasses, you'll admit,
All former bounds of human wit,
I form'd, by chymical contrivance,
A little *homo* all alive once! [54]

---

experiments, is a practice useless, wicked, foolish, degrading, and barbarous."

[53] Experiments as Spallanzani.

I have been the more solicitous to eulogise this great philosopher, that I might thereby establish my *own* reputation as a *polite* and *fashionable* writer. For thus I implicitly follow the laudable example of most of the truly gentlemen literati in Europe, who have vied with each other in doling out the incense of their admiration at the altar of this demi-god of an abbé. Such, however, was the tendency to publick *utility*, and to the mitigation of the sufferings of humanity, evident in the multifarious pursuits of this philosopher, that certainly the most rigid theologian would acknowledge that a moderate adoration of Spallanzani is not the most atrocious kind of idolatry.

That Dr. Darwin supposed that the researches of Spallanzani would terminate in some wonderful *lusus Naturæ*, is apparent from what he has informed us, *Phytologia*, p. 119. "It is not impossible, as some philosopher has already supposed, if Spallanzani should continue his experiments, that some beautiful productions might be generated between the vegetable and the animal kingdoms, like the eastern fable of the rose and nightingale"!!!!!!!

In philosophick model cast,
By Beddoe's gas 'twas put in blast,
Is not yet nine months old and yet he
Can more than match your Master Betty.

And, gentlemen, myself I flatter,
You'll think this last a mighty matter;

---

54 A little *homo* all alive once!

As soon as I shall have accomplished the all-important task of procuring your worships' assistance in unclenching the "hard hand of pinching poverty," which, I assure you, most cordially gripes me at present, I intend to surprise the learned world with an elegant volume, decorated with highly finished engravings, giving in detail a profoundly scientifick history of the origin, progress, and consummation of this my *ne plus ultra*, this my most sublime of all sublime discoveries. And, gentlemen, if you do not, as Dr. Lettsom says, "Dip your pens in etherial and indelible ink," and puff away, I shall think you are a set of ——, but not to call names.

In a civil, humble, and complaisant way, I entreat you to suspend for the present any idle curiosity relative to this my great achievement. Not a syllable relative to my new species of manufacture must escape before the whole is fairly laid open to publick inspection. Without this useful precaution, some bungling operator may hazard the production of a new-fangled order of beings, bearing no more affinity to the human species, than a lap-dog to a wolf, a cat to a tyger, or a monkey to a man. And as I propose to solicit letters patent for the exclusive right to all emoluments, &c. belonging, or any-

That, trac'd through all its consequences,
The good resulting most immense is.

'Tis of preeminent utility
To all our gentry and nobility,
Who have estates and things appendant,
Without a lineal descendant.

For they may come and ope their cases,
And I'll make heirs to noble races,
By process sure as scale of Gunter,
On plan improv'd from surgeon Hunter.

No scheme like mine was ever known,
Not e'en to doctors of Sorbonne;
Or which one twentieth part so nice is,
For rooting out your crim. con. vices.

---

wise appertaining, to this my most curious invention, I could wish that no spurious wares might be palmed on the publick to the prejudice of the patent.

I think it right, in this place, to give notice, that unless I should be patronised in proportion to the merits of the great achievements herein announced, I will absolutely offer my services to Buonaparte, and manufacture an heir to the emperour of the French.

And though I might, with great propriety,
Propose my plan to your society;
For certain reasons, I'll not urge ye,
But lay the thing before the clergy.

We hew'd a hard, brain-sucking brood
Of BOOKSELLERS from peperidge wood, [55]
And shap'd the gnarled cross-grain'd splinters
To *notable* newspaper printers. [56]

---

[55] Of BOOKSELLERS from peperidge wood.

This peperidge wood, may it please your worships, is a species of the *planus occidentalis*, and is so very unwedgeable, that it cannot be riven by thunder. Were it penetrable stuff it would by no means be fit for the basis of our *wooden loggerheads*.

[56] To *notable* newspaper printers.

Certain reviewers of former editions of this our most profound performance have accused us of a propensity to punning. But the truth is, that such an assertion is not true. We are far from indulging in this, or in any other *illegitimate* species of humour. No, gentlemen, we always consult a great many great men before we presume on any thing which can be in the least calculated to cause a smile. We always thoroughly canvass the definitions of wit, &c. as they are set down by Kaimes, Addison, &c. and make them our standard, from a simple attempt to excite a simper, to a violent effort to raise a horse laugh. In short, we ever have, and always will, *laugh by rule*, and with the leave of Locke. But had we not been bound down by authority, we would have made

We fram'd our automatick set
On principles of Maillardet ;[57]
But made a kind of gas-inflation
Their principle of animation.

And though we did not take the pains
To give our wooden boobies brains,

---

a most exquisite pun on the word *notable*, and have furnished you with rhyme, reason, and a pun, all in a single couplet. Then our text would have stood thus :

And shap'd the gnarled cross-grain'd splinters,

To { *not* ABLE, i. e. water gruel like
notable, i. e. notorious
knotable, i. e. a derivative from knotty } Newspaper printers.

But, as we have before observed, we most cordially abhor a pun, and therefore notable, both in our text and context, signifies noted, but with a little stretching will answer for notorious.

[57] On principles of Maillardet.

Maillardet, a famous Swiss mechanist, made a very fine sort of semi-automatons in London, after the manner of Merlin. Maillardet's machines, though imperfect in some respects, were, however, *free agents* compared with ours. Shower a few halfpence among a crowd of my gentry, and they would be under a moral necessity, according to the best writers on the *will*, to scramble for them at a most diverting rate.

The cunning creatures know what's meant,
When people *talk of* cent. per cent.[58]

The best pursuits of literature
Are well *committed*, to be sure,
To these our blockheads, who ne'er look
Beyond the title of a book.

Thus wily sultans place their fair
Beneath a kind of *being's* care,

---

[58] When people *talk of* cent, per cent.

Yes, gentlemen, they would give you a new edition of the devil in royal octavo, wire-wove and hot pressed, could they calculate on a hundred per cent on the cost of the impression; and for any thing less they will not run the risk of printing a bible. Some people who are professed enemies to my establishment of wooden booksellers have had the impudence to affirm them to be so mercenary, that you might bribe them at the rate of three halfpence each to cut their own throats. This we maintain to be a most slanderous assertion. Still we feel such a degree of paternal solicitude for their welfare, that we should be sorry to see them tempted by such an offer. Should we, however, apprehend any thing serious on this score, we can get them ensured at the rate of three halfpence each; which would be allowing a premium of one hundred per cent. on the value of the property.

Who never meddles with a charm,
Or if he did could do no harm. [59]

Our caterers of publick taste
Are always found correct and chaste;
Were never known, for paltry cash
To poison people with their trash.

'Tis true the genius and the dunce
They'd put upon a par at once,
Did not the shrew'd, sharp sighted elves
Prefer the picture of themselves;—

But such a sympathy controls
All animals of kindred souls,
That, give them an unbiass'd choice,
The genuine dunce will have their voice:—

But then I will maintain, in spite
Of all that you can say, they're right,

---

[59] Or if he did could do no harm.

We believe that Dr. Johnson expressed an idea similar to that contained in the above stanza, relative to the propriety of employing none but illiterate men in the trade of selling books. If so, it shows the wonderful parallelism of two great men.

And always should maintain a balance
'Gainst men of learning and of talents.

'Tis evident that real knowledge
Can have no business out of college,
And we should print, 'tis plain enough,
For common people common stuff.

These my fine fellows know full well
That books are merely made to sell,
That half the world will only prize
The print, the paper, and the size :—

That men of fashion 'tis agreed,
Conceive it *quizzical* to read,
But set their books up in a row
Merely to make a splendid show ;—

That, if 'tis rightly understood
Your library's not made of wood,
'Tis unpolite to take the pains
To look at what a shelf contains.

To set our people up in trade
We next a set of authors made
Whom you might reasonably hire
To soil white paper by the quire.

We order'd these to starve, in case,
They did not scrawl a dog trot pace, [60]
Or spin with wonderful tenuity
Your diplomatick ambiguity. [61]

---

[60] They did not scrawl a dog trot pace.

Our capital merchants are in the habit of giving orders to our capital booksellers for books by the gross, pound weight, or square foot; but never trouble themselves about the quality of the articles. Hence the author who can produce the greatest quantity of matter in a given period of time, is the man for a capital bookseller.

[61] Your diplomatick ambiguity.

We have two or three high official characters in this country, who are determined never to *commit* themselves, on paper, unless it should be conceived criminal to write what it is impossible to comprehend. They take their cue from a certain Frenchman, mentioned by the author of the Pursuits of Literature, * who says, " Je ne veux point *admettre* dans les *arrêts* de Conseil *un vrai trivial* un clartè *trop familiare*. Je veux *un vrai de recherche*, une clartè elegante, une naiveté fine, *toute brillante de termes pompeux*, relevés *inopinément* de phrases arrondies, *de vocatifs intermediaires* et *d' adverbes indéfinis*. † Our celebrated Mr. Madison's official writings seem to have been the product of a private secretary, who was one of our kind of authors.

* See Pursuits of Literature, p. 362. American edition.

† I would not allow the admission of a *trivial truth* in the decrees of council, or a clearness which is too easy and familiar. I choose to have a subtle kind of truth, an elegant perspicuity, a natural manner, but not wholly without art, set off with words of pomp, unexpectedly raised with a roundness of phraseology, with intermediate vocatives, and indefinite adverbs.

We likewise set machines a going
As booksellers, who're wondrous knowing,
And made them heads like Buonpart's,
But then forgot to give them hearts.

We form'd most mighty combinations
Among these chaps, and their relations;
Caus'd them to swear, in any weather
That they would sink or swim together.

E'en gave them, lest they run ashore,
Such wonderful esprit de corps,
That, but offend their meanest noddy
And they'll attack you in a body.

These men well paid us for the rearing,
In jacobinick pamphleteering;
Have gain'd us thousands in a season,
By peddling Tom Paine's Age of Reason.

With such machines, on mischief bent
We can o'erturn a government,
Root up society's foundations
And kindle war among all nations. [62]

---

[62] And kindle war among all nations.

These men were the disciples of Illuminism, were

Such are American Mecenasses,
And if you dare to style them mean asses,
By submarine explosions, soon
We'll blow your island to the moon! [63]

---

active at the great book fairs at Leipzig. There are, we believe, some of the sort in America, who are most inveterate Frenchmen in their politicks. As they belong to the dominant party, and we are now tributary to France,* they are of course pretty peaceable. Should we ever assert our independence and attempt to get out of the leading strings of the French faction, we shall see them display their powers in causing whiskey insurrections, Genet fraternal scrapes, &c.

[63] Will blow your island to the moon.

This your worships may depend on as no threat which ought to pass by you as the "idle wind." If you will take the trouble to consult our American Philosophical Transactions (which you will find at Mr. Johnson's, the bookseller, St. Paul's Church yard, a number having been sent there for sale, and remaining, we believe, all on hand) vol. iv. from page 303, to page 313. you will see what Mr. D. Bushnell of Connecticut has done and had like to have done by virtue of submarine explosions. You will find that several English ships have been put in jeopardy, and one schooner actually blown up and demolished by Mr.

* We have been good enough to pay to France seventeen millions of dollars for a tract of land. Our title, however, is merely a right to *govern* the said tract, *the fee of the soil* remaining in the proprietors who purchased under Spain. Now don't laugh at us, for we could not help it, we have no navy, no army, no government, and France swore she would knock us on the head if we did not pay her money.

For patronising poets, oft,
We've made us wooden wights, like Loft, [64]

Bushnell's submarine explosions. There is also a pretty little piece of poetry called the Battle of the Kegs, written by Francis Hopkinson, Esq. of Philadelphia, preserved among the poems of Col. Humphreys, which will prove that subaqueous explosions are no trifling matters. No, gentlemen, if you do not wish to make a bishop Wilkins's tour, under some very disagreeable circumstances, you will be careful how you provoke us Americans.

[64] We've made us wooden wights, like Loft.

Mr. Capel Loft, Esq. to whom we have so happily alluded, is a gentleman, who commenced an *authoring career*, by building a superstructure on the foundation of Baron Gilbert's Law of Evidence. The book, when finished, somewhat resembled Nebuchadnezzar's image, part iron, and part clay; the latter material being supplied plentifully by the said Mr. Loft, Esq. Finding his legal abilities were not duly appreciated, either by the bench, bar, or the publick, our lawyer set up as a patron, annotator, and preface monger for poor poets, and has performed wonders by introducing to the world Mr. Robert Bloomfield, author of the Farmer's Boy, &c. and another gentleman, brother to the man who wrote that masterly production, whose christian name we have forgotten. The poem styled the Farmer's Boy, was, it seems, made to undergo Mr Capel Loft's criticism, modifications, &c. and a most fiery ordeal it must have passed, as is evident from its present purity.

This sublime poet begins his lucid performance, by invoking a "blest spirit," which is a "rushing warmth," which is a "sweet inmate," and says

And, in more instances than one he
Has chang'd crude measures into money.

He'll take a man, suppose a cobbler,
In verse, though something of a hobbler,
And make his works a "Counter Blast,"[65]
To "stick, good cobbler to your last."[66]

"Be thou my muse, and *faithful still to me*
"Retrace the *paths* of *wild obscurity*."

It would be very hazardous for any man, in my hearing, to say fudge! after reading or hearing such a sublime couplet.

[65] And make his works a "Counter Blast."

See king James's "puff collusive" on the staple commodity of Virginia.

[66] To "stick, good cobbler to your last."

"Ne sutor ultra crepidam," long since said that old aristocrat Horace. But had he been a modern philosopher he would have known that wonderfully successful bards might exist, who were poetical, by *intuition*, without *learning* or *inspiration*. That a man, who was neither *poeta fit* nor *poeta nascitur*, might become a great favourite with an enlightened publick, in a scribbling capacity, merely because he was a cobbler, and set up for a poet, without serving a regular apprenticeship for the latter trade. But Horace as well as Homer *aliquando dormitat*.

Should a man make us a most unconscionable pair of boots, resembling those so famous in romance of seven leagued dimensions, with stitches like cart ruts, and every thing about them disproportioned in that proportion, pro-

We set some young apprentice hewers
To make us "Critical Reviewers,"

---

vided we were told that the fabricator of these articles was a man of genius in obscurity, whose works must be brought into fashion, we should not hesitate to dance a minuet in them, at St. James's at his Majesty's birthnight ball, with the prettiest of the princesses royal; or convince us that the artist was bred a *bricklayer*, but felt himself propelled by certain *cordwaining* energies and propensities to relinquish the trowel for the last, we would *foot it* as aforesaid, in a pair of his shoes, though made so tight that they would torture Miss Cinderella or a Chinese lady. On such principles and actuated by such motives we will always eulogize Mr. Bloomfield's fashionable and fascinating performances.

It is true that I have heard of some musty old gentlemen, who are called great poets, and who seemed to have made themselves masters of all the sciences of the ages in which they respectively lived, before they gave vent to their genuis, by publishing their poetry. But your Homers and your Miltons it is to be hoped will be put down, and your Bloomfields, and your Della Cruscas will occupy their niches in the temple of Fame. And there is one Gifford, of Baviad and Meviad memory, who might have stood as high as poet Bloomfield, as he was once as much perplexed with the *res angusti domi*, had it not been for his impertinent curiosity to become a man of extensive erudition. But I fancy that his poring over Latin and Greek has destroyed all that "*rushing warmth*" which is the *sine qua non* of your genuine poet.

But we hereby announce, for the benefit of those who wish to climb Parnassus without trouble, that we intend to overturn the mountain into the swamp below, by

For Solomons did not intend them,
And therefore could not recommend them. [67]

But though their int'lects were obtuse,
Was never one was such a goose,
He could not tell, in common sailing,
Plain irony from downright railing; [68]

The thickest head, or I'm mistaken,
Would more than match your Arthur Aikin,

---

methods similar to those by which we make our artificial earthquakes, that candidates for the wreathe of Apollo like the heroes of the Dunciad, may hereafter *dive* till they reach the *pinnacle* of the foundation of poetical eminence.

[67] And therefore could not recommend them.

These were much like the gentlemen who attempted to review Mr. Gifford's translation of Juvenal. But they were not *precisely* the same. They were guilty of nothing like *forging* a passage, in order to find fault with it, and in that particular, to say nothing further, were superiour to those reviewers.

[68] Plain irony from downright railing.

The Critical Reviewers could not possibly ascertain whether our former editions of Terrible Tractoration were for or against the tractors.* Owls, though reputed birds of Minerva, are not judges of spots in the sun.

* See Critical Review of Terrible Tractoration for Nov. 1803 and Jan. 1804.

Exhibit greater depth of criticism,
And hammer out a better witticism. [69]

We next crave liberty to mention
Another most sublime invention
A sort of stenographick still,
Alias a patent author's mill:

And into this we'd toss a set
Of letters of the alphabet,
And turn out elegies, orations,
And odes for July celebrations.

This last invention likewise reaches
To making congress members' speeches;
Would they adopt it, though we've said it
'Twould save them not a little credit.

---

[69] And hammer out a better witticism.

A poem, written in America, by the Rev. John Blair Linn, has been republished in England, was well received by the publick, and commended by the Anti Jacobin Reviewers and by the British Critical Reviewers. Mr. Arthur Aikin, however, author of The New Annual Register, without condescending to quote a single line, dismissed it with a feeble attempt at a dry joke. Dr. Aikin would do well never to put off his *long face*. The physicians of Gil Blas might as well attempt to form themselves into a company of comedians as Dr. Aikin to execute any thing witty.

Could make love elegies as many
As you could carry, for a penny,
And if a halfcrown were bestow'd
We could supply an ass's load.

We mean to furnish by these means
Columbian *weakly* magazines,
Thus raise beyond all calculation
Their literary reputation. [70]

Could make Columbian legislators
More easily than raise potatoes, [71]

---

[70] Their literary reputation.

Perhaps, however, any attempt to increase the literary merit of these things might not be for the interest of their proprietors. They are obliged to soar low or lose sight of their customers.

[71] More easily than raise potatoes.

By attending to the following, which are the principal requisites, to qualify a man for a seat in our legislatures, your worships may obtain, as it were, an embryo of an idea of our process.

1. A man to become an accomplished American legislator must make great pretensions to patriotism and an extraordinary degree of friendship for the common people. The truth of these pretensions is always to be tested by his defrauding them, whenever it is practicable, either in a publick or a private capacity.

And these you'd not distinguish from well
The round heads, who preceded Cromwell.

What though they know no more than bears
About our national affairs,
'Tis highly worth our while to breed 'em
To take in custody our freedom.

---

2. The more crimes a man has committed, even if they should amount to what in arbitrary governments, would be called *felonies*, the purer his patriotism and the greater his claims to office of any kind, but especially to that of a legislator; for any attempt to preserve a good moral character is an essay to introduce into a free government the *aristocracy of nature*, and leads to a kind of distinction, which is absolutely incompatible with the "rights of man."

3. The man, who is a candidate for political promotion, must be either imported from among the lowest classes on your side of the Atlantick, or must be of mushroom origin on this side: for the minds of legislators of this description, can never be distracted by the elevation or extent of their views, and they will of consequence devote themselves entirely to what alone they can comprehend, to wit, the petty pecuniary interests of their constituents They will likewise be more apt to be subservient to the wishes and views of two or three cunning men, who for the sake of good order should ever be implicitly obeyed in legislative assemblies. Thus a mule is a more sure footed animal than an English hunter, and a blind ass will move in a mill with more regularity than a lynx-eyed Arabian courser.

For thus by poets we are told
An ugly dragon was of old
The only sentinel would suit
To guard the rich Hesperian fruit.

We scatter'd o'er a blasted heath,
Three pecks of deadly adders' teeth, [72]

---

[72] Three pecks of deadly adders' teeth.

This mode of peopling a country was not unknown to the ancients; but the art seems to have been lost since the days of Cadmus, till we restored it. Ovid gives us this account of the proceedings of the Tyrian philosopher. Cadmus, having killed a monster of a black snake,

Ecce, viri fautrix superas delapsa per auras
Pallas adest: motæque jubet supporere terræ
Vipereos dentes, populi incrementa futuri.
Paret: et, ut presso sulcum patefacit aratro,
Spargit humi jussos, mortalia semina, dentes.
Inde (fide majus) glebæ cœpêre moveri.
Primaque de sulcis acies apparuit hastæ:
Tegmine mox capitum picto nutantia cano:
Mox humeri, pectusque, oneratæque brachia telis,
Existunt: crescitque seges clypeata virorum.
Met. lib. iii.

——Pallas swift decending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the good and wise
Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.

And, suddenly, earth disembogues
A ragged regiment of rogues!

And, at the head of our brigade,
We plac'd one colonel RENEGADE,
A baron bold of Irish breed
High mounted on a wooden steed. [73]

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders, and the rising breasts;
O'er all the field a breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

Addison.

See likewise another crop produced by a similar process, *Met. lib.* vii.

[73] High mounted on a wooden steed.

This our great military character had proved himself perfectly capable of managing a steed of this description, by a most happy display of wooden horsemanship at Calcutta. We had likewise another reason, which induced us to delight to honour him. We have a kind of commodity in this country, which may be called liberty *Gallicized*. This exists in *genuine* purity only among the *sweepings* of the countries on your side of the Atlantick, and must therefore be regularly imported or we shall soon be out of stock. This it is incumbent on us to preserve

'Tis *hop'd* they'll cut each other's throats[74]
Like Ovid's famous sans culottes,

---

with as much care as was kept the sacred fire in the temples of Vesta. Then, having *fusilladed, noyaded*, and by other means despatched all our aristocrats, that is to say, professional men, men of property, and men of education, we may terminate our career of liberty in that most efficient of all governments, in which the will of a military chieftain is the supreme law of the land. In order to bring about this most desirable event we are placing all the military power of the United States in the hands of imported patriots, such as colonel RENEGADE, and one Capt. DAGGERMAN, an *absconding* patriot, who happened not to be hung in Europe.

It is fit, however, that your worships should know that we have a sect of politicians existing in this country, who are anti-philosophers, and are always thwarting OURSELF, Mr. Jefferson & Co. in our wonderful improvements. These call themselves federalists, and they are ever dashing at us and our inventions. These Cerberusses, however, we have employed one Mr. Keen Mack to lull asleep by now and then a sop, alias a bit of an office, and we have so completely succeeded that you might set the mob a pulling their houses about their ears, and they would remain as motionless as if they had been petrified by the waters of the general deluge.

74 'Tis hop'd they'll cut each other's throats.

And therefore the advice which was given to Cadmus may be applicable to all honest men who are lookers on, while some folks are falling out among themselves.

Ne cape, de populo, quem terra creaverat,—
——————— nec te civilibus insere bellis.

But *fear'd* they'll not be thus employ'd
Till all our best men are destroy'd.

We mean one Captain DAGGERMAN,
Shall take the lead in danger's van,
Unless we find in party's pother,
They'll go to work and kill each other.

Our patriots pure will not abide
Freedom which is not Frenchified,
And 'tis a point beyond all doubt
The bayonet must bring that about.[75]

That is to say in English,

> Of honest men 'tis the behoof,
> While demos fight to stand aloof;
> Let them like furies hot from h—ll come
> Ev'n cut each others throats in welcome.

[75] The bayonet must bring that about.

The only way to enlighten some people, as we have before observed (note 39, p. 39) is to *permit the sun to shine through them;* and from the apathy of our politicians, who, though they pretend to be correct in theory, are too indolent to put any thing in practice, we are very well convinced that this will be the mode ultimately adopted in this country. It is true that with proper exertions we might buffet the torrent. But our good and great men, who pretend that they can see a few inches before their noses, are in the practice of discouraging every effort by

But though our crop of rogues, a rare row,
Is worse than all the plagues of Pharaoh,
There's not a Satan of the tribe
Who's not a saint compar'd with Leib.

Even Duane and his Irish mates,
Have never *stole certificates*,
Nor have I ever heard it said
They robb'd poor orphans of their bread.[76]

---

their boding screech owl notes relative to the necessity of going to the bottom of our revolutionary descent—that we must sit on our breeches and wait till faction's volcano displodes, and sends us to the moon. Such conduct puts one in mind of a poor devil of a Frenchman, who in bathing, proceeded beyond his depth, and mistaking the application of the terms *will* and *shall*, prevented the exertions of his friends by exclaiming "I *will* drown, nobody *shall* help me."

[76] They robb'd poor orphans of their bread.

A certain representative in our national legislature from the metropolis of the United States has shown how well he is qualified for office, by an act which, had he not been a *good republican*, would have degraded him below the level of common pick pockets. It has been made to appear, in a court of justice, that this Doctor L—b made an attempt by a most flagrant breach of trust, backed by a number of most atrocious lies, to defraud the orphan children of a deceased friend, of six thousand dollars in loan office certificates, and appropriate the cash to his own use. But for

Among the rest is one Mac Farland,
Who's deck'd with legislative garland;
But this last rogue the poet foresees
Will swing for stealing hogs and horses.[77]

---

the history of that transaction, we must refer your worships to the newspapers and pamphlets of the day.

We would recommend it to those who are suffering under your arbitrary government, to send to this country and import a few cargoes of true American liberty, which we will sell you dog cheap, and present you into the bargain some of our patriots to teach you its proper use.

We will send you several against whom the following charges have been made and can be supported.

One pure patriot "who has invaded the dearest rights of his friend, who has slandered the purest characters in our society, who has made a mockery of our religion, and who is the associate, the friend, and supporter of thieves, of drunkards, of outcasts, and infidels." One do. a legislator, "who has drunk the tears of the widow, and fattened on the spoils of the orphan." One do. celebrated for "drunkenness and fury in the chair of state, knavery and profligacy in the receipt of publick money."* &c. &c.

[77] Will swing for stealing hogs and horses.

For the purpose of giving you some insight into the immaculate nature of our freest of all governments, we will trouble you with a very concise specification of the virtues and good qualities of this right honourable member of our national legislature.

* See United States' Gazette for December 27th, 1802.

These men are samples of the nature
Of our Columbian legislature,
And WE THE PEOPLE choose the elves
To represent our own dear selves.

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1. This worthy champion of freedom has been expelled from the state legislature of North Carolina for having born arms against his country.

2. He has been indicted, *convicted* and *punished* for cruelty exercised on a poor old woman, under pretence of her being a witch.

3. He has been apprehended on suspicion of having murdered a person with whom he had been travelling, reported to have been drowned. The *horse* of the deceased was found in possession of this our legislator; and was advertised by him as a *stray mare;* he fled out of the state in which the supposed murder was committed, but was, however, surrendered by virtue of a demand from the governour of that state; but *was not hung*, for, either by accident or contrivance, no prosecutor appeared against him.

4. He was afterwards prosecuted for hog stealing; but the prosecutor, as before, happened not to be in the way; and our legislator had no fraternal hug with the whipping post.

5. He was afterwards indicted for perjury and forgery, and in manifest peril of his ears; and we believe that there are prosecutions now pending against him for some trifling misdemeanors of that kind. But vivat respublica. The greater the scoundrel the purer the patriot. So said the French; and amen say the Americans.

Our inland ocean, lake Superiour,
We mean to merge in earth's interiour,
By dint of scientifick diggings,
A plan improv'd from Jesse Higgins.[78]

At Darien we'll dig a ditch,
With Mister Higgins' leave, in which,
At two hours' notice we'll be bound
To whelm old ocean under ground.

A very precious plan, I trow,
To drain the gulph of Mexico,
And Giddy Granger'd best bespeak a
Post road from New York to Jamaica.

And I will aid, with all my heart,
Good Mister Emperour Bonapart',

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[78] A plan improv'd from Jesse Higgins.

A worthy sprig of our American Philosophical Society is this Mr. Jesse Higgins, and a man, as will hereafter appear, of most unfathomable profundity of geological knowledge. He tells us in a communication, which is printed in the 3d vol. of our American Philosophical Transactions, pages 325—6, that *at a certain distance* below the surface of the earth, there is a stratum of loose sand, which admits of the passage of water, and that you have nothing to do but to dig a pit at the bottom or side of a pond to this stratum and the water will be absorbed and the pond emptied!!

For I will make your channel dry land,
For him to march straight over by land.

By some such method I'll be bound,
To leave your navy on dry ground,
And then of course old England falls
In spite of all her wooden walls.

Sirs, we have now in contemplation
A beautiful land speculation,
The common regular course of which
Will make us most immensely rich.

We are most absolutely bent
On making us a continent,
A thing which we can doubtless do;
For Darwin manufactur'd two.[79]

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79 For Darwin manufactur'd two.

For a particular account of this process we would refer your worships to the Botanick Garden, in which you will find how chaos quakes exploded the sun; a sun quake exploded comets and the primary planets; primary planet quakes begat moons, satellites, &c. and you will likewise perceive how the *continent* rose and the *main* sunk, &c. Now it is plain that still further explosions will cause at least another continent. But more of this hereafter.

Now would your worships buy the land,
We'll venture on your notes of hand,
Provided, first, you'll look out for some
Good London merchants to endorse 'em.

These notes, to make still more secure,
Our underwriters shall ensure,
And patriot Armstrong for the claimant,
As agent shall receive the payment.[80]

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[80] As agent shall receive the payment.

This Mr. Patriot Armstrong is a personage of high consideration, with whom your worships and the world ought to be better acquainted. He first began to *figure*, as a patriot, at the close of our revolutionary war, at which time he arrayed himself in opposition to general Washington, wrote some very pretty patriotick letters, addressed to certain worthy compatriots, in which he advised the army to march against the government of his country, and at the point of the bayonet to force them to pay certain sums of money due to the brave men who achieved our independence, but which sums, as it unfortunately happened, it was not in the power of the government to procure. In fact, he was determined to make himself the Cromwell or Buonaparte of our free government. General Washington, however, proved to be too *old* for him, and patriot Armstrong was defeated. But he has of late exhibited himself in a point of view which cannot but make him as famous as the hero who burnt the temple of Diana. Had he at noon day set fire to the four corners of the city of Philadelphia, he could not have shown a more laudable disposition to destroy that kind of aristocracy, which con-

We'll make our right of soil the greater
By act of Georgia legislature,
With stipulations that they shan't
Destroy the records of their grant.[81]

---

sists in *the right of property*. In fact, this our ambassadour, requested the *condemnation* of an American vessel illegally captured by the French, because the claim was "pursued, not on account of the ostensible *owners*, but of the *ensurers*; and because these ensurers had, sometime or other, *perhaps*, made 20 per cent. per annum on their capital."

Now, to apply this precedent to the case in hand it will amount to this, that whenever either of your worships happens to have a guinea, you must present me with one half of it, and if you wont quietly submit to make the dividend, my friends Nap. Buonaparte and Jack Armstrong shall administer, according to my prescriptions, a few leaden lozenges, with now and then a chalybeate, till we shall be able to reduce your worships, now so plethorick, to a *spare* habit.

[81] Destroy the records of their grant.

A certain immaculate junto of gentlemen, chosen by the good people of one of our states to act in the capacity of legislators, have shown the world how greatly the *right of property* is respected by some of our good republicans.

The general assembly of Georgia passed an act, by which, for a valuable consideration, they assigned to certain persons a large tract of land. At a subsequent session, however, finding that they had not made so good a bargain as could have been wished, they took the liberty to annul it, by the extraordinary process of burning the *records of*

We found, by accurate calculation,
How many years before creation
Our globe and trimmings were created,
In manner Doctor Darwin stated.

'Tis true our theory opposes
What's call'd the History of Moses;
But his authority's denied;
For our great emperour says he lied.[82]

---

their proceedings, which contained the only evidence of this unprofitable sale. This step caused the ruin of thousands of our adventurers, who had become purchasers of this land and were so foolish as to believe that when the faith of the state was pledged for the performance of a contract, they might suppose that it would be fulfilled. This pure patriotick legislature, for this masterly measure, most probably found their precedent in Godwin's Political Justice, where we are told that "the adherence to promises, as well as their employment, in the first instance must be maintained only so far as upon a comprehensive view, it shall be found productive of a balance of happiness."*

[82] For our great emperour says he lied.

There is, we believe, an opinion not a little prevalent on your side of the Atlantick, that we Americans are Christians. But it seems hardly credible that Christians should make choice of a chief magistrate, who is notoriously an infidel. Hence it follows that the world is wrong in im-

* Book ii. chap. iii.

On ocean's bottom we can travel
Thorough mud and thorough gravel,

---

puting to us any thing like Christianity. Of the infidelity of the president of the United States, we might produce proofs almost without number from a book which he calls *Notes on Virginia*. The following may serve as a specimen of his mode of attacking the Mosaick account of the earth's formation. "I have received petrified shells of different kinds from the first sources of the Kentucky, which bear no resemblance to any I have ever seen on the tide waters. It is said, that shells are found in the Andes, in South America, fifteen thousand feet above the level of the ocean. This is considered by many, both of the learned and unlearned, as a proof of a universal deluge. *To the many considerations opposing this opinion the following may be added:* The atmosphere, and all its contents, whether of water, air, or other matters, gravitate to the earth; that is to say, they have weight. Experience tells us that the weight of all these together never exceeds that of a column of mercury of thirty-one inches height, which is equal to one of rain water of thirty-five feet high. If the whole contents of the atmosphere then were water, instead of what they are, it would cover the globe but thirty-five feet deep; but as these waters, as they fell, would run into the seas, the superficial measure of which is to that of the dry parts of the globe as two to one, the seas would be raised only fifty-two and a half feet above their present level, and of course would overflow the lands to that height only."

There might be in this case, however, some few arguments urged in favour of the statement made by Moses, were not the weight of the authority of our emperour, like the infallibility of the pope, sufficient to put to flight

While o'er our heads hoarse tempests hurtle
With more adroitness than a turtle.

---

all kind of reasoning on the subject. It might be asserted, perhaps, that the weight of the atmosphere is not a criterion of the quantity of water which it contains, for that it is heaviest when most free from moisture. It might be urged that history and tradition unite their testimony in favour of the Mosaick account. That Lucian, Ovid, and other heathen writers (whom by the by Mr. Jefferson puts on a par with Moses) are pretty positive that something of the kind must have happened. Some have likewise supposed that there might have been something supernatural in the event. A certain philosophical divine on our side of the Atlantick (though said to be one of Mr. Jefferson's sect in politicks) attacks this philosophical tenet as follows.

"In every valley and mountain support for revelation has been found. *Marine shells* have been discovered in situations so elevated, and under circumstances so remarkable, as to prove that they were left there by a flood extending over the whole globe, and what confirms this conclusion is, that shells, peculiar to different shores and climates, very distant from each other, have been found in promiscuous heaps, plainly showing that they could have been brought together, only by an extensive inundation. The bones of *elephants* and *rhinoceri* have been found in a multitude of instances, far distant from the regions in which they are found to live, and where, from the nature of the climate, they could never exist in the living state; and between the climates which they might have inhabited, and the places in which they are now found, too many mountains intervene to suppose them carried thither by any other means than by a *general deluge*." Miller's Retrospect. This gentleman's cassock protects him from our indignation; other-

Priestley first caus'd our head to teem
With this most eligible scheme,
Supplied us vital air, which stuff
We took like macaroni snuff. [83]

Encamp'd beneath a vast ice island,
For nineteen years we did'nt come nigh land,
And could have staid, as well as not,
E'en had the sea been boiling hot. [84]

---

wise it is impossible to foresee to what a pitch of resentment we might be hurried against a man who thus flies in the face of *his friend* and *our* favourite philosopher.

[83] We took like macaroni snuff.

Having now long since passed our grand climacterick, and being of consequence somewhat forgetful, we cannot refer your worships to the particular page of Dr. Priestley's works in which you may find the sentiments of that sage respecting the practicability of what we have so happily achieved as above stated. You will find, however, that Dr. Darwin foresaw what we were about to accomplish, for he says;

"Led by the sage, Lo! Britain's sons shall guide
Huge SEA-BALLOONS beneath the tossing tide;
The diving castles, roof'd with spherick glass,
Ribb'd with strong oak, and barr'd with bolts of brass,
Buoy'd with pure air shall endless tracks pursue,
And PRIESTLEY's hand the vital flood renew."

Botanick Garden, Canto iv.

[84] E'en had the sea been boiling hot.

There was a certain Spaniard, whose name we have for-

Our car triumphal, drawn by whales,
Was tackled nicely to their tails;
A Triton-coachman Neptune lent us,
Who drove as if the devil sent us. [85]

---

gotten, but whose ignipotent powers have been mentioned in newspapers and other periodical publications, who possessed a power to live in hot water, boiling tar, &c. and we have seen a politician excited by the fever of party, become so hot-headed as to melt the lead of his skull, and thereby make a light-headed orator of a leaden-headed booby.

[85] Who drove as if the devil sent us.

This was in order to take possession before the British, and establish our title to Neptune's territory by *the right of discovery*. Dr. Darwin, without the foresight which commonly distinguished that wonderful philosopher, apprized us that Great Britain, not contented with ruling the surface would take possession of the bottom of the ocean; for he says that this grand discovery being made perfect,

"Then shall BRITANNIA rule the wealthy realms,
Which ocean's wide insatiate wave o'erwhelms;
Confine in netted bowers his scaly flocks,
Part his blue plains, and people all his rocks.
Deep in warm waves beneath the line that roll,
Beneath the shadowy ice-isles of the pole,
Onward, through bright meandring vales afar,
Obedient *sharks** shall trail her sceptred car,
With harness'd necks the pearly flood disturb,
Stretch the silk rein, and champ the silver curb."

* We preferred whales both for the docility and rhyme's sake.

We've form'd the most tremendous plan
Which ever enter'd mind of man,
And which to nothing less aspires
Than MAKING MOONS from central fires.

For, if the theory of Hutton
Is worth the *essence* of a button,
And doctor Darwin has not blunder'd,
We'll make you new moons by the hundred. [86]

---

[86] We'll make you new moons by the hundred.

I do not think that one in forty of your worships has ever read the "Theory of the Earth," as first produced by James Hutton, M. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. and thereafter much improved by professor Playfair. As it would, however, be highly commendable for gentlemen of your honourable profession not to rest with a superficial view of the great operations of nature, I will accompany you as far as the centre of gravity, in a journey of observation, for investigating the astonishing magazines of burning materials which Dr. Hutton and professor Playfair have furnished us for the execution of our stupendous project.

1. You will obligingly take it for granted, or run the risk of spoiling the Huttonian Theory, that the centre of the globe is a stupendous furnace, a million times hotter than that of Nebuchadnezzar. That this same heat, although it never amounts to a blaze, and wastes no fuel is sufficiently elastick to raise the continents from the bottom of the main —That having once raised or blown them up, as it were, like a bladder, it it very careful not to let them down

We mean to bore us, at a venture
Some auger holes through Hutton's centre,

---

again, because as we shall see by and by, they must all be "*disintegrated*," alias washed into the ocean.

2. Moreover, Dr. Hutton's followers will thank you to suppose that all this matter, raised as aforesaid, consisted originally of *unstratified* rocks, which, though they are properly called primitive as the the most ancient of the whole family of rocks, yet they are in fact nothing better than the scrapings or "*disintegrations*" of primal continents which existed before the commencement of the last edition of the earth.

3. You will please to believe that all calcareous matters are formed from the *detritus* of the primitive rocks, delivered by ivers into the sea, and there, after having been modified by central heat, protruded above water as before mentioned.

4. You will likewise be convinced that no metal, mineral or *lapidose* substance, can possibly be formed except at the bottom of the ocean, in the laboratory of Dr. Hutton.*

5. That although some foolish people have supposed that the sea has been subsiding for centuries, yet, as we know that the continents are crumbling into the ocean, you will conclude that we shall at length find all our *dry* land under *water*, and the sea increased in proportion to the square feet of earth deposited under its surface.

* And therefore the writer of the article "*Earth*" in the Encyclopedia Britannica is wrong in attempting to overturn this fine fabrick of philosophy, by making it appear that metals, minerals, fossils, &c. are continually forming by accretion, &c. on the earth's surface. Indeed, that writer has laid a heavy hand on all the theories of our modern earthmongers.

Thus give an *unexpected* vent,
To Hutton's fires in prison pent.

We'll fan his furnace by a pair
Of bellows made of Franklin's air, [87]

---

6. That it is evident that this central heat, having raised its continents, and put proper supporters under them, will go to work in due time, and raise new continents from the bottom of the ocean. Thus the area of Dr. Hutton's centre will be enlarged, till the earth and moon will come in contact, if our plan hereafter mentioned should not check such progression. But we forbear, lest when it is ascertained that "the present continents are all going to decay and their materials descending into the ocean," it may cause some disagreeable sensations among our friends, who are speculators in American lands, whose property, it seems, according to Dr. Hutton's theory, is about to take French leave of its worthy proprietors.

When you have thoroughly *saturated* your faculties with this theory, we will oblige you with a fresh *solution* from Dr. Darwin, compounded as follows:

"The variation of the compass can only be accounted for by supposing the central parts of the earth to consist of a fluid mass, and that part of this fluid is iron, which requiring a greater degree of heat to bring it into fusion than glass or other metals, remains a solid ore. The vis inertiæ of this fluid mass with the iron in it occasions it to perform fewer revolutions than the crust of solid earth over it; and thus it is gradually left behind, and the place where the floating iron resides, is pointed to by the direct or retrograde motion of the magnetick needle."

The waves of which are useful found
In *revolutions* under ground. [88]

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[87] Of bellows made of Franklin's air.

In the first paper of the third volume of Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, you will find certain "Conjectures concerning the formation of the earth," &c. in a letter from Dr. B. Franklin, to the abbé Soulavie; which we would prescribe as *tonicks* to Hutton's *system*. The American sage informs us, that in the course of some observations in Derbyshire, in England, he "imagined that the internal part (of the earth) might be a fluid more dense, and of greater specifick gravity than any of the solids we are acquainted with; which therefore might swim in or upon that fluid. Thus the surface of the globe would be a shell, capable of being broken and disordered by any violent movements of the fluid on which it rested. And as air has been compressed by art so as to be twice as dense as water, in which case, if such air and water could be contained in a strong glass vessel, the air would be seen to take the lowest place, and the water to float above and upon it;* and as we know not yet the degree of density to which air may be compressed; and M. Amontons calculated, that its density increasing as it approached the centre in the same proportion as above the surface, it would at the depth of — leagues be heavier than gold, possibly the dense fluid occupying the internal parts of the globe might be air compressed. And as the force of expansion in dense air, when heated, is in proportion to its density; this *central air might afford another agent to move the surface, as well as be of use in keeping alive the subterraneous fires:* though as you observe, the sudden rarefaction of water coming into contact with those fires may

* I am afraid after all, this would turn out but a bubble.

Then pour in suddenly the ocean,
To give eclat to our explosion,

---

also be an agent sufficiently strong for that purpose, when acting between the incumbent earth and the fluid on which it rests.

" If one might indulge imagination in supposing how such a globe was formed, I should conceive, that all the elements in separate particles being originally mixed in confusion, and occupying a great space, they would as soon as the almighty fiat ordained gravity or the mutual attraction of certain parts, and the mutual repulsion of other parts to exist, all move towards their common centre: That the air being a fluid whose parts repel each other, though drawn to the common centre by their gravity, would be densest towards the centre and rarer as more remote; consequently all matters lighter than the central part of that air and immersed in it, would recede from the centre and rise till they arrived at that region of the air which was of the same specifick gravity with themselves, where they would rest; while other matter, mixed with the lighter air would descend, and the two meeting would form the shell of the first earth, leaving the upper atmosphere nearly clear.* The original movement of the parts towards their common centre would naturally form

* Now, if it should happen that the comparative levity of air consists in the repellant powers of its particles, and those bodies which have the greatest *cohesion* are most prone to gravitate, there " needs Dr. Franklin's ghost to tell us," what should hinder bodies of greater specifick gravity from *riddling down between his* particles of air. No man but Dr. Franklin could have caught the fugitive air under the shell of the first earth, and pressed it till it became heavier than gold by a hurly burly of elements " mixed in confusion."

For that your worships know, or may know,
Adds mightily to a volcano.

---

a whirl there, which would continue in the turning of the new formed globe upon its axis, and the greatest diameter of the shell would be in its equator. If by any accident afterwards the axis should be changed," [viz. by the impinging of a Buffon's comet's tail or the delivery of Darwin's moon] "the *dense internal fluid by altering its form must burst the shell*, and throw all its substance into the confusion in which we find it!" There's an air gun for your worships!

Now, if we did not possess a particular partiality for the sage who formed this system, we should probably break up his Eolian cave, even at the risk of creating half a hundred hurricanes. For should we open a vent as large as a needle's point into this magazine of compressed air, you would instantly be assailed by "*an other guess whistling*"* than was the tempest tost Trojan fleet when

Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis.

[88] In revolutions under ground.

"The globe," says the doctor—Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, vol. iii. p. 4. "being now become a permanent magnet, we are, perhaps, safe from any future change of its axis. But we are subject to the accidents on the surface which are occasioned by a wave in the internal ponderous fluid." The doctor then proceeds, and affords us a very fine earthquake by the agitation of this central fluid.

* The "Monthly Reviewer" of our late edition of Tractoration, would have it that OURSELF was a Scotchman "frae the north," &c. Now here's a yankee phrase, merely to convince you that they were out in their conjectures.

Each orifice will then give birth
To grand satellites for earth,
Disploded dreadfully! dear me!
Like Darwin's moon from southern sea.

How will the universe admire
When my vast *bickering* moons of fire
In grand Darwinian style shall rise
Like burning mountains through the skies!

Although our grand explosions must
Destroy good doctor Burnet's crust, [89]

---

[89] Destroy good doctor Burnet's crust.

We should be able to make much more rapid progress in our sublime flights of poetry, were we not under the necessity of dismounting from our Pegasus every ten paces in order to give your worships a hoist, and thus enable your *ponderosities*, like Mr. Pope's "slugs," to keep up with us. It is a thousand to one if any one of your college has ever heard of Dr. Burnet, of earth-manufacturing memory. But it is absolutely necessary that you should know something of Dr. Burnet's theory before you can comprehend the stanza to which this note has reference. You will therefore shut up this my volume and *beg* from some circulating library, or borrow Dr. Burnets theory of the earth's formation; and when you have diligently drudged through that treatise, we will again take you in tow, and permit you to accompany us but non passibus equis, till our muse salutes you with procul! O procul! &c.

From candle savings we'll endeavour
To make his shell as good as ever.

Now when we've made our batch of moons,
Philosophers, unless they're loons,
Will, though we're such a surly gnostick
Name one of them "GREAT DOCTOR CAUSTICK!"

Could tell what time, on Hutton's notion,
Would "duck" the earth beneath the ocean;[90]

---

[90] Would "duck" the earth beneath the ocean.

It would be the highest act of injustice and ingratitude to professor Playfair not to own that he supplied us with the principal principles necessary for the solution of this stupendous problem. See what he says! and see how happily it is said!—as follows:

"It is highly interesting to trace up the action of causes with which we are familiar, to the production of effects, which at first seem to require the introduction of unknown and extraordinary powers; and it is no less interesting to observe, how skilfully nature has balanced the action of all the minute causes of waste, and rendered them conducive to the general good. Of this we have a most remarkable instance, in the provision made for preserving the soil, or the coat of vegetable mould, spread out over the surface of the earth. This coat, as it consists of loose materials, is easily washed away by the rains, and is continually diminished; its lower parts being transported from higher

And when and how would be unfurl'd,
A new edition of the world.[91]

---

to lower levels, and finally delivered into the sea. This effect is visible to every one; the earth is removed not only in the form of sand and gravel, but its finer particles suspended in the waters, tinge those of some rivers continually, and those of all occasionally; that is, when they are flooded or swollen with rains. The quantity of earth thus carried down varies according to circumstances. It has been computed, in some instances, that the water of a river in a flood contains earthy matter suspended in it, amounting to more than the two hundred and fiftieth part of its own bulk." Here you find *our* data.

The gentleman proceeds with a little too much circumrotundity for us to quote him to show that the disintegration of rocks supplies this wear and tear of the vegetable mould of continents and islands, washed into the sea as before stated.

There are some other sublime matters mentioned by the learned doctor, and adduced in proof of his central heats, respecting the *penetration of wood by melted flint ! !* Of which you must say "credo quia non possibile est."

Now, if we were not mortally adverse to the spoiling of a beautiful theory, we should set it with its wrong end uppermost in a moment, by something like what follows.

We should say that metals, minerals, and fossils are daily forming and increasing by accretion and certain other mysterious operations of nature, on and near the surface of the earth, without the aid of Dr. Hutton's lamina in the bottom of the ocean, or fusion by central heat.

Like us was never man besides
For managing aerial tides,

We should also observe, that there is a continual accumulation of earth in many places, caused by the recrements of vegetable and animal substances; which vegetable and animal substances are supplied, originally, in a great measure with nourishment by vapours and clouds raised from the sea; and that it is very possible that this accumulation, which is greatest on high lands and mountains, covered with woods, in consequence of their superiour attraction of such vapours, may be able to counterbalance the so much dreaded "detritus," which seems to threaten them with eventual submersion in the ocean. But we make it a point never to kick over the theory of a fine philosopher.

[91] A new edition of the world.

Mr. Playfair upon Hutton, having fairly washed the world under water, proceeds to sketch the outlines of a picture, which our masterly hand could alone finish.

"We are not," he says, "however, to imagine, that there is no where any means of repairing this waste; for, on comparing the conclusion at which we are now arrived, viz. that the present continents are all going to decay, and their materials descending into the ocean, with the proposition first laid down, that these same continents are collected from materials which must have been collected from the decay of former rocks, it is impossible not to recognise two corresponding steps of the same progress; of a progress, by which mineral substances are subjected to the same series of changes, and alternately wasted away and renovated. In the same manner as the present mineral substances derive their origin from substance similar

Franklin was not so great a schemer,
Volney a much less *windy* dreamer.[92]

---

to themselves; so from the land now going to decay, the sand and gravel forming on the sea shore, or in the beds of rivers; from the shells and corals which in such enormous quantities are every day accumulated in the bosom of the sea; from the drift wood, and the multitude of vegetable and animal remains continually deposited in the ocean; from all these we cannot doubt, that strata are now forming in those regions, to which nature seems to have confined the powers of mineral reproduction; from which, after being consolidated, they are again destined to emerge, and to exhibit a series of changes similar to the past." Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory, p. 118—19.

Here you have the *how:* as to the *when*, Mr. Playfair tells you that "TIME performs the office of *integrating* the infinitesimal parts of which this progression is made up; it collects them into one sum, and produces from them an amount greater than any that can be assigned."

We have kept the reckoning for "TIME," and have made an infinite number of "infinitesimals," which altogether amount to an *aproximation* of the precise period of the *integration*.

[92] Volney a much less *windy* dreamer.

The author of the Pursuits of Literature says that he could

——"give with Darwin, to the hectick kind
Receipts in verse to shift the north-east wind;"

and that a man, to be qualified for speculations of this sort,

We gagg'd sage Darwin's polar bear,
And would not let him "vomit air,"[93]

---

ought to possess an intellect adapted to solving the following problem in *natural* philosophy.

"Whether, the hybernal frigidity of the antipodes, passing in an orthogonal line through the homogeneous solidity of the centre might warm the superficial convexity of our heels by a soft antiperistasis?"

It is indeed wonderful how far the ingenuity of a very astute *hypothesizing* philosopher will sometimes carry him, provided he does not fetter himself with common sense. The invocation of Mr. Higgins in the Loves of the Triangles to the "DIVINE NONSENSIA" ought to be adopted by most of our penetrating geniuses, who are so renowned for theory building.

This Monsieur Citizen Volney published a kind of circular letter, requesting the cooperation of men of similar views and intellects with his own, to make out a correct theory of winds, and seemed to entertain no doubt, but that he could manage aerial currents, much better than a stage driver can a coach horse.

Dr. Franklin's speculations on the same subject are not a little notable. His tropical hurricanes, caused by a whirligig descent of cold air from the upper to the lower regions, are very fine phenomena. His *north east storms*, which begin their operations on our continent, at the *south west*, in consequence of some extra rarefaction of air, some where near the isthmus of Darien, deserve a minute inspection. The ascent of rarefied air at the equator, which whiffles away to the poles and visits us in the form

Thus spoil'd the Boreal ventilator
And made a *vacuum* at the equator.

---

of a frigorifick north-wester, as explained by Darwin, requires due consideration from your worships. But we do not think it possible, by a single impulse, to beat all this philosophy into your right worshipful sconces. You will, therefore, please to wait till we have leisure for the operation.

93 And would not let him "vomit air."

This terrible bear is likewise a camelion, and also a dragon. But here you have him.

"Castled on ice, beneath the circling bear,
A vast CAMELION drinks and *vomits air:*
O'er twelve degrees his ribs gigantick bend,
And many a league his gasping jaws extend;
Half fish beneath, his scaly volutes spread,
And vegetable plumage crests his head;
Huge fields of air his wrinkled skin receives,
From panting gills, wide lungs, *and waving leaves;**
Then with dread throes subsides his bloated form,
His shriek the thunder, and his sigh the storm."
Botanick Garden.

And again in prose.

"Though the immediate cause of the destruction or reproduction of great masses of air, at certain times when the wind changes from north to south, or from south to north, cannot yet be ascertained; yet as there appears greater difficulty in accounting for this change of wind

* "Divine Nonsensia."

And then, by Doctor Priestley's aid,
A vital atmosphere was made,
And stretch'd abroad, and found to answer,
From Capricorn quite on to Cancer.

We set an air balloon in motion
To float on th' atmospherick ocean,
Annex'd a log, which never fail'd,
To give the distance which it sail'd.

And form'd a rudder, I assure it ye,
By which we steer'd with great security,
And could make good our destination
To any harbour in creation.

And we had nineteen pair of oars,
All mann'd with philosophick rowers,

---

from any other known causes, we may still suspect that there exists in the arctick and antarctick circles, a BEAR or DRAGON, yet unknown to philosophers, which at times suddenly *drinks up*, and at other times as suddenly *vomits out* one fifteenth part of the atmosphere: and hope that this or some future age will learn how to govern and domesticate a monster which might be rendered of such important service to mankind." ! ! !

Botanick Garden. Note XXXIII.

Could therefore sail without a breeze,
Or stem a hurricane with ease. [94]

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[94] Or stem a hurricane with ease.

" Many schemes" (it is said in Rees's Cyclopedia, article Aerostation) " have been proposed for directing the horizontal motion of balloons. Some have thought of annexing sails to a balloon, in order to give it the advantage of the wind; but to this proposal it has been objected, that as the aerostatick machines are at rest with respect to the air that surrounds them, they feel no wind, and consequently can derive no benefit from the sails." None but a conjuror, however, could have made that discovery. But Dr. Rees says further, that " An ingenious writer observes, that the case of vessels at sea is quite different from that of balloons; because that the former move with a velocity incomparably less than that of the wind impelling them, on account of the resistance of the water," &c. This ingenious writer must have had a new edition of Friar Bacon's head on his shoulders.

Our mode of steering a balloon is an improvement on the invention of Professor Danzel, which is thus described by Dr. Rees. " Professor Danzel has constructed two cylinders, or axles, to the ends of which are fixed, in the form of a cross, four sails or oars, moveable at the point of their insertion in the cylinder, in such a manner, that when made to move round by means of a handle, the eight oars, like the cogs of a water mill wheel, present, successively, sometimes their flat side and sometimes their edge," &c.

It is very possible that you may have heard of some of our American mechanical geniuses, who have *sometimes come very nigh* to the art of navigating boats against the

By aid of this our grand invention
Some few months hence 'tis our intention,
To steer with fleet of air balloons
To colonize our 'foresaid moons.

A most inveterate believer
In *importation* of *our* fever;
Will point you to the harpy nest
In which was bred the horrid pest.

'Twas hatch'd in subterrannean cell
In hottest heat of Hutton's h—ll,
And dire volcanoes gave it birth,
Which shook the pillars of the earth. [95]

---

stream by the force of the current. But our invention is very materially different from that. We manage much like a crab or lobster that paddles himself forward under water, and proceeds as well as if he actually carried sail.

[95] Which shook the pillars of the earth.

All this is very evident from Mr. Webster's "History of Pestilence," which "proves beyond doubt, that the approach of comets to our system has a prodigious influence on the elements of this globe;" and that "it appears to be a general law of nature that the approach of comets to this earth calls into action the subterranean fire, and volcanoes discharge their contents during or within a few months of the appearance of comets."

And when its "egg of night" was burst,[96]
In Africk's torrid zone 'twas nurst,[97]
But sometimes makes us visitations
To punish our abominations.

And pray believe us now we beg,
We hatch'd the first *imported* egg,
Though truly with some conscience-prickings,
Much as Egyptians hatch their chickens.

We play'd, we'll own, our mind so rack'd is,
This prank to pave our way to practice;

---

[96] And when its "egg of night" was burst.

This, with your leave, is a very sublime allegory somewhat similar to Dr. Darwin's "Love Divine" producing the world from the "egg of night, as it floated in chaos."
Botanick Garden, Canto i.

[97] In Africk's torrid zone 'twas nurst.

So says Dr. Mead, Dr. Chisholm, and many other advocates for specifick contagion. Some contend that putrefaction cannot be sufficiently virulent to produce this fever in any part of the world but Africa. The plague, however, which ravaged London in the year 1665, if imported into that city must have originated in Holland. But this is only one exception to a general rule. Besides, I have no doubt that the Dutch cultivated that exotick in hot-beds, as they afterwards did tulips.

Our object was to extend the curse,
And thereby to distend our purse.

As to th' extent of its dominion
We'll favour you with our opinion;
But when we greet you next, you'll please
To give security for fees.

This dire disorder is contagious,
And its contagion is outrageous;[98]

---

[98] And its contagion is outrageous.

Some people, who appear to be fond of an opportunity of spoiling a beautiful theory, have produced against contagion the following arguments, and thereby very much perplexed a simple subject which ought to have been decided simply by the *ipse dixit* of some famous personage of the faculty.

1. The disorder is propagated more rapidly than could be possible on the theory of contagion; as it spreads over a large city quicker than the small pox would pervade a single alley.

2. It assimilates to itself all other diseases, and forces them to wear its livery; which never is the case in contagious disorders.

3. It is destroyed by frost; but frost increases the activity of contagion.

4. It is an endemick, and must have its own local atmosphere, beyond whose limits it cannot be communicated. Thus the attendants of the sick in *country* hospitals are never known to be infected.

'Twill flourish, sirs, no matter where,
On dryest soil, in purest air.

It is an animalcule, which
Is propagated like the itch:
Communicated like small-pox,
But never bred in dirty docks.

From patient's breath an emanation,
Or given by inoculation;
Though Webster says he's seen it sail
Through ether on a comet's tail.

From friends infected, children, wives,
Let all men scamper for their lives,
The wretches shun like Charon's ferry,
And leave the dead themselves to bury.

I know some simpletons have said,
A kind of fever may be bred,
Merely by heat and putrefaction,
Which suits our theorists to a fraction.

These, and fifty other arguments of a similar nature, I overturn by the weight of the authority of Dr. Mead and other great men, which I have found to be a concise and conclusive way of stopping the mouths of my opponents.

They tell you, if these causes may
Produce the plague in Africa,
It would to common sense appear
They might make shift to make it here—

That true philosophy expects
From all like causes like effects;
For nature never play'd a prank
To cheat us like a mountebank.

But these "dull fools" wont understand
That, being Freedom's favour'd land,
Nature obliges us with flaws,
And sometimes breaks her general laws.

By strict attention to its tilth
We find its enmity to filth,
That 'tis offended when it meets
Dead dogs, and so forth, in the streets.

Therefore our cits, in sultry weather
Should scrape their dirtiness together,
And then contrive to lodge it pretty
Near to the centre of the city.

The fever meeting such a mound
Will show his backsides, I'll be bound,

And leave the happy filth-protected
Good citizens quite uninfected.

Thus Darwin's squabby fiend that sits
Astride a hag in hyst'rick fits, [99]
In half the time that one could wink
Evanishes before a *stink*. [100]

---

[99] Astride a hag in hys'trick fits.

"So on his NIGHTMARE, through the evening fog
Flits the *squab* fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog;
Seeks some love-wilder'd maid with sleep oppress'd,
Alights and grinning sits upon her breast.
Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,
Her snow-white limbs hang helpless from the bed;
While with quick sighs, and *suffocative* breath
Her interrupted *heart-pulse swims* in death.*
On her fair bosom sits the demon-ape
Erect, and balances his bloated shape;
Rolls in their marble orbs his Gorgon-eyes,
And drinks with leathern ears her tender cries."

The worst of it was, however, that she could not cry, *poor thing*, because "the will presides not in the bower of sleep." But you will please to read the whole passage. *Botanick Garden, Canto* iii. *from line* 50 *to line* 79.

[100] Evanishes before a *stink*.

This, to be sure, is not a very *genteel* line. Such as it is, however, it is much at your service. We are happy to observe that our modern poets are generally careful to

* A "swimming heart-pulse" is a wonderful figure.

Your worships being on this scent
Will snuff another argument,

---

present us whatever poison may be expedient, to please the palates of their readers, in a silver chalice, and make it as luscious as possible by the honey of their diction. But our criticks will please to recollect, that we are not writing a song for a love lorn lady, a "sentimental ensign," nor any of those frisking gentry described by Mr. Gifford in the Baviad. No; we are addressing a scientifick body, on a scientifick subject, and therefore are justified in the use of language which would highly offend the olfactories of ladies and ladies-men. You will find, however, in a collection of essays and poetry from the Anti-Jacobin or Weekly Examiner, second edition, p. 533, that a very polished gentleman gives the following account of the inconveniences attending a trip to sea.

"There was great Dr. P—r, whom we style BELLENDENUS;
The doctor and I have a hammock between us,
'Tis a little unpleasant thus crowding together,
On account of the motion and heat of the weather;
Two souls in one birth they oblige us to cram,
And sir JOHN will insist on a place for his RAM.
Though the doctor, I find, is determin'd to think
'Tis the animal's hide that occasions the stink;
In spite of th' experienc'd opinion of TRUMAN,
Who contends that the scent is exclusively human,
But Beddoes and Darwin engage to repair
This slight inconvenience with *oxygene air*."

You will likewise find an authority for the use of this unsavoury verb, in Mr. Pope's Dunciad, where, in the games instituted by the goddess of Dulness, we find a hero happily distinguished in a race

Which has by journalists been bandied,
And, though not very *sweet*, is *candi'd*.

Filth on earth's surface, it is clear,
Its like attracts from th' atmosphere,
And makes a wondrous pure vicinity,
By laws of chymical affinity.[101]

Our citizens, their next resource,
Should ope a "social intercourse,"
By digging channels through their mounds
'Twixt vaults and wells and burying grounds.

For such good management ensures
Against th' expense of digging sewers,
Because one well, 'tis very plain,
May serve ten privies for a drain.

"Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life and scours and *stinks* along."

By laws of chymical affinity.

Many an elaborate argument of that kind has been made publick, during our disputes respecting the origin of the American plague. Madrid and Edinburgh, it is affirmed, are much the more healthy in consequence of a nastiness which is proverbial. This no doubt is sound reasoning, and my judicious directions which follow are founded on a similar basis.

These things accomplish'd they must mind
And put what dead folks they can find
Scarce under ground, in the most populous
Parts they can pick in each metropolis.

For 'twould be decorous, at least,
In memory of friends deceas'd,
To strive to answer two good ends,
To *drink to*, and *to drink* our friends.

Thus Artemisia ('twas, I think)
Made her dead husband diet drink,
And thereby, probably enough,
She sav'd a deal of doctor's stuff.

They next will scoop each crowded place in
The form of something like a basin,
The bottom of the lowest part
They'll make the centre of the mart. [102]

---

[102] They'll make the centre of the mart.

They are performing wonders in New York, in the way of securing to themselves, and entailing on their posterity the privilege of dying with this sublime disorder. But for further information we would refer your worships to No. 1. of our additional notes, appended to the end of our poem.

Now, after all these things are finish'd
I would not have their zeal diminish'd,
For 'tis a maxim, ever true
That nought is done if aught's to do.

They next must go to work and grub
Up every root, and tree, and shrub,
Each trace of vegetation found
In town and out for ten miles round.

Their "useful labours" to complete
In every square, and market street,
By way of ornament they'll please
To set out Bohun Upas trees.

If, after all, they find the fiend
Of fever manfully contend,
Swear like a certain other caitiff
In open court that he's a native.

To stop his progress my advice is
To tow us down the polar ices;
For when a field or two is brought us
'Twill force the fiend to winter quarters.

This thing your worships well know can
Be done on Dr. Darwin's plan,
And 'tis the best thing, past a doubt,
Our gun boats can be set about.

These, among many, are but few,
Of mighty things which I could do;
All which I'll state, if 'tis your pleasure,
Much more at large when more at leisure.

Now it appears from what I state here,
My plans for mending human nature
Entitle me to take the chair
From Rousseau, Godwin, or Voltaire.

They are of most immense *utility;*
All tend to man's perfectibility;
And if pursu'd, I dare to venture ye,
He'll be an angel in a century.

Although St. Pierre, a knowing chap,
Deserves a feather in his cap,
For having boldly set his foot on
The foolish trash of Isaac Newton; [103]

---

[103] The foolish trash of Isaac Newton.

See *Studies of Nature*, by St. Pierre, in which that

Contriv'd a scheme, which very nice is;
For making tides of polar ices.

---

scheming philosopher has, with wonderful adroitness, swept away the cobweb calculations of one Isaac Newton. Indeed, I never much admired the writings of the last mentioned gentleman, for the substantial reasons following.

In the first place, the inside of a man's noddle must be better furnished than that of St. Pierre, or he will never be able to comprehend them.

Secondly, it would be impossible to manufacture a system, like that of St. Pierre, accounting for the various phenomena of nature, in a *new* and *simple* method, if one were obliged to proceed, like Newton, in his *Principia*, in a dull, plodding, mathematical manner, and *prove*, or even render *probable*, the things he asserts. But by taking some facts for granted, without proof, omitting to mention such as militate against a favourite theory, we may, with great facility, erect a splendid edifice of "airy nothings," founded on hypotheses without foundation.

The said Isaac had taken it into his head that the earth's equatorial was longer than its polar diameter. This he surmised from the circumstance of a pendulum vibrating slower near the equator than near the pole, and from finding that the centrifugal force of the earth would not fully account for the difference between the time of the vibrations at Cayenne and at Paris.

This, with other reasons equally plausible, led him to suppose that the earth was flattened near the poles, in the form of an oblate spheroid, and that a degree of latitude would, of consequence, be greater near the pole than at the equator. Actual admeasurement coincided with that conclusion.

And fed old Ocean's tub with fountains,
From arctick and antartick mountains.

Though Mister Godwin told us how
To make a clever sort of plough, [104]

The abbé St. Pierre, however, possessing a most laudable ambition to manufacture tides from polar ices, and thus to overturn Sir Isaac's theory relative to the moon's influence in producing those phenomena, and finding it somewhat convenient for that purpose to place his poles at a greater distance from the center of gravity than the equator, accordingly took that liberty. He likewise had another substantial reason therefor. Unless his polar diameter was longer than his equatorial, the tides, being caused by the fusion of polar ices, must flow up hill.

He therefore drew a beautiful diagram with which a triangle would (according to the scheme of the author of *The Loves of the Triangles*, improved from Dr. Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*) certainly fall in love at first sight. (See page xxxiv. Pref. *Studies of Nature.*) In displaying his geometrical skill in this diagram, however, he took care to forget that there was some little difference between an *oblong* and an *oblate* spheroid.—That flattening the earth's surface, either in a direction perpendicular or parallel to the poles, would *increase* the length of a degree of latitude by *decreasing* the earth's convexity.—That neither an oblate, nor an oblong spheroid was quite so *spherical* as a perfect *sphere*. This was very proper, because such facts would have been conclusive against his new Theory of the Tides.

[104] To make a clever sort of plough.

If you wish, gentlemen, to know any thing further rela-

Which would e'en set itself to work,
And plough an acre in a jerk.

Though Price's projects are so clever,
They show us how to live for ever [105]
Unless we blunder, to our cost,
And break our heads against a post!

Though Darwin, thinking to dismay us,
Made dreadful clattering in chaos,

---

tive to this instinctive plough, you will take the trouble to consult Mr. Godwin's *Political Justice*, in which you will find almost as many sublime and *practicable* schemes for meliorating the condition of man, as in this very erudite work of my own. Let it not be inferred from my not enlarging upon the present and other schemes of this philosopher, that I would regard him as one whit inferiour to any other *modern* philosopher existing. not even excepting his friend Holcroft; but the necessity of expatiating on the redundancy of Mr. Godwin's merits is totally precluded by the unbounded fame which his *chaste* productions have at length acquired among the *virtuous* and *respectable* classes in community.

[105] They show us how to live for ever.

The learned Dr. Price, in his *Tracts on Civil Liberty*, assures us that such sublime discoveries will be hereafter made by men of science (meaning such as Dr. Caustick) that it will be possible to cure the disease of old age, give man a perpetual sublunary existence, and introduce the millenium, by natural causes.

And form'd, with horrid quakes t' assist him,
His new *exploded* solar system. [106]

---

[106] His new *exploded* solar system.

" Through all the realms the kindling ether runs,
And the mass starts into a million suns;
Earths round each sun with quick explosions burst,
And second planets issue from the first;
Bend, as they journey with projectile force,
In bright ellipses their reluctant course;
Orbs wheel in orbs, round centres centres roll,
And form, self-balanc'd, one revolving whole."
Botanick Garden, Canto i.

This sublime philosopher has been most atrociously squibbed in the following performance, which I can assure you, gentlemen, is not mine; and, if I could meet with the author, I would teach him better than to bespatter my favourite with the filth of his obloquy.

" Lines on a certain philosopher, who maintains that all continents and islands were thrown from the sea by volcanoes; and that all animal life originally sprang from the exuviæ of fishes. His family arms are three scallop shells, and his motto " Omnia e Conchis."

" From atoms in confusion hurl'd,
Old Epicurus built a world;—
Maintain'd that all was accidental,
Whether corporeal powers, or mental;
That feet were not devis'd for walking,
For eating teeth; nor tongues for talking;
But CHANCE, the casual texture made,
And thus each member found its trade.
And in this hodge podge of stark nonsense,
He buried virtue, truth, and conscience—

Though Volney, having in his *View*,
First peer'd our continent through and through,[107]

Darwin at last resolves to list
Under this grand cosmogonist.
He too renounces his Creator,
And solves all sense from senseless matter;
Makes men start up from dead fish bones,
As old Deucalion did from stones;
Forms mortals quick as eyes could twinkle,
From lobster, crab, and periwinkle—
Oh Doctor! Change thy foolish motto,
Or keep it for some lady's grotto:
Else thy poor patients well may quake,
If thou canst no more mend than make."—

[107] First peer'd our continent through and through.

Citizen Volney made a very curious, simple, and convenient division of the "Interiour Structure" of the United States, from certain specimens of mineral substances, collected by this industrious pedestrian in a tour of observation through the United States. Notwithstanding the immense extent of territory which has come under citizen Volney's cognizance, and the short time which he did us the honour to reside and peregrinate among us, we find that he was able to parcel our continent into different interiour departments, with as much precision as Buonaparte shows in marking the different provinces of his empire. He gives us "The granite region, the grit or sand stone region, the calcareous or lime stone region," &c. &c.

Now this division is the more ingenious, because it possesses no foundation in nature; and therefore shows a wonderful invention in its author. It happens, luckily

Left us a specimen of the quality
Of *graduated* French morality. [108]

---

for this fine theory, that granite is found in wonderful abundance in the lime stone region, and that throughout the continent, in defiance of Mr. Volney, we find that nature has jumbled all his "regions" together. Nature, having made some confusion in this way, has the more need of the assistance of modern philosophy to aid her defective operations.

[108] Of *graduated* French morality.

This gentleman published in America a small pamphlet entitled, The Law of Nature, or Principles of Morality, deduced from the Physical Constitution of Mankind and the Universe. In this he tells us, "It is high time to prove that morality is a physical and *geometrical* science, and as such susceptible, like the rest, of calculation and mathematical demonstration."

My friend, doctor Timothy Triangle, is much such another philosopher; but has surpassed the Frenchman in the extent of his views, and made systems which were entirely out of the reach of Mr. Volney's intellect. Among others, was *a scale of national character*. By this the latitude and longitude of a place being given, and a sort of tare and tret allowance made for adventitious circumstances, he could ascertain the character of its inhabitants. The latitude of Paris, he affirmed, was that of perfectibility made perfect, and most lucidly manifested in the person of the *Liberty-loving* emperour. Rise to the equator, or recede to the pole from that parallel, and human nature dwindles in arithmetical progression.

This gentleman was a great admirer of the principles of the French revolution, and made out, mathematically,

Though Priestley manufactur'd souls,
For which we had him o'er the coals,

---

how much blood, horrour, and devastation would be necessary to give that predominance to France and French principles, which would terminate in philosophy's millennium. In fact, he dictated to philosopher Godwin the idea so happily expressed in his Political Justice as follows.

"Perhaps no important revolution was ever bloodless. It may be useful in this place to recollect in what the mischief of shedding blood consists. The abuses which at present exist in all political societies are so enormous, the oppressions which are exercised so intolerable, the ignorance and vice they entail so dreadful, that possibly a dispassionate inquirer might decide, that, if their annihilation could be purchased by an instant sweeping of every human being now arrived at years of maturity, from the face of the earth, the purchase would not be too dear. It is not because human life is of so considerable value, that we ought to recoil from the shedding of blood. Death is in itself among the slightest of human evils. An earthquake, which should swallow up a hundred thousand individuals at once, would chiefly be to be regretted for the anguish it entailed upon survivers; in a fair estimate of those it had destroyed, it would often be comparatively a trivial event."

Dr. Triangle likewise made *geometrical scales* of morality, which were not very essentially different from the principles of Volney. These scales were adapted accurately to the interest, feelings, passions, and prepossessions of the persons for whom they were intended, and so *elastick* that they would stretch to suit any case, and authorize any action which could be conceived or perpetrated.

A thing we had forgot to mention
For making use of *our* invention.—

Buffon, with other wonders done
A comet dash'd athwart the sun,
And hitting off a flaming slice
Our earth *created* in a trice.

These wights, when taken altogether
Are but the shadow of a feather
Compar'd with Caustick, even as
A puff of hydrogenous gas.

Should you pronounce my systems *lax*
For want of some *astringent* facts
I'll knock you down, by my surprising
New method of philosophizing.

I first a fine new system form,
Which none can either sap or storm;
Then, to support my favourite plan
I muster all the facts I can.

For, since somebody says or sings,
These facts are counted stubborn things,
From east, west, north and south I rake 'em,
And when not ready made—I make them!!

Thus, for posterity's behoof,
We've made our theories bullet proof:
Assailing us with ire red hot,
Is battering walls with pigeon shot.

But I, in spite of my renown,
Alas! am harass'd, hunted down;
Completely damn'd, the simple fact is,
By PERKINS'S METALLICK PRACTICE! [109]

Our should-be wise and learn'd societies
Are guilty of great improprieties,
In treating me in manner scandalous,
As if I were a very Vandal; thus

Determin'd, as I have no doubt,
My sun of genius to put out,
Which, once extinct, they think that so 'tis
Their glow-worm lights may claim some notice.

---

[109] By PERKINS'S METALLICK PRACTICE.

Here comes the HYDRA, which you Herculean gentlemen are requested to destroy; but the means, by which this great end is to be accomplished, will be fully pointed out in the succeeding cantos.

Such hum-drum heads and hollow hearts
Pretend, forsooth, t' encourage arts!
But that pretence, in every sense is,
The flimsiest of all pretences.

Those noble spirited Mecenases
To me have shown the greatest meannesses;
Have granted me for these things said all
Not one half-penny, nor a medal!!!

CANTO II.

CONJURATIONS!

ARGUMENT.

THE Bard proceeds like one that's striving
To practise Arnall's art of diving;[1]
Presents sublime and strange narrations
Of wizards, ghosts, and conjurations
Next towers in Della Cruscan style
Above old Homer half a mile;
And flutters round in airy region,
Just like a wild goose or a pidgeon;
Fir'd with the theme of Haygarth's praises
Until his rapture fairly *blazes*:
Then in a duel shows more prowess,
Than Vandal that e'er was, or now is.

BUT I'm a man so meek and humble,
I don't allow myself to grumble

---

[1] "Not so bold ARNALL; with a weight of skull
Furious he drives precipitately dull;
Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the weight of gravitation blest."
Pope's Dunciad, book iii.

Am loth your patience thus to batter,
Though *starving* is a *serious* matter![3]

Another reason too, may't please ye,
Why thus I dare presume to tease ye;
If you my wrongs should not redress,
We all must be in one sad mess![4]

---

[2] But I'm a man so meek and humble.

If your worships have ever read the Eneid of one Virgil (which though *possible* is not very *probable*, as physicians in general rarely make themselves "mad," by "too much learning") you will perceive a *classical* beauty in the commencement of this canto, which would escape the observation of the "*ignoble vulgus*." As I wish, however, that you might be able to relish some of the most obvious beauties of this my most exquisite poetical production you will hire some schoolmaster to show you how happily we have imitated the "At regina gravi" of Virgil, and the "But now t' observe romantick method" of Butler.

[3] Though *starving* is a *serious* matter!

Many a worthy London alderman will most feelingly sigh a dolorous response to this pathetick complaint.

[4] We all must be in one sad mess.

The sound is here a most correct echo to the sense; like the

Βη δ' αιεν παρα θινα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης

of Homer; the

The credit of our craft is waning,
Then rouse at this my sad complaining;
For, though my fate now seem the rougher,
Still *you* as well as *I* must suffer.

Behold! A rising INSTITUTION,[5]
To spread Perkinean delusion;
Supported by a set of sturdy men,
Dukes, quakers, doctors, lords, and clergymen!

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,

of VIRGIL; the

Many a lusty thwack and bang,

of BUTLER;

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line,

of POPE, &c. Indeed, gentlemen, I shall almost be tempted to pronounce that person a sorry sort of a simpleton, who does not see, or seem to see, the lengthened visage and hanging lip of our learned Esculapian Fraternity, depicted with the phiz-hitting pencil of a Hogarth, in these eight beautiful and appropriate monosyllables.

[5] Behold a rising INSTITUTION.

The builders of this second edition of the tower of Babel must be confounded; and that they will be, most certainly, provided the measures herein after recommended, be fully and manfully carried into effect. But as it may be safest to reconnoitre somewhat before we begin the attack we will introduce you into the midst of the enemy's encampment in our additional note No. 2.

Unblushing at the knavish trick,
I fear these fellows soon will kick
(A thing of all things most uncivil)
One half our physick to the devil!

And then, alas! your worships may
Be forc'd to moil the live long day,
With hammer, pickaxe, spade, or shovel,
And nightly tenant some old hovel.

Or, destitute of food and lodging,
Through dark and dirty lanes be dodging,
Unless t'avoid such dismal lurkings,
You put a powerful paw on PERKINS.

Behold what ought to raise your spleen high,
Perkins supposed by Aldini![6]

---

[6] Perkins supported by Aldini!

These two wonder-working wizards are said to effect their necromantick manœuvres by the application of similar principles to the animal machine. But the latter does not in so great a degree, infringe on our privileges, for he *begins* where we *leave* off; that is, after the patient is *dead*; whereas Perkins, by his pretended easy and expeditious mode of curing those who ought to depend solely on "death and the doctor," is a more formidable foe to our profession. See additional note, No. 3.

It must have been most sad, foul weather,
From Italy to blow him hither.

My wrath, indeed, is now so keen,
Ev'n wish, for sake of that Aldini,
This *ink* were *poison* for the wizard,
This *pen* a *dagger* in his gizzard!

For he ('tis told in publick papers)
Can make dead people cut droll capers;
And shuffling off death's iron trammels,
To kick and hop like dancing camels.

To raise a dead dog he was able,[7]
Though laid in quarters on a table,

---

[7] To raise a dead dog he was able.

"Dr. Aldini, now in London, lately exhibited, at the house of Mr. Hunter, some curious experiments on the body of a dog newly killed, by which the company then present were exceedingly astonished at the powers of *Galvanism*. The head of the animal was cut off. The head and the body were put beside each other on a table, previously rubbed with a solution of Ammonia. Two wires, communicating with the Galvanick trough, were then applied, the one in the ear, the other at the anus of the dead animal. No sooner had those applications been made than both head and body were thrown into the most animated muscular motions. The body started up with

And led him yelping, round the town,
With two legs up, and two legs down;[8]

And, in the presence of a posse
Of our great men, and ANDREOSSI,
He show'd *black art* of worse description,
Than e'er did conjuring Egyptian.

He cut a bullock's head, I ween,
Sheer off, as if by guillotine;

---

a movement, by which it passed over the side of the table. The head equally moved, its lips and teeth grinning most violently!" Vide the *Morning Post* of January 6th, 1803.

[8] With two legs up, and two legs down.

Your worships will perceive that I have detailed some particulars relative to this famous experiment, which were omitted in the above statement from the *Morning Post*. But should any gentleman among you presume to intimate that I have stated one syllable which is not strictly and literally *true*, I shall embrace the fashionable mode of resenting the affront. I have two pistols in my garret. Let him who dares dispute Dr. Caustick take his choice. Then, unless

"Pallas should come, in shape of rust,
And 'twixt the lock and hammer thrust
Her Gorgon shield, and make the cock
Stand stiff as 'twere transform'd to stock,"

Then (Satan aiding the adventure)
He made it *bellow* like a Stentor! [9]

And this most comical magician
Will soon, in publick exhibition,
Perform a feat he's often boasted,
And animate a dead pig——*roasted.*

With powers of these Metallick Tractors,
He can revive dead malefactors;

I will make it apparent that I am a man of honour, as well as veracity.

[9] He made it *bellow* like a Stentor!

"Some curious Galvanick experiments were made on Friday last, by professor Aldini, in doctor Pearson's lecture room. They were instituted in the presence of his excellency, the ambassadour of France, general Andreossi, lord Pelham, the duke of Roxburgh, lord Castlereagh, lord Hervey, the hon. Mr. Upton, &c. The head of an ox, recently decapitated, exhibited astonishing effects; for the tongue being drawn out by a hook fixed into it, on applying the exciters, in spite of the strength of the assistant, was retracted, so as to detach itself, by tearing itself from the hook; at the same time, a loud noise issued from the mouth, attended by violent contortions of the whole head and eyes." See *Morning Post* of February 16th, 1803.

And is reanimating daily,
Rogues that were hung *once*, at Old Bailey! [10]

And sure I am he'll break the peace,
Unless secur'd by our police;

---

[10] Rogues that were hung *once*, at Old Bailey!

"The body of Forster, who was executed on Monday last, for murder, was conveyed to a house not far distant, where it was subjected to the *Galvanick* process, by professor Aldini, under the inspection of Mr. Keate, Mr. Carpue and several other professional gentlemen. M. Aldini, who is the nephew of the discoverer of this most interesting science, showed the eminent and superiour powers of *Galvanism* to be far beyond any other stimulant in nature. On the first application of the process to the face, the jaw of the deceased criminal began to quiver; and the adjoining muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye was actually opened. In the subsequent part of the process, the *right hand was raised and* CLENCHED, and the legs and thighs were set in motion.

"It appeared to the uninformed part of the by-standers, as if the wretched man was on the eve of being restored to life. This, however, was impossible; as several of his friends, who were near the scaffold, had violently pulled his legs, in order to put a more speedy termination to his sufferings." Vide the *Morning Post* of January 22, 1803

It is to hoped, in case this Mr. Professor undertakes any future operations of this nature, that some more *cholerick dead man* will not only clench his fist like Forster, but convince him, by dint of *pugilistick demonstration*,

For such a chap, as you're alive,
Full many a felon will revive.

And as he can (no doubt of that)
Give rogues the *nine* lives of a cat;
Why then, to expiate their crimes,
These rogues must all be hung *nine* times.

What more enhances this offence is,
'Twill ninefold governments's expenses;
And such a load, in name of wonder,
Pray how can JOHNNY BULL stand under?

Then why not rise, and make a clatter,
And put a stop to all this matter—
Why dont you rouse, I say, in season,
And cut the wicked wizard's weasand?

For, gentlemen, the devil's to pay,
That you forsake the good old way,
And tread a path so very odd,
So unlike that your fathers trod.

---

that he is not to disturb with impunity those who ought to be at "*rest from their labours.*"

With what delight the poet fancies
He sees their worships plague old FRANCIS;"

" He sees their worships plague old FRANCIS.

Dr. FRANCIS ANTHONY. The author of the *Biographia Britannica* relates a pitiful tale respecting the persecutions suffered by this obstinate old schismatick. "He was," says that writer, "a very learned physician and chymist, the son of an eminent goldsmith in London. Was born April 16th, 1550. In 1569 he was sent to the university of Cambridge; in 1574 took the degree of A. M. &c. &c. He began soon after his arrival (in London) to publish to the world the effects of his chymical studies. But not having taken the necessary precaution of addressing himself to the College of Physicians for their license, he fell under their displeasure; and being some time in the year 1600 summoned before the president and censors, he *confessed* that he had practised physick in London for six months, and *had cured twenty persons or more of several diseases.*" [A most atrocious crime! I trust very few if any of your worships would be justified in *confessing* or *pleading guilty* to a similar indictment.] "About one month after, he was committed to the Counter prison, and fined in the sum of five pounds *propter illicitam praxim*—that is, for prescribing against the statutes of the college; but upon his application to the chief justice, he was set at liberty, which gave so great an umbrage, that the president and one of the censors waited on the chief justice, to request his favour in preserving the college privileges: upon which Anthony submitted, and promised to pay his fine, and was forbidden practice. He was soon after accused again for practising physick, and upon his own confession was fined another five pounds, which fine, on his refusing to pay, was increased to twenty pounds, and he was sentenced to be committed to prison till he had paid it. Nor

While he, sad wight, woe-worn and pale,
Is dragg'd about from jail to jail!

For he was such a stubborn dragon,
He would not down and worship Dagon;
That is to say, would not acknowledge
Supremacy of your great college!

And what was worse, if worse could be,
And rais'd their ire to such degree,
That they to Tyburn swore they'd cart him;
He *cur'd* folks "*non secundum artem.*"

---

was the college satisfied with this, but commenced a suit at law against him, in the name of the queen and college, in which they prevailed, and had judgment against him. It appears that the learned society thought him ignorant; but there were others of a different opinion, since, after all these censures, and being tossed about from prison to prison, he became doctor of physick in our own universities!"

This is the substance of the proceedings of our ancestors against the arch-heretick; from which we learn the absolute necessity of a still more rigorous prosecution of those disturbers of society, who have the impudence to *cure* their patients without YOUR LICENSE. Had this old fellow been hung, or "burnt off," as he deserved, the business would have been finished at once, and none would afterwards have dared ever to call in question your supremacy!

His patients *sav'd*, from mere compassion,
Though *killing* was the most in fashion!
Then well your fathers ire might burn as
Hot as the fam'd Chaldean furnace!

Thus, when the heretick Waldenses,
With their co-working Albigenses,
Found what they thought they might rely on,
A nearer way to go to Zion,

Those saints who trod the beaten path,
Were fill'd so full of godly wrath,
They burnt them *off*, nor thought it cruel,
As one would burn a load of fuel!

These things I note, to bring to view
Some noble precedents for you:
The chapter needs not any comment;
Then pray don't hesitate a moment.

But, hark! what means that moaning sound!
That thunder rumbling under ground!
What mean those blue sulphureous flashes,
That make us all turn pale as ashes!

Why in the air this dreadful drumming,
As though the devil himself were coming,

Provok'd by magical impostors,
To carry off a doctor Faustus!

Why scream the bats! why hoot the owls!
While Darwin's midnight bull-dog howls! [11]
Say, what portends this mighty rumpus,
To fright our senses out of compass!

'Tis Radcliffe's sullen sprite now rising, [12]
To warn you by a sight surprising,

---

[11] Why scream the bats! why hoot the owls!
While Darwin's midnight bull-dog howls!

A delectable imitation of Dr. Darwin's delightful pair of lines—

"Shrill scream the famish'd bats and shivering owls,
And long and loud the dog of midnight howls.

To prevent any *post obit* disputes among those, who may hereafter write comments on this sublime passage, I have thought it advisable to designate the *species* of the dog which howls so horribly on this great occasion.

[12] 'Tis Radcliffe's sullen sprite now rising.

This shows Pluto to be a god of correct calculation.

Had he sent one of your water-gruel ghosts, it is a thousand to one if your worships would have paid the least deference to the mandates of his sooty highness.

More solemn than a curtain lecture,
Or Monk-y Lewis' Spanish Spectre![13]

Now, in a sort of moody mutter,
These awful sounds I hear him utter,
Which make my heart to beat and thwack it,
And burst the buttons off my jacket!

"'Tis not from motives of endearment
That I have burst my marble cearment;

---

[13] Or Monk-y Lewis' Spanish Spectre!

I would have no impudent slanderer insinuate that I mean to bestow on the right honourable M. G. Lewis, M. P. any opprobrious epithet. No, gentlemen, I did not say *monkey*. The term which I use is an adjective, legally coined from the substantive MONK; and I affix it to this gentleman's name as an honorary appellation, to which he is entitled for having written that celebrated romance called THE MONK. As to the *Spanish Spectre*, you will please to consult the romance aforesaid, and you will find a most horrible ballad, by which it appears that a certain miss Imogene was carried off on her bridal night, if I mistake not, by the ghost of one Don Alonzo, to whom she had been betrothed, but proved false hearted. I would, however, caution against reading this doleful ditty by candle light, lest the story of

"The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And they sported his eyes and his temples about,"

might *sport* with the senses of the more timid reader.

No; I'm from Hades, in a hurry,
To make above ground one d—d flurry ! [15]

" Arm'd, as the dread occasion urges,
With *Ate's* borrow'd snakes and scourges,
I come to rouse ye into action,
To crush the Perkinising faction.

" I tell you these detested tractors
The worst of Satan's manufactures,
Will set themselves to supersede us
Will even blister, cup, and bleed us;

" And they'll be us'd as diureticks,
Catharticks, anodynes, emeticks,

---

[15] To make above ground one d—d flurry!

I earnestly request that the learned college will not do me the injustice to suppose that a man of my delicacy and refined feelings would *myself* utter any phrase like the above, which has so much the semblance of profanity. But as this personage, before he passed that fatal " bourne" (from which *one* " traveller" *has* " returned") had ever been accustomed, like most of our profession, to rhetorical flourishes of this kind, it must be expected that, on such an important occasion, he would express himself with all his wonted energy; and my veracity as a historian obliges me to give *verbatim* the speech which the sprite did in fact deliver.

And will *begin*, before they're *done*
To *tap* for dropsy, *cut* for stone.

" The self-same metal, it is said,
With friar Bacon's brazen head,
Each point's a d—sh deal worse thing
Than Goodman Gyges brazen ring.

" And they will mend a wooden leg
Much better than a walnut peg,
Will make a rogue a pair of ears
Who's had them clipp'd by Justice's shears.

" Make Hydra heads spring up, I ween
For people shav'd by guillotine;
Thus force our freedom loving neighbours
To recommence their humane labours.

" Why stand ye now, with stupid stare,
Hen-hearted cowards, as you are?
Arise! and quickly gird your might on,
And into battle then rush right on!

" Go! teach Perkineans their errours,
In tampering with the king of terrours!
Go! teach the varlets to defy
Our great and terrible ally!

" Don't say to me, you stupid dunces,
That you're not fond of broken sconces;
Don't say to me, you've no delight in
The dreadful, awful, trade of fighting.

" For you might chace them many a mile, and
E'en bid them, scampering, quit our island,
And still your carcases be strangers
To troublous toils, and desperate dangers.

" Appear in field, the battle's won;
Your phizzes show—L—d how they'll run!
But you're like sheep, a sort of cattle,
That one can't well drive into battle.

" O could I but affairs contrive
To be for one half hour alive,
What thunder-bolts of indignation
I'd hurl at imps of Tractoration!

" I'll batter ye with Pluto's bludgeon,
Unless to battle you now budge on,
And make more bluster with your train,
Than devils in a hurricane!

" I'll drive ye down"—but dawning day
Bids bullying phantom hie away;

While horrour makes each hair stand stedfast,
Like quill of hedgehog in our head fast!

So stood the PREMIER of your nation,
When ROBSON bawl'd out "DEFALCATION!
Government's robb'd by wicked men,
And cannot pay NINETEEN POUNDS TEN"!!![16]

So petrified stood bull and bear,
Of Stock Exchange, when the lord mayor,
With vile chagrin and terrour quaking,
Found Hawkesbury's letter all a take-in.[17]

---

[16] And cannot pay NINETEEN POUNDS TEN"!!!

The terrible shock given not only to Mr. Addington, but to the credit of the British nation, by this famous sally of that teasing, testy, querulous, alarming, honourable, ci-devant member of the house of commons, is undoubtedly fresh in the recollection of every person, who has the least smattering in parliamentary debates: and every true patriot and friend to the *Peace* of——our prime minister, will congratulate the country on the failure of Mr. Robson's election, as well as that of his co-operator, Mr. Jones, into the new parliament.

[17] Found Hawkesbury's letter all a take-in.

Now I know the man who cobbled up the famous humbug peace with France, which, in my opinion, was a manœuvre that did honour to its inventer. He tenants a garret adjacent to mine. But Dr. Caustick is an honourable man, and twice the £5000 offered by the stock ex-

And thus *our* emperour stood staring,
When Callender for aye forbearing,
At length bewray'd a queer connexion
In matters of a dark complexion. [18]

Now should you slight the dire monition
Of this ill boding apparition,
You truly will be well deserving
The dreadful destiny of starving!

O then, dread sirs, brimful of rage,
War! horrid war! is yours to wage,
To extirpate the deadly schism,
The heresy of Perkinism!

Pursue the steps that learned sage hath,
The most redoubted doctor HAYGARTH,

---

change, with the £500 by the lord mayor, for his apprehension, would not tempt him to expose the neck of his friend to the noose of justice. This I premise, that the Bow-street officers may not misapply their time and talents in any futile attempts to wheedle or extort the secret.

[18] In matters of a dark complexion.

Here we are again quite out of the reach of your worships. Seven years of most violent application to the cabalistical arts would not make you able to form even a distant idea of the meaning of this last line.

Who erst o'er Perkins' sconce at Bath,
Broke a whole gallypot of wrath! [19]

---

[16] Broke a whole gallypot of wrath!

I beseech you, gentlemen, to suspend your impatience relative to this wonderful achievement, till you have *soared* through a few stanzas. In the mean time, however, I wish that this my favourite hero, and burthen of my song, should stand high with your worships, and be the object of the humble admiration, not only of your honourable body, but of mankind in general; and I myself shall take the liberty to trample on all those, who dare call in question his infallibility. I have a knowledge of but few, who more deserve to be trodden upon on this occasion than the conductors of certain foreign literary journals, who, not aware of the inconceivable services which Dr. H. has rendered the medical host by his ardent zeal against their common enemy, Perkinism, have expressed their sentiments of him, and his works, with that indifference, which must have arisen from their want of knowledge of his achievements.

Among the most prominent of this junto should be mentioned the *Medical Repository*, at New-York, conducted by professors Mitchell and Miller, of that place, the former of whom I understand is a representative in the Congress of the United States, an eminent physician, and the celebrated author of what is usually termed the "Mitchellian Theory of Contagion," alterations in the French Chymical Nomenclature, &c. The latter, I am told, is likewise a physician of great respectability.

Now that two such characters should presume to represent Dr. H. as a man, whose "vanity is more conspicuous than his ability," is a circumstance which, while it excites my surprise, rouses my resentment. However, to accomplish their disgrace and his renown, I shall concisely

Oh! could I sing Haygarth's *chef d'œuvre*,
That mighty magical manœuvre,

---

state his magnanimous conduct to them, and their ungracious return.

Dr. H. in great condescension to the poor wretches of the United States, who, through the ignorance and *inexperience* of their medical practitioners, were likely to be extirpated by the yellow fever, addressed them in an affectionate letter, and proclaimed the barbarity and unskilfulness of their physicians, in a very appropriate and becoming manner. He even kindly apprized the Academy of Medicine, at Philadelphia, that their proceedings and reasonings on the disease among them were "frivolous, inadequate, and groundless," and communicated many other facts equally useful and important.

Now, whether his statements were true or false, those foreigners ought to have been grateful to Dr. H. for *honouring* them with the information. But, on the contrary, they say that "a poison, which, in the city of New-York, has destroyed, within three months, the lives of more than twenty practitioners of medicine, well deserves to be traced and understood by the survivers." They even have the audacity to assert, that "American physicians and philosophers, who have viewed the rise and progress of pestilence, walked amidst it by day and by night, year after year, and endured its violence on their own persons, almost to the extinction of their lives," ought to be as competent judges of the cause and cure of the disease as Dr. Haygarth, who has never seen a case of it.

After entering into a copious (about 20 pages) and what they seem to think a learned investigation of my

That feat, than which, you'll own, if candid,
None greater ever mortal man did!

But ere I "sweep the sounding lyre,"
Or tune Apollo's fiddle higher,
I'll steal (although it cost a halter)
A brand from Della Crusca's altar,

---

great friend's theory and sentiments, they have dared to refute his reasoning, and turn it to ridicule.

These presumptuous writers finally close their unreasonable account of Dr. Haygarth in quotations from Dr. Caldwell, who, it appears, is a fellow of the college of physicians of Philadelphia, and a very ungentleman-like *fellow* too, for he has also had the rashness to descant on some of the works of Dr. Haygarth in terms following.

"Perhaps he (Dr. Haygarth) may found the boldness of his pretensions as an author on the maturity of his years. Many writers less youthful are more modest; and it is to be lamented that grey hairs give no *infallible* earnest of either wisdom or liberality. We will not positively assert that he is not a man of profound erudition; but we have no reason whatever to convince us that he is. Perhaps he may pride himself on being a native of the same country which produced a Harvey, a Sydenham, a Cullen, and a Hunter. We entreat him to remember, that weeds may infest the same ground which has been overshadowed by the lordly adansonia, and that the same clime gives birth to the lion and the jackal." *Medical Repository*, vol. v. p. 333. Oh, fie! fie!

"O THOU!" who soar'dst to heights sublimer
Than e'er before attain'd by rhymer,
Till even my good friend Apollo
At distance gaz'd, but dar'd not follow,

"GENIUS, or MUSE," who had'st propensity
To seem to strive to stretch immensity,
Whose "*airy lays*," quoth Bell's fraternity,
Would last through more than one eternity,

(Although it seems, the deuce is in't,
Those very lays are out of print,
A proof this age does not inherit
One ounce of true poetick spirit)

O come, and bring (delightful things)
A pair of Della Cruscan wings,
That we, by sublimated flight,
May "STEM THE CATARACT OF LIGHT."

Then condescend to be my crony,
And guide my wild Parnassian pony,
Till our aerial cutter runs [20]
Athwart "A WILDERNESS OF SUNS!" [21]

---

[20] Till our aerial cutter runs.

My mode of commencing an airy tour, mounted, Muse

But Gifford comes, with why and wherefore; [22]
And what the devil are you there for?

---

and Co. on a poetical *pony*, which by the way is metamorphosed into a *cutter*, may, perhaps, be objected to by your fastidious criticks, as a liberty even beyond a poet's licentiousness. But there is nothing which we men of *genius* more thoroughly detest than any attempt to fetter our faculties with the frigid rules of criticism. Besides, *sense* or *nonsense*, *poetry* or *gingling*, it is perfectly *Della Cruscan*.

[21] "WILDERNESS OF SUNS!"

This "proud" passage, together with "O THOU!"—"GENIUS OF MUSE!"—and "CATARACT OF LIGHT!"—are the legitimate offspring of that prince of poets, who rose to such a towering *pitch* of poetry,

> "That oft Hibernian opticks bright
> *Beheld* him fairly *out of sight!*"

I should have been happy to have fascinated your worships with further specimens of the same sort of sublimity, could I have retained them in memory. I have been so solicitous for your gratification in this particular, that I have made a painful, though bootless search, throughout the metropolis and its suburbs, for these more than sybiline oracles. Indeed I have reason to fear that all Della Crusca's effusions, are irretrievably lost, except the few fragments which I have here *pickled* for the behoof of posterity.

[22] But Gifford comes, with why and wherefore.

The admirers of your *polite* poetry can never sufficiently anathematize the author of the *Baviad and Mæviad* for extirpating, root and branch, a species of sentimental ditty, which might be scribbled, without the trouble of "sense

Then tells a tale about the town,
Contriv'd to lessen our renown.

Says, if we rise but one inch higher,
We set our hat and wig on fire;
And that he'll bet us ten to one
We shall be scorch'd like Phaeton.

Then I and Clio, as the case is,
Must now resume our former places;
But still, to *keep up* our renown,
We ride a "gairish sun-beam" *down!*

---

to pose;" an object certainly of no small consequence with your *bon ton* readers and writers of rhyme. How could a *sentimental ensign* or *love-lorn lieutenant* be better employed than in sobbing over "Laura's tinkling trash," or weeping in concert with the "mad jangle of Matilda's lyre?" Besides, there ought to be *whipped syllabub* adapted to the palates of those who cannot relish "Burns' pure healthful nurture." Mr. Gifford should be sensible, that reducing *poetry* to the standard of *common sense* is clipping the wings of genius. For example; there is no describing what sublime and Della Cruscan-like capers I should myself have been cutting in this "Wilderness of suns;" for I was about to prepare a nosegay of comets, and string the spheres like beads for a lady's necklace; but was not a little apprehensive lest Mr. G. or some other malignant critick should persuade the publick, that my effusions of fancy were little better than the rant of a bedlamite.

And now once more, in humble station,
We'll jog along in plain narration;
And *tollutate* o'er turnpike path, [23]
To view the conjuring crew at Bath.

Behold! great Haygarth and his corps
Of necromancers, just a score,

---

[23] And *tollutate* o'er turnpike path.

> They rode, but authors having not
> Determin'd whether pace or trot,
> That is to say, whether *tollutation*,
> As they do term't, or succussation.
>
> HUDIBRAS, Canto ii.

[24] Behold! great Haygarth and his corps.

I here wish to give a concise sketch of the doctor's necromantick process, so well calculated to give the tractors the kick out of Bath and Bristol, where they were rapidly making the most sacrilegious encroachments on the unpolluted shrine of our profession. I would recommend similar proceedings to every member of the college, and every worthy brother who is truly anxious to preserve the dignity and honour of the professional character. But would premise, that, when the like experiments are made, which, I trust, will be very generally by the whole profession, I would particularly recommend that the doctor's prudence, in not admitting any of the friends of the tractors at the scene of action, should be strictly imitated; and also his discretion in choosing, as subjects for the experiment, the ignorant and miserable paupers of an infirmary, whose credulity will assist very much in operations of this sort. I also enjoin them to bear in mind his *hint*, "That if any

Enter the drear abodes of pain,
Like death of old and horrid train!

---

person would repeat the experiment with *wooden* tractors, it should be done with due solemnity; during the process, the wonderful cures said to be performed by the tractors, should be particularly related. Without these *indispensable* aids, other trials will *not* prove so successful as those which are here reported" Haygarth's book, page 4.

It can scarcely be necessary for me to hint to my discreet brethren, in addition, that should they try the *real* tractors afterwards (which, however, I rather advise them not to do at all) the whole of these aids of the mind are to be as strictly avoided. I had like to have forgotten to say, that the means used in the instance which follows, to increase the solemnity of the scene, were a capital display of wigs, canes, stop-watches; and a still more solemn and terrifick spectacle, about a score of the brethren. The very commencement serves to show how "*necessary*" was all this display to ensure the success of these *wooden* tractors.

"It was often *necessary* to play the part of a *necromancer*, to describe circles, squares, triangles, and half the figures in geometry, on the parts affected, with the small end of the (wooden) tractors. During all this time we conversed upon the discoveries of Franklin and Galvani, laying great stress on the power of metallick points attracting lightning, and conveying it to the earth harmless. To a more curious farce I was never witness. We were almost afraid to look each other in the face, lest an involuntary smile should remove the mask from our countenances, and dispel the charm." Haygarth's book, page 16.

A very ingenious friend of Dr. H. and the glorious cause in which he is engaged, has conceived an improvement on this process. While the above operation is going

He comes! he comes! good heaven defend us!
With magick rites, and things tremendous!

---

on, surely, the adroit necromancer would handle his *virgula divinitoria* with far greater effect, and himself appear much more in character, by using a suitable incantation. The following has therefore been proposed for the general use of the profession.

Hocus! pocus! up and down!
Draw the white right from the crown!
Hocus! pocus! at a loss!
Draw the brazen rod across!
Hocus! pocus! down and up!
Draw them both from foot to top!

Lest you should not have sufficient ingenuity to *comprehend* the *object* of Dr Haygarth, in producing these operations on the minds of those paupers, by the aid of such means as he employed, I must *try* to explain it. It was to induce an inference on the part of the publick, that if, *by any means whatsoever*, effects can be produced on the mind of a poor bedridden patient, whether such effect be favourable or unfavourable (as the latter was often the case in Haygarth's experiments) *ergo*, Perkins's tractors *cure* diseases by acting on the mind also, whether on a human or brute subject. Should any person be so uncivil and unreasonable as to start the objection to this logick, that with the same propriety all medicines might also be supposed to produce their effects by an action on the mind, I particularly advise (provided such person be a noted coward) that you challenge him or her to a duel: but if, on the contrary, he or she be a terrible Mac Namara-like fellow, modestly reply that it was all a joke, and you hope there was no offence.

With such as serv'd the witch of Endor
To make the powers of hell surrender!

Now draws full many a magick circle;
Now stamps, and foams, and swears meherc'le!
As old Canidia us'd to mutter once,
Just as her demon gave her utterance!

Now tells each trembling bed-rid zany
Terrifick tales of one Galvani;
How Franklin kept, to make folks wonder,
A warehouse full of bottled thunder!

Thus Shakspeare's Macbeth's wicked witches
Even carry'd matters to such pitches,
In hoity-toity midnight revel,
The old hags almost rais'd the devil!

And now our tragi-comick actors
Torment a pair of *wooden* tractors;
All which, with many things they more did,
In Haygarth's book you'll find recorded.

Since doctor Haygarth, as we've stated,
These points pernicious has prostrated,

Our college ought to canonize him;
Instead of that the rogues despise him.

And there's a certain doctor Caldwell
May calculate on being maul'd well,
Unless, since he's presum'd to flout him,
He *unsays* all he's *said* about him.

What right could he have to berate his
Opinions, which were given *gratis*,
Or state a plausible objection
Against his doctrine of infection?

O *man* of *mineral putrefaction*,[25]
In spite of imps of fell detraction,

---

[25] O *man* of *mineral putrefaction*.

In the famous address to which we have before referred, we find a most remarkable discovery of the hero of our tale, relative to the origin of "*stench*," which alone would entitle our doctor to be numbered amongst the most profound of all philosophers, and which we shall give the world in his own words.

"It is too obvious to escape notice, that the stench arising from the hold of a ship proceeds from the putrefaction of substances which belong to all the three kingdoms of nature, vegetable, animal, and *mineral!!*"

We greet thee on our bended knees
Great Britain's great Hippocrates.

But if Haygarthian rites infernal
Sould fail our foes to overturn all,
Seek ways and means to lay them level,
Without one conjuror, witch, or devil.

If you can find some one among
You, who don't value being hung,
Perhaps the readiest mode would be
To kill the conjuring patentee.

But still I have some hesitation
To recommend assassination;
Although I'm sure t'would not be cruel,
To pop off Perkins in a DUEL.

For this you've precedents quite ample,
Full many a glorious example,
From Goths and Vandals, out of temper, or
A certain crazy Russian emperour.[26]

---

[26] A certain crazy Russian emperour.

Czar Paul, emperour of all the Russias, &c. who had a very benevolent desire to settle the disputes, which agitated Europe, by virtue of tilt and-tournament, among

For if the conjuror were shot dead,
By some rude harum-scarum hot-head;
Then might we quickly crush the flummery
Of tract'ring mischief-making mummery.

Perkins destroy'd, the INSTITUTION
Will be o'erwhelm'd in dire confusion;
And we shall easily be able
To overturn this modern Babel.

So, if a wolf should silent creep
T'attack by night a flock of sheep,
He'd not attempt the whole together,
But first invade the old bell-wether. [27]

---

those potentates, whose quarrelsome dispositions so often set their subjects by the ears.

[27] But firt invade the old bell-wether.

This sublime simile, gentlemen, will meet the unequivocal approbation of those who are acquainted with the rustick manners and natural history of Kamtschatka. The leading wether of a flock of sheep is ever invested with a bell, pendent from his neck by a collar, not only as an honorary badge of distinction, but for the purpose of alarming the shepherd, in case of invasion by any of the merciless tenants of the forest. The wolf always makes it his first object to silence this jingler, that he may with the greater impunity destroy his fleecy companions.

Let not the thought of Jack Ketch scare ye,
But at him like brave Mac Namara,
Avenge our wrongs in mode as summary
As he adopted with Montgomery.

For if said Mac be crown'd with laurel,
Who kill'd a colonel in a quarrel
About two dogs, between two puppies,
Most mighty sirs, my trust and hope is,

That nobody will think it is hard
For us to shoot a conjuring wizard,
Since all allow, sans hesitation,
That we've receiv'd vast provocation.

And if our champion's full of fury,
When he kills Perkins, then the jury
(Provided they are made to fit him)
Will most assuredly acquit him. [28]

---

[28] Will most assuredly acquit him.

Why not, as well as acquit capt. Mac, who evaded all harm, in consequence of his not permitting the "sun to go down on his wrath?" Mr. Justice Grose, however, appears to me to have proved himself to have been a very gross justice, in telling the jury that the law does not recognise certain nice distinctions which are adopted by men of honour. If, however, his assertion be true, it is proper

And when the foe is sent to Hades,
Our champion will please the ladies,
Because the pretty things delight in
The man, who kills his man in fighting.

---

that there should be an act of parliament passed immediately, giving US GENTLEMEN the privilege of killing each other, which would save government the expense of hemp, hangmen, &c.

CANTO III.

MANIFESTO.

ARGUMENT.

The poet now, with Discord's clarion
Preludes the war we mean to carry on;
And sends abroad a PROCLAMATION
Against Perkinean conjuration;
Proves that we ought to hang the tractors,
On gibbet high, like malefactors,
And with them that pestiferous corps,
Who keep alive the paltry poor;
By reasons sound, as e'er were taken,
From Aristotle, Locke, or Bacon.

BUT if you cannot find some one,
As bold as Attila the Hunn,
T' attack the conjuring tractoring noddy,
And fairly bore him through the body;

Collect a host of our profession,
With all their weapons in possession;

And *vi et armis*, then we'll push on,
And crush Perkinean Institution.

But first, in flaming MANIFESTO,
(To let John Bull and all the rest know,
Why we should on these fellows trample,
And make the rogues a sad example)

Say to the publick all you can say,
Of magick spells, and necromancy;
That Perkins and his crew are wizards,
Conceal'd in sanctimonious vizards.

Say to the publick all you can say,
Of wonder-working power of fancy:
Tell what *imagination's* force is
In crows and infants, dogs and horses:[28]

---

[28] In crows and infants, dogs and horses.

These are among the *patients* whose cures are attested in Perkins's publication, in which he has introduced them to show that his tractors do not cure by an influence on the *imagination*. The fallacy of any deductions, drawn from such cases, in favour of the tractors, will be apparent from the following most *learned* and *elaborate* investigation of the subject.

There are no animals in existence, I shall incontestibly prove, that are more susceptible of impressions from imagination, than those above mentioned.

Tell how their minds—but here you old men
May trust the younkers under Coleman; [2]

To begin with the *crow*. Strong mental faculties ever indicate a vivid imagination; and what being, except Mivera's beauty the owl, is more renowned for such faculties than the crow?—Who does not know that he will smell gunpowder three miles, if it be in a gun, and he *imagine* it be intended for his destruction? These emblems of sagacity, besides "fetching and carrying like a spaniel," and talking as well or better than colonel Kelly's parrot (which by the by I suspect to have been a crow) are, as Edwards assures us in his *Natural History*, "the planters of all sorts of wood and trees." "I observed," says he, "a great quantity of crows very busy at their work. I went out of my way on purpose to view their labour, and I found they were planting a grove of oaks." Vol. V. Pref. xxxv.

These *geniuses* always can tell, and always have told, since the days of Virgil, the approach of rain. That poet says,

"Tum *cornix* plena pluviam vocat improba voce."

They can likewise tell when bad news is approaching, as we learn from the same writer,

"Sæpe sinistra cava prædixit ab ilice *cornix*."

Now I beg leave to know what mortal can do more? and to suppose a crow not blessed with those more brilliant parts, under which *imagination* is classed, is to do them a singular injustice, which I shall certainly resent on every occasion.

Now as to *infants*. Whoever has been in the way of an acquaintance with some of the more musical sort of

For graduates at horses' college,
Most certainly are men of knowledge!

---

these little gentry (like my seven last darlings for instance) and has been serenaded with the dulcet sonatas of their warbling strains will not be disposed to deny their powers on the imagination of *others*. I have known the delusion practised so effectually by these young conjurors, that I have myself *imagined* my head was actually aching most violently, even on the point of cracking open: but on going beyond the reach of their magick spell, that is, out of hearing, my head has been as free from pain as it necessarily must be at this moment, while I am penning this lucid performance. Now, I maintain it to be most unphilosophical, and totally opposite to certain new principles in ethicks, which I shall establish in a future publication, to suppose that infants should be able to impart either pleasure or pain, by operating on the imagination, and not themselves possess a large share of that imagination, by the aid of which they operate to so much effect upon others.

Next come *dogs*. Dr. Shaw, in his *Zoology*, vol. i. p. 289, informs us, "that a dog belonging to a nobleman of the Medici family always attended his master's table, changed the plates for him, carried him his wine in a glass placed on a salver, without spilling the *smallest* drop." The celebrated Leibnitz mentions another, a *subject* of the elector of Saxony, *who* could discourse in an "intelligible manner," especially on "tea, coffee, and chocolate;" whether in Greek, Latin, German, or English, however, he has not stated; but Dr. Shaw, alluding to the same dog, says, undoubtedly under the influence of prejudice, "he was somewhat of a truant, and did not willingly exert

That though imagination *cures*,
With aid of pair of patent skewers,

---

his talents, being rather pressed into the service of literature."

Indeed our greatest naturalists assure us, that this animal is far before the human species in every ennobling quality. Buffon makes man a very devil compared with the dog; and had he come directly to the point, I presume he would have told us that the dog is one link above man in the great chain from the fossil to the angel. "Without the dog," says Buffon, "how could man have been able to tame and reduce other animals into slavery? To serve his own safety, it was necessary to make friends among those animals whom he found capable of attachment. *The fruit of associating with the dog* was the conquest and *the peaceable possession of the earth.* The dog will always preserve his empire. He reigns at the head of a flock, and makes himself *better* understood than the voice of the shepherd" (well he might, for it appears he is more knowing, more powerful, and more just.) "Safety, order, and discipline, are the fruits of his vigilance and activity. They are a people submitted to his management, whom he conducts and protects, and against whom he never employs force but for the preservation of peace and good order." BARR's BUFFON, vol. v. p. 302.

It is to me somewhat remarkable that *theorizing* Frenchmen, many of whose discoveries are scarcely less important than my own, cannot make them apply in such a manner as to effect some *practical good* in society. Buffon discovered that a dog was a species of demi-god, and appears on the point of worshipping this great Anubis of the Egyptians. Voltaire tells us, that Frenchmen are

Still such relief cannot be *real*,
For pain itself is all *ideal*. [3]

---

half monkey and half tiger, and every body knows that the one is insufferably mischievous, and the other infinitely ferocious. Now it is surprising that these philosophers could not contrive to improve the breed by a little of the *canine* blood. Indeed, I should advise them to import some of our Bond-street male *puppies*, to be paired with French female *monkies*, and I will venture to assert that there will be very little of the *tiger* perceivable in their offspring. And since a dog, as Buffon says, "reigns with so much dignity at the head of a flock, will always preserve his empire, *never employs force but for the preservation of peace and good order*," and is endowed with so many other great qualifications, which seem to denote him to be a proper personage to wield the sceptre of dominion, I would seriously advise the abbé Sieyes, when he frames his 999th constitution for the *free* French Republick (which it is said he has already begun to manufacture) so to organize the executive branch, that at least one of the consuls should be a true blooded English bull-dog.

After the ample proof I have now given of the infinite superiority of the dog to man, when his merits are fairly estimated, which it is very difficult for us, being interested, to do without prejudice, I shall take it for granted, that he must possess all the brilliancy even of a poet's imagination, and therefore that he is far *more* likely to be cured by imagination than any man.

It now remains to speak of *horses*, and these (not to mention the Bucephalus of Alexander, or the Pegasus of doctor Caustick) I shall show, in a very few words, can boast of performances and qualifications, to which a lively fancy in the comparison is but as the wit of an oyster to

Say that friend Davy, when he was
Inspir'd with his oraculous gas,

---

the wisdom of a philosopher. One of the most scientifick nations that ever existed, renowned alike for its refinements in the arts, and prowess in war, has been compelled to yield the palm to the superiour attainments of a horse, and acknowledge its inability to achieve what he most readily effected. Ten long years was the whole power of Greece engaged in an ineffectual siege of far-famed Troy. The bravest of armies, commanded by heroes allied to the gods, assailed the foe in vain. At this disheartening period stepped forth a *wooden* horse, and propromised a victory, provided his plans were adopted. Aware of the horse's *great capacity*, which enabled him to *comprehend* a great number of *subjects*, the sagacious Greeks *entered into* his measures, and Troy was levelled in the dust.

If all this could have been accomplished by a *wooden* horse, none but a Perkinite will be so absurd as to pretend that one composed of *flesh and blood*, like man, does not enjoy far greater privileges, among which are those of receiving as many cures by the influence of imagination as he pleases.

Now then, gentlemen, I trust that if any man will con over, digest, comprehend, and *admit* this my ingenious and learned exposition of the fallacy of the arguments in favour of the tractors, so much harped upon by our adversaries, which are drawn from the circumstance of their having cured crows and infants, dogs and horses, he will with great facility be enabled to confound and overthrow them on all occasions, provided he enforce and proclaim it with the ardency its importance deserves.

Utter'd this solemn truth, that nought
E'er had existence, only *thought!*[4]

---

[2] May trust the younkers under Coleman.

Search the field of science, and you will not find labourers more in want of employment than the above gentry. For so prolifick is this Alma Mater in qualifying the rising generation of veterinarians, that three months *looking on*, and *twenty guineas fee* to the ingenious professor, will convert the veriest dunce into a veterinarian of the first water, to the no small discomfiture of every farrier within many miles of his range.

But I would by no means recommend your trusting to the professor himself for any aid in this business. No; he has no *interest* in the affair. Let the tractors cure all the infirm horses in England, and what cares the professor? Why he has only to put up his petition, as he has done already several times, under the dome of St. Stephen's, and all wants are satisfied. Fifteen hundred a year, besides cheese-parings to twice the amount, are no inconsiderable matters in the estimation of a garreteer, like Dr. Caustick. Were parliament to reward me for my discoveries and labours for the good of the *human*, in proportion to their munificence to the professor of the *caballine* race, I should have had a dozen dukedoms, and the clerkship of the Pells, which was lately given, by his *provident* sire to master Addington, into the bargain.

Trust, therefore, the *younkers* under Coleman; for they, being actuated by the same spirit which impels me to attack Perkinism, will prove powerful allies in our glorious cause.

What though they say, why to be sure,
If we by Fancy's aid can CURE,
Then why not use imagination,
A *cheap* and *simple* operation?

SAY NATURE THROUGH HER WORKS INTENDS
ALL THINGS TO ANSWER SOME GREAT ENDS:
THUS SHE FORM'D DRUGS TO PURGE AND SHAKE,
THEN MAN, OF COURSE THOSE DRUGS TO TAKE.[5]

---

[3] For pain itself is all *ideal.*

So said the learned bishop Berkley, in a scientifick treatise called *Principles of Human Knowledge*, in which his reverence makes it apparent, to those who have a clue to his metaphysical labyrinth, that there is no such thing as matter, entity, or sensation, distinct from the mind which perceives, or thinks it perceives, such ideas or substances. The bishop's authority being so pat in point, I cannot but admire that it has not more frequently been adduced in opposition to the tractors.

[4] E'er had existence, only *thought!*

For the particulars of this important discovery turn back to note 16. canto i.

[5] THEN MAN, OF COURSE, THOSE DRUGS TO TAKE.

This CAPITAL argument, that it might make a CAPITAL figure, I have ordered my printer to put in CAPITAL letters,

That learn'd physicians pine with hunger,[6]
The while a spruce young patent-monger

---

and I hope it will make a CAPITAL impression on your worshipful intellects. But still I have not given it half that pre-eminence which its importance claims, under existing circumstances. A great hue and cry has been raised by the Perkinites, by which some of the less penetrating part of the profession have been awed into silence, respecting the *duty* of medical practitioners. They say that it is the duty of a medical man to employ only such means as will cure his patient in the most *safe*, *cheap*, and *expeditious*, manner. This infamous pretension takes its origin from no other person than Perkins himself. That you may individually be aware of the effrontery with which it is brought forward, I shall, in this note, copy from Perkins's book his manner of treating the subject. Your worships will form some idea of the magnitude of this objection of our adversaries, in their own estimation, and the mischief it has already occasioned, not only in Great Britain, but abroad, when I inform you that it has been echoed in both the English and foreign journals, and in many of them treated as a complete refutation of the arguments of Dr. Haygarth, and of all who object against the tractors, on account of their *curing* diseases merely by operating on the imagination. Among other foreign publications, I observe that the 21st volume of the *Bibliotheque Britannique*, printed at Geneva, closes a long account (40 pages) of "*Perkinisme*" with this "petite histoire de Mr. Perkins."

"A gentleman came from the country to London, for the advantage of medical assistance, in a complaint of peculiar obstinacy and distress. After being under the care of an eminent physician several weeks, and paying him upwards of thirty guineas, without any relief, he was

Contrives to wheedle simple nimnies,
And *tractorize* away *our* guineas.

---

induced to try the tractors. To be short, they performed a remarkable cure; the person was perfectly restored in about ten days. The physician, calling soon after, was informed of the circumstance. He began lamenting that so sensible a person as the patient should be caught in the use of so contemptible a piece of quackery as the tractors. After assuring the patient that he had thrown away his five guineas, for that it was well established by Dr. Haygarth, that a brick-bat, tobacco-pipe, goose-quill, or even the bare finger, would perform the same cures, he was interrupted by his patient: 'And are you sincere in your belief that you could have produced, by those means, the same effects upon me, which I have experienced from the tractors?' 'Do I believe it? Ay, I know it; and that a thousand similar cures might be effected by means equally simple and ridiculous.'— 'And sir,' interrupted the gentleman again, in a more stern and serious tone, 'why did you not cure me then by those *simple* means? Remember I have paid you thirty guineas, under the supposition that you were exerting your utmost endeavours to cure me, and that in the most safe, cheap, and expeditious manner. You now in substance acknowledge, that, although in possession of the means of restoring me to health, for the dishonourable purpose of picking my pocket, you continued me upon the bed of sickness! Who turns out to be the impostor? Let your own conscience answer.' The justness of the retort, it will be easily believed, precluded the possibility of an exculpation."

Perkins's New Cases, p. 145.

That many thousand cures attested
Show death's cold hand full oft arrested;

Had I been the physician, however, I would have rejoined with arguments, not dissimilar to that which is so beautifully expressed in the above stanza. I would have told him that the Author of nature most certainly would not have created either a poisonous or salubrious vegetable, without intending that it should "dose and double dose" his creature man.

Should it be objected that the tractors being also *created* substances ought also to be used, I could ingenuously retort, they were created in America, a country whose natives are Indians, an inferiour order of beings to man, as some great philosophers before me have asserted, and who, it is evident, are the *only* order of creatures, on whom it was intended the tractors should be used.

I have no particular wish to injure Dr. Jenner, or I should positively overturn him and all his adherents with my resistless arguments. If I were not willing that he should retain his popularity, I should make it appear that the small-pox was created with the intent of being universally propagated among the human race for the purpose of mortifying female vanity; and Jenner's attempt to extirpate it, by substituting the cow-pox, which ought to have been confined to the quadrupeds, among which it originated, as the tractors ought to have been to the Indians, is the extreme of presumption, and the height of iniquity. I cannot but conceive that our bishops and clergy are very remiss in not endeavouring to dissuade from such enormous, innovating practices.

6 That learn'd physicians pine with hunger.

No man who possesses a *heart*, certainly none who pos-

But those who from his prey would part him,
Should manage things *secundum artem.*

That none should ancient customs vary,
Nor *leges physicæ mutare ;*
And thus, to gain a cure unlook'd for,
The patient *save*, but *starve* the doctor.[7]

---

sesses *bowels*, can view us reduced to this deplorable condition, and hear this pathetick appeal, without the sincerest commisseration. The eminent services that our profession have rendered mankind, in contributing to avert some of the greatest curses that ever befel the civilized part of the world, are too well known, and have been too frequently acknowledged to be forgotten, ungratefully, in the day of our adversity. The testimony to this effect of the judicious, the humane Addison, ought often to be brought before the publick eye.

" We may lay it down as a maxim," says that intelligent writer, " that when a nation abounds with physicians it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the northern hive, as he calls it, does not send such prodigious swarms, and overrun the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly : but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physick among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the north at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of." *Spectator*, No. 21.

[7] The patient *save*, but *starve* the doctor.

This would be abominable. Physicians, in general, are

That, though the Perkinistick fellows
May have the impudence to tell us,
That they can muster, on emergence,
Renown'd physicians, learned surgeons;

With many other men of merit,
Philanthropy and publick spirit,
Not your self-puffing sons of vanity,
But real HOWARDS of humanity.

Say that those surgeons and physicians
Are but a conjuring set of rich ones,
Who, having made their fortunes, therefore
Have very little else to care for.

Since they've no interest nor right in
The very cause for which they're fighting

---

a hale hearty race of men, as, indeed, must be readily conceived from their prudent maxims in regard to the preservation of their *own* health:—they take no physick. No; they are too well acquainted with its tendency. Now, to starve so sturdy and powerful a body, when his majesty is in want of such subjects to check the ambitious strides of restless Buonaparte, as appears from the king's declaration of this day (May the 16th, 1803,) in preference to letting their miserable *patients* expire, whom Providence evidently intended should die off, is, I trust, too absurd and unreasonable an idea to be admitted.

Such non-commission'd volunteers,
In eye of law, are bucaniers.

And as by law a man may fire at,
At any time, a rascal pirate,
So we, with justice on our side,
May hang these rogues before they're try'd.

Then draw a just, but black comparison,
Which, if they've feelings left, will harass 'em,
'Twixt tractoring Perkinites, so smart,
And other dealers in *black* art;

That is, the chimney-sweepers sooty,
Whose deeds, like Perkinites, are smutty;
But as they are *aspiring* geniuses,
Like Perkinites, they find Mecenases. [8]

---

[8] Like Perkinites they find Mecenases.

The Perkineans have no cause to boast of the extent of their patronage, for the poor tawny reptile chimney-sweepers have of late interested the friends of humanity in their behalf quite as much. Your worships will derive from this circumstance a very pleasant source for *sneering* at our opponents, which I am sure you will *gladly* embrace, whenever opportunity presents.

But chimney-sweepers and Perkineans
Are such a scurvy set of minions,
That not one rogue among them back'd is
Except by knaves retir'd from practice.[9]

---

[9] Except by knaves retir'd from practice.

This, gentlemen, is a circumstance of no small moment, and which I trust you will see the necessity of looking at with some seriousness. Some of our profession have, to their eternal disgrace, since their retirement on their fortunes, deserted our cause, and are now to be found in the ranks of our enemies. These fellows have the presumption to suggest that their duty to the interests of the community supersedes that which they owe to their old brethren, the unreasonableness of which sentiment I conceive to be self-evident, and therefore shall not trouble myself to prove it. Several have even addressed to the Perkinean Institution communications in favour of the metallick tractors, for publication, three of which are already laid before the publick. The first on this list is Mr. Lyster, late of Dublin, who having been above twenty years senior surgeon of the Dublin hospital, retired to Bath, where he now seems even to take delight in benefitting the mean and miserable poor, to the wanton injury of his own dear brethren. To show the extent of his malice, he has, in his communication to the Perkinean Society, introduced statements of remarkable cures by the tractors; among others one of total blindness of many years duration, in which all medical skill had previously failed; and, to wind up this tale of infamy, he has even ventured to censure, indirectly, my great champion, Dr. Haygarth, and to hint that his proceedings were not accompanied with honourable intentions!

That though certificates he dish up,
From surgeon, doctor, parson, bishop; [10]

Next on this trio list are Mr. Yatman, of Chelsea, and Dr. Fuller, of Upper Brook street; the conduct of both of whom is equally, if not more reprehensible than Lyster's. These two also call in the lame, the halt, and the blind, and, as if to spite their brethren who have drugs to sell, cure them with the tractors without fee or reward! Such conduct is so atrocious that if your worships should think proper to have them indicted, and Mr. Erskine or Mr. Garrow object to defend the cause of such clients, I, counsellor Caustick (remember I am L. L. D.) will manage it for you, and, provided I can but get that same jury which decided that captain Macnamara was not accessory to the death of col. Montgomery, I will procure the defendants to be sent to Botany Bay, or at least as far as Coventry.

To show the barbarity and wantonness of these two men, I will close this note by the following quotation from the letter of one of them, Dr. Fuller, who, after a practice of nearly thirty years in medicine, and by which he has secured his own independence, seems now to amuse himself in undermining those of us who are still dependant. After a statement of a number of great cures by the tractors, and proving, by his own trials on infants, &c. that they do not act on imagination, which Dr. Haygarth so laudably attempted to show, he proceeds:——"I derive much satisfaction in noticing among the more liberal and respectable part of my profession an increased favourable opinion of Perkinism, and a readiness to *allow* of its use among their patients, when proposed by *others*. To expect more than this, would be to expect more than human nature in its present state will admit. It must be an *extraordinary* exertion of virtue and humanity for a medical

From gentle, simple, yeomen, squires,
'Tis written, "*that all men are liars!*"

---

man, whose livelihood depends either on the sale of drugs, or on receiving a guinea for writing a prescription, which must relate to those drugs, to say to his patient, "You had better purchase a pair of tractors to keep in your family; they will cure you without the expense of my attendance, or the danger of the common medical practice." For very obvious reasons, medical men must *never* be expected to recommend the use of Perkinism. The tractors must trust for their patronage to the enlightened and philanthropick out of the profession, or to medical men retired from practice, and who know of no other *interest* than the luxury of relieving the distressed. And I do not despair of seeing the day, when but very few of this description as well as private families will be without them." If Dr. Fuller were obliged to live in my garret one month, he would sing a different tune.

[10] From surgeon, doctor, parson, bishop.

The following statement (an arrant lie, I dare say) I copy from the report of the Perkinistick committee, on the establishment of their institution. The reasons for adducing it here are two-fold, both of which are weighty. First, if it be false, we shall be able to blow them up at once, as authors of infamous lies: and secondly, if it be true, I need not suggest to you the pressing necessity there is for your exertions in arresting a growing monster that is making such rapid strides in the invasion of your rights. Hear the following:

"Mr. Perkins has annually laid before the publick a large collection of new cases, communicated to him for

That grant his tractors cure diseases,
Folks ought to die just when God pleases;

---

that purpose, by disinterested and intelligent characters, from almost every quarter of Great Britain. In regard to the competency of these vouchers, it will be sufficient simply to state, that, amongst others whose names have been attached to their communications, are eight professors in four different universities, twenty-one regular physicians, nineteen surgeons, thirty clergymen, twelve of whom are doctors of divinity, and numerous other characters of equal respectability. The cases published by these gentlemen amounted in March last, the date of Mr. Perkins's last publication, to about five thousand. Supposing that not more than one cure in three hundred, which the tractors have performed, has been published, and the proportion is probably much greater, it will be seen, that the number, to March last, will have exceeded one million five hundred thousand!"

Now, as I suggested in the beginning of this note, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the whole of this statement a string of infamous falsehoods, and these pretended respectable characters, who have given their sanction thereto, are neither more nor less than pensioners of Perkins. And, as by the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established, I hereby offer myself to join in forming a trio to go before the lord mayor, and take an oath to that effect. Then the business will be done. I have in my eye a young surgeon at Bristol, who, I dare say, will make one most readily, and I am sure that a very redoubtable apothecary of the same name, at Newington, will turn out for another.

But most of all the dirty poor,
Who make, quoth Darwin, good manure;[11]

That when the Russians, logger-headed,
Were kill'd by Frenchmen, ever dreaded,

---

[11] Who make, quoth Darwin, good manure.

Besides the advantage of showing how reverently this great philosopher and philanthropist could speak of religion, I am sure I shall render an essential service to agriculturalists, by adducing the following quotation. I bring it forward the more readily, as I find that the Board of Agriculture have been so negligent of the interest of that noble art, as not yet to have recommended the universal adoption of this measure.

"There should be no burial places in churches, or church-yards, *where the monuments of departed sinners shoulder God's altar* and pollute his holy places with dead men's bones. But proper burial places should be consecrated out of towns, and divided into two compartments, the earth from one of which, saturated with animal decomposition, should be taken away once in ten or twenty years, *for the purposes of agriculture*, and sand or clay, or less fertile soil brought into its place." *Darwin's Phytologia*, p. 242.

Here your worships will perceive that there is a prospect, if this advice is followed, that we may enjoy the privilege of *eating*, instead of *drinking* our friends, which would be something of an improvement on our idea, communicated in page 112.

Darwin rejoic'd the filthy creatures
Would serve for stock to make musquitoes;[12]

---

[12] Would serve for stock to make musquitoes.

Among other speculations also in the cause of humanity, bequeathed us by this *friend* of *man*, are the following, which will prove a great consolation to those who have foolishly supposed that the bloodshed and devastation, produced by war, were circumstances which ought to be lamented.

These remarks are published by Dr. Darwin, as written under his own observations in the manuscript of his book, by a "*philosophical* friend," whom he left in his library. It is supposed, however, that the doctor wrote them himself. At least the sentiments have his sanction.

"It consoles me to find, as I contemplate the whole of organized nature, that it is not in the power of any one personage, whether statesman or hero, to produce by his ill employed activity, so much misery as might have been supposed. Thus, if a Russian army, in these insane times, after having endured a laborious march of many hundred miles, is destroyed by a French army, in defence of their republick, what has happened? Forty thousand human creatures, dragged from their homes and connexions, cease to exist, and have *manured* the *earth*; but the quantity of organized matter, of which they were composed, presently revives in the forms of millions of microscopick animals, vegetables, and insects, and afterwards of quadrupeds and men; *the sum of whose happiness is, perhaps, greater than that of the harassed soldiers, by whose destruction they have gained their existence!* Is not this a consoling idea to a mind of universal sympathy? I fear you will think me a misanthrope, but I assure you a contrary

And also urges with propriety,
That war's no evil in society;
But has a charming operation,
To check excess of population.

"Superfluous myriads from the earth"
Are swept by pestilence and dearth;'[13]

---

sensation dwells in my bosom; and though I commiserate the evils of all organized beings, "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto." *Phytologia*, p. 558.

[13] Are swept by pestilence and dearth.

Last words of Dr. Darwin.

I take no small credit to myself, for being one of the first to bring into notice the latest and the most sublime of this sublime philosopher's sublime speculations. The fountain from which this radiant stream of illumination flows is denominated, among booksellers, THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

To paint all the writer's conceptions of the mansion of that old lady, and her own most singular qualifications, would be a task even beyond the abilities of a Caustick. Mr. Fuseli, however, has *painted* his *conceptions* on the occasion, which, in one of his designs, appear, so far as I can comprehend him, to be simply these:—In his frontispiece to the work, he represents one beautiful lady pointing at, or rather fumbling about (somewhat indecently I must confess) a *middle* or *third* breast of another beautiful lady, whom I suppose to be Dame Nature;

Than which there's nothing can be apter
To fill philosophers with rapture.

Which drive his philosophick plan on,
As well as blunderbuss or cannon;

That, in this world's great slaughter-house,
Not only sheep and calves and cows,
But "man erect, with thought elate,"
Must "*duck*" to death his stubborn pate;'[14]

[Your worships will excuse my bursting into poetry, for the idea set all my insides into such a Della Cruscan-like ferment, that I should certainly have burst open, had it not thus overflowed.] This *third* breast I take to be the painter's emblem of the discoveries of Dr. Darwin—implying that their existence is as evident as that a woman has *three* breasts. But, not to digress; the doctor ascertains that

> "Human progenies, if unrestrain'd,
> By climate friended, and by food sustain'd
> O'er seas and soils prolifick hordes would spread
> Ere long, and deluge their terraqueous bed.
> But war and pestilence, disease and dearth
> Sweep the superfluous myriads from the earth."
>
> *Temple of Nature*, Canto iv.

Some *un*philosophical theorists have foolishly supposed that this sweeping plan of Dr. Darwin, which that philosopher appears to have introduced, lest "prolifick hordes" should "deluge their terraqueous beds," might as well be deferred till a few of the "*superfluous*" acres on the earth's surface were reduced to a state of cultivation. I should advise to employ these supernumeraries in navigating polar ices within the tropicks, as recommended by the doctor in the *Botanick Garden*, were I not apprehensive lest I should thereby, in some measure, destroy the operation of Saint Pierre's tides. See note 36. Canto i.

That in said butcher's shop, the weakest
Should always be kill'd off the quickest,
Because Dame Nature gave the strongest
The *right* and *power* to live the longest;

That since "to die is but to sleep,"[15]
And poor diseas'd are scabby sheep,

---

[14] Must "*duck*" to death his stubborn pate.

More last words of Dr. Darwin.

"The brow of man erect, with thought elate,
Ducks to the mandate of resistless fate."

Temple of Nature, Canto iv.

I have exhibited this couplet at all the assemblages of poetizing brethren in Grub street and St. Giles's, not omitting the inhabitants of the "Wits corner, at the Chapter coffee-house, the *elevated* tenants of the cider cellar in Maiden Lane, and col. Hanger's knights of the round table," all of whom agree in acknowledging the elegance and correctness of the metaphor, and that its beauties are so transcendently exquisite, and beyond the ken of mortal eye, as to be perfectly incomprehensible.

[15] That since "to die is but to sleep."

"Long o'er the wrecks of lovely life they weep;
Then pleas'd reflect, to die is but to sleep."

Temple of Nature, Canto ii.

I suspect that my intimate friend and correspondent, Buonaparte, is a full convert to Dr. Darwin's doctrine of death and its consequences. For, when he declared to lord Whitworth his determination to invade England, although

That none need care a single button
If we should make them all dead mutton;

That death is but a trivial thing,
Because a toadstool, or a king,
Will, after death, be sure to rise
In bats and bed-bugs, fleas and flies.[16]

Besides, they'll make, when kill'd in fight,
Vast "monuments of past delight;"[17]

---

there were a hundred chances to one in *favour* of his going to the bottom, he was undoubtedly calculating on a comfortable nap after the fatigues of government.

[16] In bats and bed-bugs, fleas and flies.

"Thus, when a monarch or a mushroom dies,
Awhile extinct the organick matter lies;
But, as a few short hours or years revolve,
Alchymick powers the changing mass dissolve;
Born to new life unnumber'd insects pant," &c.
Temple of Nature, Canto iv.

It has been a matter of curious inquiry among some of my corresponding garreteers, whether this philosopher himself, in the latter stages of his existence, enjoyed much consolation from reflecting that the "organick matter" which entered into his own composition, was about to be employed for the important purpose of giving "new life" to "unnumbered insects."

And that to *think* of is more pleasant,
Than such delight *enjoy'd* at present.

Then no Darwinian philosopher,
His conduct can contrive to gloss over,
And make it with his tenets tally,
Unless he round our standard rally,

And join in strenuous endeavour
The wretch's thread of fate to sever,

---

[17] Vast "monuments of past delight."

"Thus the tall mountains, that emboss'd the lands,
Huge isles of rock, and continents of sands,
Whose dim extent eludes the inquiring sight,
ARE MIGHTY MONUMENTS OF PAST DELIGHT."

These "monuments of past delight," Darwin says,

"Rose from the wrecks of animal or herb."

Thus taught by this wondrous sage, I trust the friend to humanity will suppose it best to let the poor, infirm, and decrepit, die off as fast as possible, to "manure the earth," that the quantity of organized matter of which they were composed, may revive in the forms of millions of microscopick animals, vegetables and insects, make "monuments of past delight, &c." Therefore it is to be hoped, that the promoters of the Perkinean institution will prove as despicable in respect to numbers, as they are deficient in understanding, especially in comprehending the great and glorious truths of modern philosophy.

That having met their final doom,
They may have rest, *we*—elbow room.[18]

Say that the deepest politicians
Will join their powers with us physicians;

---

[18] *They* may have rest, *we*—elbow room.

If your worships have not read Mr. Malthus's Essay on the Principle of Population, I advise you to buy the book immediately, and set yourselves about something like an effort to comprehend its contents. You will there find, I cannot now recollect the page, that *population* has a tendency to increase in a *geometrical ratio*, but that *subsistence* must be limited to an *arithmetical ratio*. That the world would soon swarm with inhabitants in such a manner that in years of the greatest plenty we should be under the disagreeable necessity of turning *anthropophagi*, and, like the famous Pantagruel, eat pilgrims with our sallad, were not the principle of population restrained by two *very useful predominant principles*, viz. "VICE and MISERY;" the former of which is happily exemplified in the extravagance and luxury of your worships, and the latter correctly expressed in the *poverty* of your worships' petitioner. You will likewise find in the same volume, *passim*, that after war, pestilence, and famine have laid waste a country, there is an immediate increase of births, in consequence of the principle of population being let loose to take its natural operation in replenishing the earth; or, in other words, because there is more *elbow room* for the survivers. Now, this being correct reasoning, it must be wonderfully wrong to try to keep alive poor folks who are a dead weight on population, destroy the means of subsistence, prevent early marriages, and, by keeping themselves above ground, stand in the way of their betters.

Assist to overset the flummery
Of Perkins' mischief-making mummery,

Nor suffer tractoring rogues to cure
Such sordid shoals of paltry poor,
Of whom it truly may be said,
That they were ten times better dead.

For when the old Nick comes and fetches
Away the dirty set of wretches,
Times will improve, because, the fact is,
'Twill lessen poor rates, worst of taxes. [19]

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[19] 'Twill lessen poor rates, worst of taxes.

Mr. Malthus in his Essay on the Principle of Population, has the following remarks which go to corroborate my statement.

"To remedy the frequent distresses of the common people, the poor laws of England have been instituted; but it is to be feared, that though they may have alleviated a little the intensity of individual misfortune, they have spread the general evil over a much larger surface. It is a subject often started in conversation, and mentioned always as a matter of great surprise, that notwithstanding the immense sum that is annually collected for the poor in England, there is still so much distress among them. Some think that the money must be embezzled; others that the church wardens and overseers consume the greater part of it in dinners. All agree that somehow or other it must be very ill managed. In short, the fact is, that nearly

Say that those wights of skill surprising
In science of economizing,

---

three millions are collected annually for the poor, and yet, that their distresses are not removed is the subject of continual astonishment. But a man who sees a little below the surface of things would be very much surprised if the fact were otherwise than it is observed to be, or even if a collection, universally of eighteen shillings in the pound, instead of four, were materially to alter it. I will state a case which I hope will elucidate my meaning.

"Suppose, that by a subscription of the rich, the eighteen pence a day, which men earn now, was made up five shillings; it might be imagined, perhaps, that they would then be able to live more comfortably, and have a piece of meat every day for their dinners. But this would be a very false conclusion. The transfer of three and six pence a day to every labourer would not increase the quantity of meat in the country. There is not at present enough for them all to have a decent share. What would then be the consequence? The competition among the buyers in the market of meat would rapidly raise the price from six pence or seven pence, to two or three shillings the pound; and the commodity would not be divided among many more than it is at present. When an article is scarce, and cannot be distributed to all, he that can show the *most valid patent*, that is, he that offers most money becomes the possessor. If we can suppose the competition among the buyers of meat to continue long enough for a greater number of cattle to be reared annually, this could only be done at the expense of the corn, which would be a very disadvantageous exchange; for it is well known that the country could not then support the same population."

Who cook up most delicious farings,
From cheese rinds, and potatoe parings,

Will thank us when this paltry band
Are "kill'd off," to manure the land;
And they will make, I ween, besides,
Morocco leather from their hides;

And so contrive that every coffin,
Which serves to lug a dead rogue off in,
Shall answer, if it be not made ill,
For living child, a clever cradle. [20]

Now, our Columbian politicians would have told Mr. Malthus, that the only legitimate way of relieving the distresses of the poor of any country is for the government to send what he calls the "most valid patents," or in other words, the circulating medium, or what may be properly called the representative of property out of the country, by way of *tribute* to some foreign power, say France. This may go *under colour* of buying the *right to govern (not the right of soil)* certain lands in the moon, or such a tract as Louisiana. Then, if ever the right to govern should be disputed by the natives, or the *purchased* should attempt to exclude the *purchasers* even from the rights of citizenship, or disputes should arise about the boundaries, send them more "*patents.*" These patents are to be obtained by *imposts* on such articles of *commerce* as are least easily dispensed with by the poor. This conduct, by introducing "Misery and Vice," will prevent *matrimony*, and thus diminish population and of course the number of the poor,

Say Perkinism should be level'd;
'Tis Galvanism worse bedevil'd:
Indeed, they both are but a schism,
From old exploded Mesmerism. [21]

---

and thus finally terminate in an addition to the sum of human happiness.

[20] For living child, a clever cradle.

In the enumeration of my plans for universal improvements, in my first canto, I absolutely forgot to mention this scheme for publick economy. I do hope, trust, and believe, that, should it strike the eye or the ear of the generous and *unassuming* count Rumford, it will recommend me to his kind notice, and as much *liberal* patronage as he once extended to poor doctor Garnet.

We are not very highly pleased to perceive that the Edinburgh Reviewers have made a most temerarious assault on this philosopher. They affirm that they "profess to be of the daily increasing number of those who do not think very highly of count Rumford's talents as a philosopher;" and then, with no small degree of impudence, make it appear that in a certain publication entitled an inquiry concerning the "nature of heat and the mode of its communication, Benjamin count Rumford, &c. &c. had made exactly the same discoveries which had been previously detailed by one Mr. Leslie. They then affirm that after a review of the whole work, if they were to state their opinion, they would say, that count Rumford had *borrowed* Mr. Leslie's leading discovery, without completely understanding its nature and extent; that he had pursued it imperfectly, and so mixed it up with errour and fanciful theory, as to disfigure it, and almost prevent one from recognizing the property." Edinburgh Review.

Though fools say Perkins never took,
Like Mesmer and De Mainaduc,
His patients' wild imagination,
To join in aid of operation—

And though they say, on man and horse,
The tractors act with equal force;
Still, some among us can get through it,
And swear old Satan helps him do it!

In proof of tractoring defection
Proclaim that wise and learn'd objection,
The famous argument, so handy,
About their *modus operandi*.

---

[21] From old exploded Mesmerism.

The whole pretence of Mesmerism, or animal magnetism, was long since proved to be a fallacy, and blown up accordingly, by a set of academicians at Paris. Our profession have shown great ingenuity in their endeavours to persuade mankind that Perkinism rested on the same foundation, and ought of consequence to share the same fate. As it is ingenuously determined to class every innovation, which militates against our interest, with some exploded practice, I would respectfully propose that your worships should do the justice to the person who first suggested the idea of classing Perkinism with animal magnetism, of requesting his acceptance of a statue.

That a physician should neglect
To notice e'en a good *effect*,
Unless the *cause*, as he supposes,
Is nine times plainer than his nose is;

And though it may be urg'd by some,
That this grave reasoning's all a hum,
Because the learn'd are in the dark
How opium, mercury, acts, and bark,

To such reply you'll make no answers,
For much I question if you can, sirs;
But rather for retort uncivil,
The poker take and lay them level. [22]

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[22] The poker take and lay them level.

Please not to imagine that I would be understood to recommend this "retort courteous" in the most unqualified sense, or that it be exercised on every occasion. On the contrary, the due performance of it will require no small degree of prudence and discretion. Indeed, I would have you use the *poker*, or any other violent and *weighty* arguments of this kind, only when your antagonist happens to be a woman, a child, or some debilitated and cowardly wretch who will submit without any chance of your meeting with unpleasant resistance.

As to the justice of this mode of response, there exists no doubt, and therefore dread no decisions *in foro conscientiæ*, because the extreme heinousness of your adver-

From Haygarth, borrowing a rare hint,
Tell how these tractors, 'tis apparent,
The most insidious thing in nature,
Will e'en *bewitch* the *operator!*[23]

---

saries' provocation will appear from the following consideration. To deprive you of an argument, for which you have sacrificed every thing dear to obtain, must, confessedly, be regarded as a most outrageous proceeding. Now, this is exactly the case in the present instance; for in your attempt to show that medical men believe and trust in no medicine, the *modus operandi* of which they do not comprehend, you make a sacrifice of *truth*, *decency*, and *common sense*, the full reward of which sacrifice you ought to enjoy unmolested. That no man can explain how mercury cures the syphilis, bark an intermittent fever, or opium produces sleep, is confessed by every medical author; and that all these should be used in our practice, without any hesitation, I never heard any person deny, and for this proper and substantial reason; their administration is *profitable* to the faculty. I have therefore to repeat, that when the Perkinites complain of your rejecting the use of the tractors, because their *modus operandi* cannot be entirely explained, although you adopt the use of drugs, the operation of which is equally or more inexplicable, your sacrifice in support of your ground is so great, that whoever attempts to drive you from such ground deserves to be laid low with the first weapon that comes to hand.

[23] Will e'en *bewitch* the *operator.*

No part of the learned doctor's management, in the anti-Perkinistick cause, merits higher eulogy than this most *rational* explanation of that most *irrational* practice.

Will break down reason's feeble fences,
And play the deuce with our five senses!

So *cogently* does an innate principle of equity control me, that I am absolutely *coerced* to offer, at the shrine of the heroick doctor, my tributary dole of the incense of admiration, for having presented our profession such a powerful knock-me-down argument, wherewith to buffet the common enemy.

The sagacious doctor having published a scientifick treatise against the tractors, demonstrating that "they act on the *patient's* imagination," Perkins, came out in reply, with all the fury of an Irish rebel, and declared that the doctor deserved to be trounced for not suffering his readers to know, that the tractors pretended to cure infants and brute animals, though numerous cases to that effect had then been published; and in that reply proclaimed that Dr. H. purposely endeavoured to suppress such facts, that he might, with greater facility, induce the publick to swallow the deductions drawn from his magical manœuvres in the Bath and Bristol hospitals, Now, admitting the doctor managed in this way, I am sure he was perfectly right in so doing. The *end* in view, according to established principles of *modern* morality, will ever justify the *means* taken to accomplish that end. In this case, the end in view was most important—nothing less than the downfall of Perkinism, and the consequent aggrandizement of our profession. Should any of our opponents be so captious as to assert, that such principles and such motives of action should not be encouraged in society—that they have a pernicious tendency, and other nonsense of that sort, I must take the liberty to refer them to the first consul of the French republick, whose conduct has ever been modelled according to the principles above stated, and who is

And acts a part, so very scurvy,
They turn a man's brains topsy turvy!

Will so bewilder and astound one,
They make a lame horse *seem* a sound one!
Appear, with but three legs to wag on,
A Pegasus, or flying dragon!!

Then quote his lady's ECCHYMOSIS,[24]
Which rose an inch from where her nose is;

---

certainly the most *powerful logician* of the age, perfectly able to confound those who shut their eyes against the light of conviction.

But to revert to the doctor's treatise, and Perkins's impudent replication. The man who could raise the very old gentleman himself, by the legitimate powers of necromancy, was not so easily defeated. Accordingly he returns to the charge in another edition—admits the existence of the numerous cases on infants, horses, &c. but lays them all level with the following unanswerable argument.—" The proselytes of Perkinism having been driven from every other argument, have, as a last resource, alleged that the patent metallick tractors have removed the disorders of infants and horses. Even this *flimsy* pretence is capable of a satisfactory refutation. In these cases it is not the *patient*, but the *observer*, who is deceived by his own imagination!!!" See *Haygarth's book*, page 40. *Mirabile dictu!*

[24] Then quote his lady's ECCHYMOSIS.

The celebrated story of the lady's ecchymosis comes

And was not bigger much, if any,
He states, than puny "silver penny."

---

handed down to your worships by five successive reporters. The lady *incog.* who makes so *conspicuous* a figure in Dr. Haygarth's narration, told another lady, who told a medical friend of Dr. H. who told Dr. Caustick, who tells your worships this important anecdote. Now as "in the multitude of counsellors there is *safety*," so in a multitude of reporters there is *certainty*. But to the story; which I shall give in the language of Dr. H.'s medical friend aforesaid.

"A *lady* informed me, that a *lady* of her acquaintance, who had great faith in the efficacy of the tractors, on seeing a small *ecchymosis*, about the size of a *silver penny*, at the corner of the eye, desired to try on it the effect of her favourite remedy. The *lady*, who was intended to be the subject of the trial, consented, and the *other lady* produced the instruments, and, after drawing them four or five times over the spot, declared that it changed to a paler colour; and on repeating the use of them a few minutes longer, that it had almost vanished, and was scarcely visible, and departed in high triumph at her success. I was assured by the *lady* who underwent the operation, that she looked in the glass immediately after, and that not the least visible alteration had taken place!!" (From *Haygarth's* book, page 40.)

I had determined to exert my influence in all the medical societies, that the above case be read at the opening of each meeting, until there should not be left of the tractors, in this island, "a wreck behind." But a far better plan of Dr. H. himself has precluded the necessity of this measure, which was to announce in all the advertisements of his book in the publick papers, that "it explains why the

'Twas then assail'd, with courage hearty,
By juggling wench of Perkins' party,
And soon, to her beconjur'd eyes,
It *seem'd* a thousandth part its size.

"And now," quoth she, "I scarce can view it,
These tractors are the things that do it;

---

disorders of infants and horses are said to have been cured by the tractors." See his daily advertisements in the papers.

Indeed, I am at a loss which to admire most, the pretty fanciful relation above cited, which is all the new edition of the doctor's treatise against the tractors contains to justify the assertion in the advertisements before mentioned, or his singular skill in constructing such a fabrick on this foundation. Did I possess the talents of the doctor in the advertising department, I should announce this my pithy performance to the publick, by publishing in all the papers, that the price of the tractors was, in consequence of Dr. Caustick's opposition fallen to the price of old iron, and Perkins's pamphlets having been proscribed by physicians, were condemned, and actually burnt by the hangman on execution-day, at the Old Bailey, in the presence of every individual of the college of physicians, and half the citizens of London.

I would beg leave to add to this incomparable Haygarthian demonstration an argument of my own, which I think is not less powerful. It is impossible that these tractors should perform any *real* cure, as they act *solely* on the *imagination* either of the patient or the operator. But cures performed by the power of *imagination* must be *imaginary* cures, that is, no cures at all.

Oh la! I vow, it's taken flight,
And vanish'd fairly out of sight."

But madam Hoaxhoax, in her glass,
Beholding what it *truly* was,
Exclaim'd, " my last new wig I'll burn up,
If 'tis not bigger than a turnip!!!"

In publick papers, more's his glory,
The doctor advertis'd this story;
And you'll confound the tractoring folks
By Haygarth's tale of lady Hoax.[25]

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[25] By Haygarth's tale of lady Hoax.

It is not true, as some sagacious coffee-house politicians have asserted, that madame Hoax (or more correctly double Hoax) is the wife of a Chinese Mandarin, settled on the mountains of the Moon, in Abyssinia, for the purpose of ascertaining the influence of imagination in the cure of diseases. No, gentlemen, she is a baroness of true English breed, more sturdy than a Semiramis, a Penthesilea, or a Joan of Arc, and will prove, in our cause, a championess of pre-eminent prowess. Should your worships wish for further acquaintance with this lady, which in my opinion would be for your mutual advantage, you will take the trouble to inquire at my garret, No. 299, Dyot street, St. Giles's (having removed from my former place of residence, third floor, 327, Grub street, with a view of being nearer my friend, sir Joseph, in Soho square) and her address shall be at your service.

Tell one more tale from ancient sages,
About the wondrous chain of ages,

I am now preparing a most awful tragedy for Drury lane theatre (Mr Sheridan's approbation being already obtained) to be entitled and called, the DREADFUL DOWNFALL OF TERRIBLE TRRCTORIZING CONFOUNDED CONJURATION; in which I propose to introduce a new song, that I have no doubt will be so celebrated as to be the theme of every ballad-singer in the metropolis. I cannot forbear anticipating some small share of that applause, which I have reason to suppose will be *piled* on Dr Caustick, as soon as he is publickly known, as the author of such an inimitable production, by obliging your worships with a *part* of the chorus to the song aforesaid.

Come now let us coax
Haygarth and Dame Hoax,
Like true hearts of oaks,
To crack off their jokes,
While dreading their strokes,
Those sheep-hearted folks,
The tractoring Perkinites, quiver;

O may they with knocks,
" And shivering shocks,"
Pound their jackets and frocks,
Till dead as horse-blocks,
(O what a sad box!)
They're thrown in the docks,
Or, just like dead cats, in the river!

This song is to be set to musick by Mr. Kelly in his very best style of pathos, sublimity, and crotchets, and to be delightfully demi-semi-quavered to the admiring audience by Mrs. Billington. Then, if box, pit, and gallery, should not,

Gold, silver, brass, but not a link,
Compos'd of copper, or of zinc.

That, as it ever was the curse
Of man to go from bad to worse,
This age (the thought might e'en distract us)
Is that of vile metallick tractors!

That your last sixpence you will bet all,
Ages will follow of worse metal,
Unless this wickedness you stop,
To sweepings of a black-smith's shop!

Say that the devil never fails[26]
To eat a tiger, stuff'd with nails;

---

una voce, Nick Bottom-like, cry, "Encore! Encore! Let her roar! Let her roar! Once more, once more! Let the squeak and the squall be swelled to a bawl, Dr. Caustick will find the door! Find the door! And never go there any more!!

[26] Say that the devil never fails.

This stanza contains a legendary tale, which I dare say is as true, as that which commemorates a notable exploit of St. Dunstan in seizing old Satan, one dark night in the tenth century, and wringing the nose of his infernal majesty with a pair of red-hot blacksmith's pincers, which made him roar and scold at such a rate, that he awakened

With claws and head and hair on, munching
The savage creature at a luncheon!

That one old woman, pain distracted,
This part of Satan over acted;
In gulping tractors down, for med'cines,[27]
With such effect, that faith she's dead since.

Then make it plain, by quoting Greek,
That this old hag, of whom we speak,
More brass and iron took in one day,
Than satan all the week, with Sunday.

But should the publick turn deaf ear to't,
Tell them that I know who will swear to't;

---

and terrified all the good people of Glastenbury and its neighbourhood.

[27] In gulping tractors down, for med'cines.

An old lady of my acquaintance was actually advised by an *ingenious* son of Galen, an apothecary, resident a few miles north of London, to swallow tractors for an internal complaint. If our profession were to follow this laudable example, and force their patients to swallow them for pills, and then give the publick a judicious detail of the terrible consequences, ending with the death of the patients, Perkinism would sink into that contempt in the estimation of the publick which it justly deserves.

And testify the whole affair
Before his honour, the lord mayor!

Say Perkinism was begotten
In wilds where science ne'er was thought on, [28]

---

[28] In wilds where science ne'er was thought on.

That is, in the United States of America, among Indians and Yankees. You will find, gentlemen, much to the purpose, relative to the state of science, where Perkinism originated, in the *Monthly Magazine* of January, 1803, under the title of "animadversions on the present state of literature and taste in the United States, communicated by an English gentleman lately returned from America." This gentleman gives information that the Americans are wretchedly "*behind*-hand in science *with* the Britons." Indeed, those transatlantick younkers ought, in half a century, to have established universities and other seminaries of learning, at least as *old* and respectable as those of Oxford and Cambridge, and which should have graduated as many students and produced as many great men. As to the parsimonious spirit of Americans in encouraging science (which this gentleman animadverts upon with laudable indignation) it ought truly to be exclaimed against by us Englishmen, for the weighty reason following: Great Britain, "from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" (as judge Blackstone says) hath starved some of her first poets; such for instance as Butler, Otway, Chatterton, Dryden, Savage, &c. &c. &c. &c. consequently (according to the same author) she ought to enjoy the *exclusive* "*customary privilege*" of inflicting the horrours of starvation on the sons of the muses: but it must be granted, for the honour of British munifi-

And had its birth and education
Quite at the fag end of creation!

For rareeshow, to England smuggled,
That honest christians, all bejuggled,
Might tamely suffer B. D. Perkins
To pick the pockets of their jerkins.

Say it was twinn'd with monstrous mammoth,[29]
And to go near it you'd be d—d loth,[30]

---

cence, that the scientifick Herschel, in the decline of life, as a reward for immortalizing his present majesty, by inscribing GEORGIUM Sidus in the great folio of the heavens, is allowed the enormous pension of 80*l.* per annum!!

This instance of *liberality*, in rewarding merit, has caused me to suspend *my* animadversions relative to patronage afforded men of *real science* in Great Britain, till I can discover whether it be the absolute determination of my countrymen to starve doctor Caustick.

[29] Say it was twinn'd with monstrous mammoth.

And must, of course, be a most terrible wild beast.—Ladies and gentlemen may form a tolerable idea of the enormity of Perkinism, by viewing the skeleton of a mammoth now exhibiting in Pall Mall, in the very place where lately were to be seen those terrible caricatures of the devil, &c. under the appellation of FUSELI'S MILTON GALLERY.

Because it always eats poor sinners,
As I eat bread and cheese for dinners!

Say that it is "*monstrum horrendum!*"
As great a plague as God could send 'em.
Moreover, 'tis "*informe ingens!*"
Brought up among the western Indians.

Go on then; "*lumen cui ademptum,*"
A worse thing Satan never dreamt on;
And sure your worships cannot urge ill,
Such *classick* matter—all from Virgil.

Now when you've duly blaz'd about
These knock-down arguments, so stout,

---

[30] And to go near it you'd be d—d loth.

This manifesto, you will please to recollect, is the language of gentlemen physicians. Now it is well known that you possess a privilege, sanctioned by long and invariable practice, if not founded on act of parliament, to enforce your sentiments by certain *energetick* expressions, which, in the mouths of people of less consequence, would be considered as very vulgar, and nearly allied to *profane swearing*. And since your worships ever most manfully exercise this privilege to the full extent of its limits, the present manifesto would have been extremely inapposite and unnatural, had not an *ornament* of this kind been introduced.

Perhaps the foe will topple under,
Like rotten gate-posts struck with thunder!

But if the daring rebel rout
Should rashly strive to stand it out,
In following canto I'll disclose
How we'll proceed from words to blows.

CANTO IV.

GRAND ATTACK!

ARGUMENT.

Great Caustick finding logick sound
The conjuring crew will not confound,
Like an indignant hero blusters,
The MIGHTY ROYAL COLLEGE musters;
Joins to your worships' powerful phalanx
"Death-doing" quacks, and men of all ranks!
A bolder, and more desperate host,
Than jacobinick France can boast.
Then marches to o'erturn and knock dead
Each tractoring Perkinistick blockhead;
Their INSTITUTION next attacking,
He sends them all to Satan—packing!

OUR 'foresaid MANIFESTO first done,
Which shows our cause a good and just one;
The *boldest* sons of Galen call on,[1]
That they with fire and fury fall on!

---

[1] The *boldest* sons of Galen call on.

I say the *boldest*; for we cannot rely on the aid of the *whole* Esculapian phalanx. Many white-livered dastards

Sound Discord's jarring tocsin louder,
Than Howard's fulminating powder : [2]

---

who disgrace our profession have shown a disposition to remain neuter, or fight under Perkinean banners!

[2] Than Howard's fulminating powder.

It is a long time since the publick have had any *reports* from the honourable Mr. Howard's fulminating powder, which, three years since, made so much *noise*, that the world had reason to expect that the *thunderiferous* chymist would make no more of exploding to old Nick a whole army of Frenchmen, with Buonaparte at its head, than would a cockney sportsman of shooting a tame goose on the first of September.

Whether this mighty affair is all *blown up*, or what may have been the cause of the *silence* of those who defended a thing which so *loudly* proclaimed its own merits, it becomes Mr. Howard to explain.

Of this he may be assured, if he do not stir his stumps in order to fulfil *some* of the fair promises which he and his friends have made to the Royal Society and the publick, of the astonishing achievements they were about to perform, by the demi-omnipotent power of his new invented artificial thunder, I hereby give the *alarming* intelligence that I will apply my own superiour talents to this *sonorous* subject. Should that happen, those laurels which were designed to decorate the brow of Mr. Howard will be tied in a bow knot round my venerable temples. For, in that case, the learned chymist's acquisitions, in the art of *intonation*, will bear no better comparison to those of Dr. Caustick, than the clattering wagon-wheels of Salmoneus to the world-astounding thunderbolts of Jupiter. No person

Then into battle like brave men go,
Who late were " kill'd off," at Marengo.

---

can doubt my being able to accomplish all this, who is apprized, as he may be from perusing this performance, of the vast quantity of the most *detonating* kind of *mercury* which exists in my composition, and which will *fulminate* with greater effect, than the *gold* and *silver* that line the *magnipotent* purse of the honourable the heir *apparent* to the duke of Norfolk.

3 " Kill'd off," at Marengo.

I have several times taken a confounded deal of trouble to *haul* into my poem this beautiful specimen of parliamentary elocution; and, in my opinion, nothing can be better imagined or more happily accomplished. Poetry and oratory, as the ancients inform us, were both *whelped* at one litter; consequently the same phrase which glittered in the harangue of *my* bull-baiting friend, William Windham, a British senator, cannot fail to cut a dash in the stanza of *his* seraphical friend, Christopher Caustick, a British poet.

Now, as I am a great admirer of French principles, and that new and accommodating kind of morality, by Frenchmen discovered, and which I ever have and ever will eulogize, to the utmost extent of my faculties, perhaps your worships will express no small degree of wonderment why I should be the intimate friend of a gentleman, the *blaze* of whose oratory, one would suppose, would have *blasted* Buonaparte, and even *singed* the whole French republick. But those who are admitted behind the political curtain will perceive that the *tendency* of the measures which Mr. Windham supports is to *promote*

But choose a chief before you start,
A bully bold as Buonapart';
And to make sure of well succeeding,
Another chap like Charles of Sweden.

Step forth thou POTENT PRINCE OF PUFFERS!
Thou modern Hercules of Huffers!
Whose name, as Sternhold us'd to say,
Will ring "for ever—and a day;"

For thou canst sound (a thing the oddest,
Since an arch quaker should be modest,
And never meddle with a *strumpet*) [4]
Thine own great name on *Fame's* brass trumpet.

And soon that name's continuous roar
Shall roll sublime from shore to shore;
Among th' antipodes, be known,
And *blaze* through either *frozen* zone. [5]

---

those jacobinick principles, of which Dr. Caustick *openly* and *honestly* professes himself to be the determined propagator and defender.

[4] And never meddle with a *strumpet*.

Surely, no person will imagine that I would, for the world, allude to any *other* lady than madam Famé herself.

No more shall merciless reviewers
Stick full of satire's savage skewers
The mighty chief of whom I'm boasting,
As one would spit a *goose* for roasting.[6]

---

[5] And *blaze* through either *frozen* zone.

I have very substantial reasons for spreading glad tidings of our redoubtable chieftain among the most distant inhabitants of the globe, in preference to endeavouring to add to his great celebrity "within the periphery of his associates." And, whereas it has been said that this gentleman's reputation will ever stand highest where he is either not known at all, or known only by those literary productions, in which he is himself the theme of his own most "ardent praise," mine shall be the humble task of trumpeting the doctor's name among the distant inhabitants of this dirty planet; while the doctor shall himself "dip his pen in ethereal and indelible ink, and impress his observations in characters legible in the great volume of the heavens."

[6] As one would spit a *goose* for roasting.

True it is, though "passing strange," that a *great* and *good* man, composed, as he *himself* can attest, of the very essence of humanity, is often most vilely, most audaciously, and most atrociously bespattered by a set of saucy reviewers.

Those wicked wits, the writers in the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*, especially the latter, in a critique on one of the late works of a certain doctor of *Mangel Wurzel* memory, tells us that "the importance of a man to himself was never more conspicuous than in this publication. Dr. Lettsom admits that he has been anticipated by several dis-

For should they raise with dire misprision,
'Gainst thee one finger in derision;

---

tinguished authors; but modestly hints that some of his particular friends will form no opinion [respecting the cow-pox] till they have ascertained *his* sentiments." They then have the audacity to declare, that "he merits no slight punisment for his pompous inflated language, for his fulsome flattery, and ridiculous exaggeration of every part of the subject."

See how they speak of a late publication of the doctor on certain charitable institutions:—"Unless to connect these different institutions, to lead the different radii to a centre, while that centre is the author and the editor, who can boast, *Quæ ipse miserima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui!* we see little advantage in this edition. We mean not to intimate the slightest disapprobation of these institutions, or of humanity in general; but when we see pomp and egotism assuming its garb, when vanity and ostentation occasionally peep from beneath the robe, we feel no little disgust from comparing the fascinating exterior with the unpleasing contents," &c. They likewise have the impudence to assert, that some of the doctor's plans are "better suited to the superstition of a Hindoo, than to the nature of a rational christian." And in another review they declare: "We mean not to stoop to any; but will tell Dr. Lettsom his faults" (consummate assurance!!) "as well as any other author; nor will we conceal that mean mark of a little mind, overweening vanity. We saw it in its germ, have watched its opening bud, till it is expanded into its blossom. The literary life of Dr. L—— may well be styled the *progress* of vanity: the termination is yet to come: but we have ample materials for the subject." See *Monthly Review*, of July, and *Critical Review* of Sept. 1802, and Feb. 1803.

This right hand rudest doggrel's club in,
Shall give the knaves a dreadful drubbing.

But thou, the leader of our throng,
Shalt glitter in a future song,
Which I intend to raise sonorous,
And QUACK! QUACK!! QUACK!!! shall be the chorus.

Then, had I money, I would bet some,
And faith I'll do it (when I get some)
One half a guinea, sirs (a net sum)
They'll fall before great doctor Lettsom. [7]

---

[7] They'll fall before great doctor Lettsom.

I resolved to recommend your arranging yourselves under the banners of this Leviathan of the Galenical throng, from the moment I first heard of his noble and spirited sally against the tractors. Disdaining the wretched trammels of *why* and *wherefore*, and without assigning those paltry trifles, called *reasons*, for his opinions, on the merits of Perkinism, our intrepid commander determined to extirpate it root and branch, with his simple *ipse dixit*. This is what we ought to expect from a hero of such prowess. See how well he manages these metallick makers of mischief! In a eulogium (a very agreeable thing to a *modest* man during his life time) on his friend Dr. Haygarth, contained in the work which those wicked reviewers above mentioned have treated so irreverently, he mentions (page 277) the "important object," which

Thou too, fam'd KNIGHT OF HORRID FIGURE!
With wig than bushel-basket bigger;

Dr. Haygarth has so "happily *effected*." This is "arresting and *subduing* two poisons, the most fatal to the human race (fever and small-pox) and unveiling imposture, clothed in the meretricious garb of bold quackery:" a note on the word "*imposture*," in the margin says, "Experiments on metallick tractors." Now, unless I can borrow the pen of the learned doctor, dipped in "ETHEREAL *and indelible ink*," and a whole literary apparatus in proportion, I shall never be able to express how much I admire the matter above quoted, on account of the important *intelligence* therein contained. Before Dr. L. asserted it, I dare say not an individual in the kingdom knew that Dr. Haygarth had "*effected*" such an "important object," that fever and small-pox were subdued, altogether extinct, despoiled of that venom which has hitherto "brought death into the world," and so much wo. But true it is, they are quite extirpated, and all this by Dr. Haygarth!! One cannot but exclaim against the perverseness of those members of parliament who, regardless of this *news* from Dr. L. voted a reward to Dr. Jenner for his services in *subduing* the small-pox, and to Dr. Smith, for his discoveries in *subduing* contagious fevers. In short, I am almost ready to enforce the charge of ignorance against my brethren in the profession; for I have not yet met with one possessed of sufficient penetration to see, that neither fever nor small-pox "has a local habitation and a name among us," and that they have been both "*subdued*," and all this "*effected*" and by Dr. Haygarth!

Now, to the latter part of our quotation, "unveiling imposture, clothed in the meretricious garb of bold quackery." This sentence, from p. 277, presents us the

Which, in its orbit vast, contains,
At least a thimble full of brains;

---

whole proof of this "imposture." Not another syllable on the tractors will be found in the body of the work. In the *index*, however, mention is made of the subjects discussed in the book, among which subjects, is the following: "Imposture of the Metallick Tractors," page 277!!! But this, as before intimated, was quite sufficient for a gentleman of such *scientifick* pre-eminence. Why should he trouble himself to search for reasons, when he is sure to be believed, "within the periphery of his associates," although he has no reasons to give?

I must here be indulged in adducing an instructive dialogue which actually took place, not many weeks since, between a renowned physician, of the name of Dr. LEATHERHEAD, and a gentleman, who was no physician at all, whom I shall call Mr. ROWLAND.

Mr. Rowland. What is your opinion, Dr. Leatherhead, of the metallick tractors?

Dr. Leatherhead. Why I'll tell thee, friend Rowland; I think them as gross an imposition as ever was attempted.

Mr. R. But, doctor, have you read the different cases which have been published? Can you believe that such characters would give their names to false statements?

Dr. L. These tractors, *thee may* be assured, friend R. never performed a cure in the world. 'Tis all trash—all nonsense—all imagination—and none but fools and knaves are among their supporters.

Come on, with lion heart, like Hector,
And phiz resembling monkey's spectre;

Mr. R. How has Perkins become possessed of the cases he has published?

Dr. L. Oh! that I can tell thee, very easily, friend R. *Has thee* never heard of Dr. Godbold?

Mr. R. Certainly.

Dr. L. Well; as he could neither read nor write, he kept two men in constant employ, one to write his cases, and one to swear to them. Some times, to be sure, a few guineas were scattered about—Strange things these guineas are, friend R. ha?—Now friend R. *can thee* any longer query how Perkins comes by his cases? ha! ha! ha!

Mr. R. Have you ever seen, doctor, any of the publications of Mr. Perkins?

Dr. L. Not I, truly. Knowing they could contain nothing but lies, I should have been but ill employed in poring over such trash.

Mr. R. Did you ever see the tractors?

Dr. L. No, nor ever wish to see them; they are—

Mr. R. (raising his voice, and taking a set of the tractors from his pocket) Hear me, Sir! Can you pretend to any credit as an honest physician, as a man of humanity, when sordid self interest and disgraceful prejudice impel you to shut your eyes against investigation, lest conviction should follow? I am ashamed of your conduct. The facts in favour of the metallick practice are supported by testimony as honourable and disinterested as England can produce. Your hint that they are forgeries, or that they have been purchased, implies a supposition of depravity

Prepare the batteries of thy journal,[8]
To blast with infamy eternal,

---

among men, which, let me tell you, sir, reflects not very favourably on the *virtue* of the *source* whence the idea originated. With this set of tractors (holding them out to view) I have cured above thirty indigent poor, and not by the power of *imagination*, but by the power of the *tractors*.

Dr. L. (in a tone of wonderful complacency and humility) Really, friend R. what *thee says* gives me great satisfaction. I always knew thee to be a very sensible man, and the information that *thee approves* of the metallick tractors entirely changes my opinion of them. Before *thee took* them out of thy pocket, I thought *thee had* no belief in them. They certainly must be a very pleasant remedy, and incapable of doing harm; and as for myself, I am such a friend to humanity, I shall ever be ready to stand forward in support of every thing which can benefit the publick. It really does my heart good to hear of the services the tractors are now doing my poor afflicted fellow creatures, for whom my bowels have so often yearned. I am sure I shall be one of the greatest friends of Perkinism in England: so farewell friend R. (Exit Dr. L. as pale as ashes.)

In this dialogue I think there is great instruction. In case any of our Olivers chance to meet with a Rowland, and are involved in difficulties like those which threatened this champion, they may here learn the true way of becoming "all things to all men," and sneak out of the scrape to very little disadvantage: for though I would by no means advise a retreat, where there is the least chance of success in fighting (which chance did not exist in this

In medical societies pour
Forth all thy wonted *learned* lore:

---

case, for Rowland was preparing himself to give Leatherhead a most terrible threshing, had he not yielded) still

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;"

and the doctor escaping with a whole skin is now left alive and mighty to assail the supporters of Perkinism in a more cautious but not less decisive manner.

"Prepare the batteries of thy journal.

Here I can, with certainty, calculate on the most powerful cooperation. This ——, what shall I call it? This official Gazette of the profession—this Medico-Chymico-*Comico*-Repository, for the effusions of self-puffers, prescribing rules and recipes,

"How best to fill his purse, and thin the town,"

this powerful instrument of offensive and defensive warfare has ever, with becoming vigilance, guarded its post against Perkinean invaders, and suffered no occasion to pass, without a squirt of the *Gallick* acid of satire, when there was deemed a possibility of *blackening* the common enemy.

I can never sufficiently express my approbation of the Carthaginian cunning with which this journal has been conducted. Dr. B. professing great impartiality, in an early number (see vol. ii. p. 85) invited communications on the subject of the tractors. Subsequent management evidently showed a slight omission in the doctor's notice, and that he meant *communications on one side only*; for he has omitted no pains to procure and publish whatsoever could be suggested *against* the tractors: but though re-

Tell the vile deeds by quackery done,
By every nostrum, save *thine own.*[9]

---

ports of cases in their favour, and all the publications of the patentee have been before him, not a syllable of *these* was ever noticed by that gentleman; neither has it ever appeared by his journal that such facts ever existed!

[9] By every nostrum, save *thine own.*

I appeal to any of my brethren who have been gratified, as I often have been, with the Demosthenes-like torrent which has been so frequently poured forth, in our medical societies, by this "child and champion" of the Galenical throng, against quackery and all its appurtenances, whether it were fair to surmise, as some unconscionable rogues have done, that Dr. B. has absolutely himself become the proprietor of a quack medicine. The fire of eloquence with which Perkinism, that most atrocious kind of quackery, has been so frequently, and so effectually assailed by the learned doctor at the medical society, at Guy's, the Lyceum Medico Londinensis, &c. &c. &c. ought to have ensured Dr. B. so much of the gratitude of the profession, that, although he should *himself* choose to become one of the most arrant quacks in the kingdom, he might depend on your support of his reputation, and your exertions to uphold him. No subsequent apostasy on his part, I maintain, will justify a dereliction of him.

Recall to your recollection, gentlemen, the denunciations he has so often made against every medical practitioner who should presume, either directly or indirectly, to offer any patronage to remedies which bore even the most distant resemblance to a nostrum. How often have the walls of the medical theatres of Saint Thomas's hospital, and Windmill street, echoed loud responses to his declama-

For thou didst play the hero rarely,
At Westminster, when routed fairly;

---

tions against the varlets, who should dare to recommend means, in the profits of the consumption of which the whole profession could not participate? How often have you received his invitations to send him your effusions and declamations against quackery, to receive an efficient publication in his journal? and what number of that journal has appeared, without performing his promise, by honouring those effusions with a place in its immortal pages?

Lest even these most important considerations should still find you inexorable, I trust I can show, by examining his conduct in regard to the quack medicine in question, that, if it be not praise-worthy, it is, at least, defensible.

The title of the nostrum which has had the assistance of Dr. B. in being introduced to the notice of a grateful publick is "A NEW MEDICINE FOR THE GOUT." The pretended discoverer of this specifick is, for very commendable, or, which is the same thing, very *prudent* reasons, kept behind the curtain. I wish, however, to express my utter disbelief that either Dr. Brodum or Dr. Solomon is the happy mortal, however similar the style of the pamphlet, announcing this new medicine, may be to their erudite writings, and the pretensions of the said medicine to "balms of Gilead" and to "nervous cordials." That neither of these gentlemen is the person at present incog. who invented Dr. B.'s new nostrum aforesaid, appears to me evident for three substantial reasons.

1. Drs. Brodum and Solomon have never shrunk from a free exposure of their names, or evinced an inclination to enjoy the emoluments of empiricism, without openly and boldly coming forward to endure the stigma which is ever its inseperable companion.

Thy genius show'd such vast resources,
'Gainst Belgraves, Colquhouns, Wilberforces![10]

---

2. They have never declined the publick sale of their nostrums in the shops, nor pretended to offer it to the publick without a remuneration; whereas, in the present instance, the nostrum is not sold at all in the shops; but is most *generously* given away, even two or three spoonfulls at a time, by Dr. Bradley, to any person who will call on him for *advice*, and leave with him a *guinea* for that *advice*.

3. Those two *gentlemen*, also, have never, honourably and *honestly*, saved the commissioners of the stamp office the trouble of collecting a revenue for government from the consumption of *their* quack medicines, as none can be collected on that which is *given* away.

But why do I labour to prove that which would be of no moment, were the reverse of my opinion found to be the fact, and that the medicine were in reality even the joint property of that powerful trio, Brodum, Bradley, and Solomon, when I have a most conclusive and honourable document in favour of Dr. Bradley's *honourable* and *consistent* conduct. This is no other than his *letter* to the unknown proprietor of this blessing to the human race. Unfortunately for the edification of your learned body, my limits will not allow of the insertion of the whole of that precious communication; you will, therefore, please to treasure up more eagerly the short extract I shall make.

The letter begins with a "*sir*," which scarcely leaves a doubt that the happy mortal in question is not *Mrs.* Williams, the conjuress.

"As I *approved* of the manner in which you commenced your trials of the virtues and efficacy of your gout medi-

Though hunted down, thou would'st not yield;
Though trodden on, didst keep the field.

---

cine, I can have no objection to giving an opinion on the subject."

Now, could any thing have been more proper? Provided Dr. Bradley "*approved*" of the composition being kept a secret, however disposed he may be to trample upon the metallick tractors on that very account, he had an undoubted right to express himself accordingly. I have another incontestable proof of the doctor's *incomprehensible* wisdom and discretion.—He has ascertained that this *internal* medicine, though *powerful* "is safe and innocent;" which peculiar virtue is not possessed by any other *internal* medicine that ever was, and I fear, ever will be discovered *again*, unless Dr. B. tries his skill a second time. "This point," says the doctor, "I ascertained on first receiving a supply of it from you, by taking it myself, and also by administering it to the patients labouring under acute *rheumatism* [so now the *gout* medicine will cure *other* diseases!] in which cases it *always* relieved pain, without producing any disagreeable effect on the constitution!!!" But go on: "In acutely inflammatory and painful attacks of the gout, I have *never* seen it fail to produce the desired effect." (Vid. page 57.) Euge! Euge! Great doctor Bradley!

Let no half-sighted mortal, who is aware of the achievements of this lordly chieftain and his imprecations so often poured forth against every supporter of a nostrum, who values among mankind that deportment, denominated CONSISTENCY, exclaim at this *modest* account of the virtues of the present nostrum, "HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!!" No! But let him ponder well, and recollect, that Bradley "is an honourable man, and so are they all, all

Thus Witherington, in doleful dumps,
For lack of legs, fought stout on stumps!

And could'st thou, pertinacious Bradley,
But maul these mutton heads most sadly,
Soon might thy wig (the people staring)
All in a chariot take an airing! [11]

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honourable men," who have raised the standard of defiance against the encroachments of Perkinism!

[10] 'Gainst Belgraves, Colquhouns, Wilberforces!

What business had these fellows to intrude their noses into the concerns of the Westminster infirmary? Brother B. had an undoubted right to manage, or *mis*manage, the funds of a *medical* institution, as best suited his own convenience, without their troublesome interference.

[11] *All* in a chariot take an airing.

I hereby enter a protest against any one of my commentators, whether he be Vanscanderdigindich the elder, or Hansvanshognosuch, his cousin *German* (two *Dutch* geniuses, who have promised to furnish the next edition of this my pithy poem with a whole ass-load of annotations) or any other gentlemen criticks or reviewers of equal profundity, presuming to intimate, that I intend, by this passage, the smallest disrespect to your *pedestrian* physicians. Far from that; I know that many good and great men (like myself, for example) cannot even pay a shilling for hackney-coach hire. No, gentlemen; I have two great objects in view, to wit:

1. To encourage my brother B— to persevere in his

Led on by chieftains so redoubted,
These vile Perkineans must be routed;

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laudable attempt to kick Perkinism back to the country whence it originated, by reminding him, that if the feat were once performed, he might, *perhaps*, soon afford the expense of a chariot to transport, in a respectable manner, *all* that wig, without laying the entire burden on the curious sconce it now envelops.

2. To remind brother B—, and the profession in general, how much more execution may be done by a charioteer than by a pedestrian physician.

Although great men frequently differ, I am happy to find Mr. *Addison's* opinion and *mine*, in this particular, perfectly consentaneous.

"This body of men," says he, speaking of physicians in our own country, "may be described like the British army in Cesar's time. Some slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried, so soon, into all parts of the town, and despatch so much business in so short a time." Spectator, No. 21.

Not an individual, I will venture to assert, who knows my brother B—, but must feel the really urgent necessity of elevating him, as soon as possible, from *le pavé* and giving those talents their full *swing*. Then, indeed, soon might our charioteer justly boast—

"London, with all her passing bells, can tell,
By this right arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole months to slay,
I oft despatch'd the patient in a day.
With pen in hand, I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.

Then, if in future people be sick,
They'll worship us, the gods of physick.

Why stand ye now, like drones, astounded,
The weapons of your warfare grounded?
Arm'd *cap-à-pè*, like heroes rush on,
And crush this reptile institution.

But first, to make the bigger bluster,
Join every quack that you can muster,
Some place in rear, and some in front on,
From Brodum down to *gaseous* Thornton.

Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill;
For save, or slay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit suffers, the reward's the same."

[11] From Brodum down to *gaseous* Thornton.

I am fully sensible that many of my brethren, of less discernment than myself, would have assigned this famous little genius a rank on the empirical list even above Dr. Brodum. Making *puffing* their criterion, they will argue that those acute half-guinea paragraphs which we occasionally see at the fag end of the *Times* and other morning papers, respecting that "very learned physician,"—his "*great* discoveries, and improvements in the medical application of the gases,"—his "*grand national* and botanical work," and fifty others of the same strain, asserting the high claims of this *airy* writer on the gratitude of the

Now when the foe you first get sight on,
Shout ÇA IRA, and then rush right on;

---

publick, are incontestable proofs of his superiour merits in the *puffing* department, which, say they, are some of the most necessary ingredients in the formation of a charlatan. All this is specious reasoning; but I trust I shall show its fallacy. Pre-eminence, in my opinion, must be founded on some intrinsick excellence, original and independent of adventitious circumstances. If we closely examine the merits of this candidate, we shall find that there can be no great claim on this score. Let any man enjoy the facilities and advantages of a general dealer in the *airs*, who must of course have *puffs* of all descriptions at hand; and where is the merit of occasionally *letting off one?*

If there be any thing like originality in this industrious little philosopher, and for the invention of which I should be inclined to allow him the credit of ingenuity, it consists in his *meritometer*, which proposes to measure the merits of his fellow creatures by the degree of faith they can afford to bestow on the infallibility of his gasses as a panacea. See his plan of this instrument, or rather the deductions drawn from his trials of it, in his large five volume *compilation of "Extracts,"* vol. i. page 459. From this scale it appears, that $\frac{999}{1000}$ of mankind are either fools or knaves, as that proportion places no confidence in the efficacy of his catholicon. I hope, therefore, after the good reasons here assigned for my conduct, I shall not be suspected of partiality to Dr. Brodum in retaining him at the head of the quacks, nor ill will to Dr. T. for not calling him up higher on the list.

And make as terrible a racket,
As ever did a woman's clack yet,[13]

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[13] As ever did a woman's clack yet.

Notwithstanding what Swift, and other gentlemen of the order of Cynicks, have said or sung to the disparagement of the fair sex, and notwithstanding the many rebuffs I have myself received, whenever I have attempted to win the heart of any divinityship, above the order of a Billingsgate lady, still I had supposed the fair sex, although the weaker vessel, were entitled to a great share of our indulgence and protection; and could not of consequence so well discover the motives actuating those philosophers who have endeavoured to persuade us, that the fairer half of mankind were made merely for the purpose of being a thorn in the side of the other half. But my wife, as before intimated, (page 53) being an intolerable scold, I have, at length, become a complete *woman hater*, and have as great an antipathy to a female as ever a toad had to a spider.

I have, however, formerly had so much experience in love affairs, that for twenty years past, I have thought myself amply qualified to set up for a sort of love casuist; have given much good advice respecting the best mode of adjusting all affairs of the heart, and have acquitted myself much to the satisfaction of those ladies and gentlemen, who have consulted me on the occasion.

Now, as you are about to commence a most terrible combat, from which it is ten to one if one in ten of your honourable body ever return alive, I could wish, out of the superabundance of my humanity, that you should enjoy life as much as possible, before you are "killed off," or, as our best modern philosophers (Dr. Darwin and others) would

For should you sound a loud alarum,
Perhaps you may so sadly scare e'm,

---

have it, *go to sleep*, and therefore regale you, for a moment with certain love songs, which may be either said or sung to the tune of *O Cupid forever*.

One doctor De Squirt
Had married a flirt
Not quite half so old as himself, sir,
And she, though a beauty,
Still thought it her duty
To have him for sake of his pelf, sir.

A neighbouring clerk
Spruce, handsome, and smirk,
A genteel and amorous blade, sir,
One night, it is said,
Found the way to his bed,
And the doctor a cuckold was made, sir.

When the doctor this heard
Revenge was the word,
To the younker a challenge he sent, sir,
To kill the young dog
As dead as a log
No doubt was his bloody intent, sir.

But the lusty young spark,
Was as fierce as a shark,
Swore he'd be our Oliver's Rowland,
And that he intended
Ere the matter was ended
To lay him at full length below land.

Like frighted sheep, they'll huddle right in
The Old Nick's den, without much fighting.

The doctor first shot,
And *kill him*—did not;
Though the fellow had lain with his wife, sir,
The buck fir'd so straight,
Though he miss'd the man's pate,
He made him a cripple for life, sir.

Thus the doctor bought wit
But paid dear for it
As is, to be sure, not uncommon,
Found it not a good plan
For an old gentleman
To marry a pretty young woman.

The other song with which I shall oblige you is quite a tid bit of sentimentality, and cannot fail to wonderfully titillate your right worshipfuls' intellectual palates.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

A young buck married an
Old haggard harridan,
And all for the sake of her money, sir,
Quite toothless and shrivel'd,
Like a witch that's bedevil'd,
So he lov'd her no better than honey, sir.

And now, having cash, sir,
He cut a great dash, sir,
And kept half a dozen sweet misses,
Who gave him great pleasure
In hours of his leisure,
But dearly he paid for their kisses.

Just so a gang of Indian savages,
When they set out to make great ravages,
With war-whoop fright their foes (God help 'em)
And then proceed to kill and scalp 'em.

But now, ere further we proceed,
To set forth every mighty deed,

With his horses and hounds
He dash'd beyond bounds,
Was noted for vast hospitality,
And went to each rout
The country about,
And liv'd with the top of the quality.

There ne'er was a squire
Drank more or liv'd higher,
Till at thirty, without any doubt he
In looks was as old
As if fourscore he'd told,
Besides being terribly gouty.

Thus through life he dances
Till all his finances
Wont purchase a dram for his whistle
He then makes a horrid
Great hole in his forehead
By help of an old borrow'd pistol!

This, gentlemen, is a specimen of my powers in the sentimental, pathetick and love lorn: what succeeds in this grand performance will be in regular gradation, from the sublime to the dreadful, till I arrive at the acme of the horrid, where I shall take leave of your worships with all the sang froid imaginable.

We must exchange (tho' horrour stiffen ye)
Our Clio for a fell Tisiphone!

For when we do these wretches batter,
'Twill be no water gruel matter;
And you'll agree then, I assure ye,
My muse is well chang'd for a fury.

Thou spite! thou hag! thou witch! thou spectre!
Friend Southey's crony and protector:[14]

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[14] Friend Southey's crony and protector!

Nothing but the most urgent necessity could have induced me to have formed any intimacy with the haggard harridan, which my friend substituted for a muse, in giving birth to the 9th book of his epick poem, called *Joan of Arc*. Wishing for some kind of celestial influence (as is customary on similar occasions) to assist in describing the dreadful battle we are about to commence, I sought, in due form, the aid of Apollo, the tuneful nine, Della Crusca's "GENIUS OR MUSE," and all the gods, goddessess, entities, or nonentities, who were ever known to lift a poor poet from the *bathos* of profundity to the *hupsos* of sublimity. But not one of their deityships would risk his or her neck and reputation in our perilous rencontre. I was, of course, driven as my *denier resort*, to this old fury.

If your worships have any ambition for a further acquaintance with this poetical non-descript, you will turn to the aforesaid 9th book of "*Joan of Arc*," and between the 30th and 40th lines, you will find a "female" guiding a "crazy vessel" with a "spread sail before the wind," "that

Who led'st the bard, with Joan of Arc,
Through death's deep, dreary, dungeon dark!

Until ye were, I dare be bound,
Near half a mile down under ground;
Mid screeching ghosts and dragons dreadful,
As e'er fill'd dreaming madman's head full!

And, after mighty perils past,
On Terra Firma, got at last,

---

moans melancholy mournful to her" *(Joan of Arc's)* "ear, as ever by the dungeon'd wretch was heard howling at evening, round the embattled towers of that hell-house of France!" Examine this female more minutely (if you are not already frightened out of your senses) and you will perceive that "wan her face is, and her eyes hollow, and her sunk cheeks are furrowed deep, channelled, by tears; a few grey locks, hang down beneath her hood; and the night breeze passing, lifting her tattered mantle, discloses a serpent gnawing at her heart." Then, if pleased with this specimen of the horrible, your worships, the right honourable the members of the royal college of physicians, may *step into* the "crazy vessel" aforesaid, and proceed with BARD, HAG, and JOAN aforesaid, and, you will soon be introduced to giant "DESPAIR," with "eye large and rayless; blue flames on his face, with a death cold touch, &c." But as for *myself*, however honoured I should feel, on all other occasions, with your worships company, after wishing your good worships a stiff breeze, I must beg leave to be off.

Didst dub thy jacobin toad eater
The "Thalaba" of English metre.[15]

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[15] The Thalaba of English metre.

Mr. Southey, in his work with the title of "Thalaba or the Destroyer," has given us a fine example of a pleasing dreadful performance, which is neither prose, rhyme, nor reason. Indeed, nothing but the inspiration of the gas which we have seen him inhale in the first canto could have generated the following effusions.

"A Teraph stood against the cavern side,
A new born infant's head,
That Khawla at his hour of death had seized,
And from the shoulders wrung.
It stood upon a plate of gold,
An unclean spirit's name inscribed beneath:
The cheeks were *deathy* dark,
Dark the dead skin upon the hairless skull;
The lips were *bluey* pale;
Only the eyes had life,
They gleamed with demon light."

Book ii.

Again he towers in book v.

"There where the narrowing chasm
Rose loftier in the hill,
Stood Zohak, wretched man, condemned to keep
His cave of punishment.
His was the frequent scream
Which far away the prowling Chacal heard,
And howled in terrour back.
Far from his shoulders grew
Two snakes of monster size

And set the bard to brew a mess
Of horrour in a wilderness,

That ever at his head
Aimed eager their keen teeth
To satiate raving hunger with his brain.
He in the eternal conflict oft would seize
Their swelling necks, and in his giant grasp
Bruise them, and rend their flesh with bloody nails,
And howl for agony,
Feeling the pangs he gave, for of himself
Inseparable parts his torturers grew."

Now, if in this age of turmoils your worships should have occasion to educate a school of assassins, to be employed as Talleyrand employs his agents, for the purpose of promoting modern philanthropy and French projects of universal empire, I should advise you to prepare them intellectual food from such descriptions as we have quoted above. By accustoming your pupils to meditate on such horrible descriptions you will soon enable them to inflict without compunction or remorse sufferings like those, which they have been in the habit of contemplating.

We are sorry to see, however, that our friend, Dr. Darwin, has been pleased to express his disapprobation of this species of the *terrible* in style, without which your small poets can never become conspicuous. We shall, however, quote one of his sentiments on the subject merely to let the world know that we great wits do not always tally upon every point.

The doctor tells us in his Botanick Garden, p. 115, that there is a " line of boundary between the tragick and the horrid; which line, however, will veer a little this way or that, according to the prevailing manners of the

So wondrous horrible, indeed it
Might make one faint away to read it!

Thence sent him under "*rooted waves*"
Adown through vast Domdaniel caves,[16]

---

age or country, and the peculiar association of ideas, or idiosyncrasy of mind, of individuals."

Now I am apprehensive that doctor Darwin would have adjudged the greater part of Mr. Southey's sublimity to be of the "*horrid*" rather than the *tragick* or *sublime* kind. Such an opinion, however, would not only greatly tarnish the reputation of the critick who should venture to pronounce it; but would entirely put down many pretty good poets, who, as the Edinburgh reviewers say, must have a "qu'il mourut," and a "let there be light" in every line; and all their characters must be in agonies and ecstacies, from their entrance to their exit.*

[16] Adown through vast Domdaniel caves.

That is, as Southey says, through the Domdaniel caves, "at the roots of the ocean."

Thalaba, having leaped into a "little car" which appears to have been drawn by "four living pinions, headless, bodyless, sprung from one stem that branched below, in four down arching limbs, and clenched the carrings endlong and aside, with claws of griffin grasp;"

"Down—down, it sank—down—down—
Down—down—a mighty depth!—
Down—down—and now it strikes."

* See Edinburgh review of Southey's Thalaba, October, 1802.

In which the metre man and Thalaba,
Had like to have been lost infallibly:

But were translated in a trice
To monsieur Mahomet's paradise,[17]
There to enjoy, with Houri-ladies,
A whole eternity of play days.

Give me in proper tone to tell,
Between a mutter and a yell,
How best our fierce avenging choler
May work dire deeds of doleful dolour.

There's the *bathos* to perfection!

Now, if we could in any way have prevailed on Mr. Southey to have stopped this side of the centre of gravity, we should have been happy to have hired his "car" for this our dreadful rencontre. But as it appears that the Dom-daniel cave soon after *fell in*, I fancy it would cost more to dig out this vehicle than to get Mr. Southey to make us a new one.

[17] To monsieur Mahomet's paradise.

"Thalaba knew that his death-hour was come,
And on he leapt, and springing up,
Into the idol's heart
Hilt deep he drove the sword.
The ocean-vault fell in, and all were crushed.
In the same moment at the gate
Of paradise, Oneiza's Houri-form,
Welcomed her husband to eternal bliss."

Singleton, revised by Barralet. S.Seymour fc.

Come on! begin the grand attack;
With aloes, squills, and ipecac
And then with dyster pipe and squirt give
There will be monstrous deal of hurt done!

Pelt the vile foe with weapons missile;
Make vials round their sconces whistle;
Shower on them a tremendous torrent
Of gallipots and bottles horrent.

Come on! Begin the grand attack
With aloes, squills, and ipecac;
And then with clyster-pipe and squirt-gun,
There will be monstrous deal of hurt done!

Each wry-fac'd rogue, and dirty trollop,
Must well be dos'd with drastick jalap,
And though their insides you should call up,
Still make the numscullls take it all up.

Cram all the ninny-hammers' gullets,
With pills as big as pistol bullets;
Then, Frenchman like, give each a clyster,
And next go on to bleed and blister.

Dash at them escharoticks gnawing,
Their carcases to pick a flaw in;
Of nitrous acid huge carboys,
Fill'd to the brim, like Margate hoys.

Thus when the Greeks with their commander,
That fighting fellow, Alexander,
Set out one morning, full of ire,
To take and burn the town of Tyre;

A patriotick stout old woman
Look'd out, and saw the chaps a coming;

When on a sudden she bethought her
To heat a kettle full of water;

And as they went to climb the ladder,
(Sure never vixen could be madder,
But so the historian of the fray says)
She fir'd her water in their faces!

But to return to *our* great battle;
Now rant! rave! roar! and rend! and rattle![18]
Like earth-born giants when they strove,
To pull the ears of thundering Jove!

Pelt the vile foe with weapons missile;
Make vials round their sconces whistle;
Shower on them a tremendous torrent,
Of gally pots and bottles horrent.

Make at 'em now like mad Mendozas;
With forceps pinch and pull their noses,

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[18] Now rant! rave! roar! and rend! and rattle.

I Christopher Caustick, censured by criticks, for my apt alliterations, though artfully allied, yet presume it is policy, for a pennyless poet to polish his puny lays to such a pitch of perfection, that posterity may please to place the pithy production paramount to the peaked point of the pinnacle of Pierian Parnassus.

With tournequet and dire tooth-drawers,
First gird their necks, then break both jaws.

But lo! They bid our dread alliance
Of doctors, quacks, and drugs defiance;
And, firm as host of cavaliers,
Convert their tractors into spears!

See host to host and man to man set!
A tractor each, and each a lancet!
Each meets his foe, so fierce attacks him!
That sure some god or demon backs him!

Fell Ate's shriek the world alarms!
Bellona bellows "ARMS! TO ARMS!"
War's demon dire, a great red dragon,
Drives, Jehu-like, Death's iron wagon!![19]

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[19] Drives, Jehu-like, Death's iron wagon!!

A poet of less judgment than myself would have seated Mars in the chariot of Victory, a Vauxhall car, or some other flimsy vehicle of that kind, which would be sure to be dashed to pieces in a conflict like this in which we are at present engaged. The carriage here introduced was made by Vulcan, in his best style of workmanship, for the express purpose of this attack, and in point of strength and size, bears no more proportion to the chariot commonly used by the god of war, than one of those huge broad-wheeled Manchester wagons to the little whalebone

Loud shouts and dismal yells arise!
Rend the blue "blanket" of the skies![20]
Grim Horrour's scream and Fury's frantick
Howl might be heard across the Atlantick!!

Although a comet's tail should hap
To give our globe a fatal slap,
The "crush of worlds" and "wreck of matter"
Would make ten thousand times less clatter!

Thus high in air two different kinds
Of monsieur Volney's warring winds
Commence a most impetuous battle,
And round the Blue Ridge make all rattle.[21]

---

thingamy which the duke of Queensbury ran at New Market.

[20] Rend the blue "blanket" of the skies.

This is the same "blanket" which Mr. Canning said was "wet" when he exhibited it in the house of commons. Since his use of it on that occasion it has been so frequently *wrung* by the wits, that it has now become a perfectly dry and almost thread-bare article.

[21] And round the Blue Ridge make all rattle.

Volney informs us in his View that the Allegheny mountain is the frontier on which the south-west and north west winds in America contend; and that he beheld a spectacle of that kind at Rockfish Gap, on the Blue Ridge. See American edition, page 148.

Now loud they bellow, blow and bluster,
With all the power that all can muster;
Now hurtle, howl, and hiss, but neither
Will yield his foe an inch of ether.

Now to the wretches give no quarter,
Pound them in indignation's mortar;
Let not the women nor the men chance
To 'scape the pestle of your vengeance!

Make cerebrum and cerebellum,
To rattle like a roll of vellum,
And occiput of every numhead,
To sound as loud as kettle-drum head.

With fell trepaning perforator,
Pierce every rascal's stubborn pate, or
With chissel plied with might and main,
Ope a huge hole in pericrane.

And with a most tremendous process,
With power of elephant's proboscis,
At once crush dura, pia mater,
As one would mash a boil'd potatoe!

Now batter them with such rude shocks
They'll think vast moon-disploded rocks

Are tumbling down in showers of granite
To "kill off" every man they can hit. [22]

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[22] To "kill off" every man they can hit.

It is to me a matter of doubt whether your worships are not absolutely ignorant of the causes and effects of the wonderful phenomena to which we now allude. But if you will please to take with us a stand for observation, exactly at the centre of gravity between the earth and the moon, and look about you with the eyes of great philosophers you will perceive what is well worth a world of admiration.

You will perceive that what is vulgarly called the *man in the moon* is a prodigious volcano, in size much superiour to any on our globe, and that this volcano is continually emitting rocks, which ever and anon are thrown beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction, and of course make their way down upon us.

You will likewise find, by turning to the second volume of the Philadelphia Literary Magazine, page 389, an account of above thirty different showers of stones, some of which have weighed not less than 300 pounds. And you will ascertain that there has been a great diversity of opinions among philosophers respecting the origin of these prodigies. Some have believed them to be thrown from some neighbouring volcano. Some have thought them to have been wafted about by hurricanes. Others have supposed them to have been concretions formed in the atmosphere. Some have thought them to be masses which were detached from the planets at the time of their formation; and that they have been floating about in infinite space till they met with our earth, which became to them a new centre of gravity.

Now, with harsh amputating saw,
Slash frontal os from under jaw;

But the truth is, as you may see through any common optical tube, from the situation to which I have just had the honour to conduct you, that these masses of matter are the product of *lunar volcanos*. Here we have a cause adequate to the effect, as I shall make evident in the following few words.

A lunar volcano similar to those on our planet would project bodies much further from the moon than they would be thrown by the same force from Etna or Vesuvius; for,

1. It is granted by great philosophers, such as *ourself* and Dr. Darwin, that the moon has no atmosphere; of consequence, a body exploded from the moon would meet with no resistance excepting from the power of gravitation. Dr. Darwin informs us, Botanick Garden, canto ii. "If the moon had no atmosphere at the time of its elevation from the earth; or if its atmosphere was afterwards stolen from it by the earth's attraction, the water on the moon would rise quickly into vapour; and the cold produced by a certain quantity of this evaporation would congeal the remainder of it. Hence it is not probable that the moon is at present inhabited; *but as it seems to have suffered and to continue to suffer much by volcanos*, a sufficient quantity of air may in process of time be generated to produce an atmosphere, which may prevent its heat from so easily escaping, and its water from so easily evaporating, and thence become fit for the production of vegetables and animals.

"That the moon possesses little or no atmosphere is deduced from the undiminished lustre of the stars at the

And make a wound, by cutting slant down,
For doctor Tasker to descant on. [23]

---

instant when they emerge from behind her disk. That the ocean of the moon is frozen is comfirmed from there being no appearance of lunar tides," &c.

2. Bodies on the moon possess much less gravity in proportion to their quantity of matter than bodies on the surface of the earth; for matter is attracted by the earth and moon, respectively, in proportion to the quantity of matter which each contains. It follows that a comparatively slight impulse, communicated to a body on the moon's surface, would be sufficient to counteract its attraction towards the moon, and if it were propelled towards the earth it might come within its attraction, and would of course make its way to our planet.

Thus it appears very evident, even to persons of your worships' ordinary penetration, that these wonderful showers of stones are of lunar origin.

[23] For doctor Tasker to descant on.

I feel a very great solicitude to mould and modify every part and parcel of this performance according to rules and regulations of the best master-builders of epick poems, tragedies, and other great things of that kind. The judicious critick will perceive that all my wounds are inflicted with anatomical accuracy, and I have no doubt but my friend Dr. Haygarth will do himself the honour to write a treatise upon this subject, and tell the world with what terrible propriety we have hewed and hacked our opponents in the field of battle. The reverend William Tasker, A. B. has furnished a model of this species of criticism in *A Series of Letters*, respecting "The Anatomical Knowledge of Homer, &c." Dr. Haygarth I expect

Attack Medulla, hight Spinalis,
From where the head to where the tail is;[24]
Till with rude banging, thumping, thwacking,
You break each bone each booby's back in!

Thus Virgil tells of sturdy fellows,
Dares yclep'd, and old Entellus,

---

will prove that the "death wounds" of Sarpedon, Hector, Ulysses' dog, &c. as displayed in the treatise of Dr. Tasker, were mere flea bites compared with these of Dr. Caustick.

[24] From where the head to where the tail is.

Or more correctly where the tail *was*. Lord Monboddo tells us that men, as well as monkies, were formerly dignified with long tails protruding from the place where (according to Butler) honour is lodged. Philosophers and antiquaries had never been able to discover how man became devested of this ornament, till my friend, Dr. Anderson, furnished a clue to the mystery. (See note 30, canto i.) From this discovery I am led to suppose that your antediluvian bucks began the practice of CUR-*tail*-ing these excrescences for gentility's sake, and what was at first *artificial* became in due time *natural*, till, at length, your right *tippies*, as in modern times, were entirely disencumbered of that monkey-like appendage: but our Bond-street loungers, although devested of that exteriour mark of the monkey, with a laudable desire to prevent the intentions of Nature from being defeated, have adopted all the ourang-outang-ical *airs* which she originally designed should discriminate that species of *animals* from men.

Who, with a pair of iron mittens,
Attack'd each other like true Britons.

Entellus, stout as Hob the giant,
Made horrid work, you may rely on't;
Exceeding mightiest verse or prose deed,
Knock'd out two teeth, and made his nose bleed!

And now, with desperate trocar,
Urge on the dreadful "tug of war;"
And, when you've stuck them in the crop, say
You meant to tap them for the dropsy.

With burning lapis infernalis,[25]
Convince them human nature frail is;

---

[25] With burning lapis infernalis.

The use of this *caustick* and other escharoticks on this momentous occasion reminds me of an important era in my life, a *succinct* biographical sketch of which I shall *shortly* publish, in nineteen volumes folio; a work which, in point of size, erudition, and interesting anecdote, will be immensely preferable to the voluminous production of lord Orford.

The event in question was of the greater consequence, as it gave rise to the present family name of "CAUSTICK."

Just thirty-two years since, from the fourteenth day of last July, while I was prosecuting some of my chymical researches, my eldest son Tom, a burly-faced boy, since

And taunting, tell them they're afflicted,
Because they are to sin addicted.

---

killed in a duèl with a hot-headed Irish gentleman, overturned a bench, on which were placed seven carboys full of acids, alkalies, &c. and broke them into inch pieces. The consequences of this accident may be more easily conceived than described. The whole neighbourhood was alarmed, and many most terribly *causticized*, in endeavouring to extinguish the conflagration which ensued. In the consternation, and amid the exertions to subdue it, some one cried out that Dr. Crichton (for such was my former name, being the lineal descendant from the celebrated "admirable Crichton") is fairly a Dr. CAUSTICK.

Thus began my *honorary* name, of which, as it is *scientifick*, I am not a little proud, especially as it was acquired by virtue of an *explosion*, similar to that which gave the honorary appellation of *Bronté* to my friend, viscount Nelson of the Nile. For further particulars respecting this important event, you will please to inquire at the Herald's college, where, I dare say, "garter principal king at arms," sir Isaac Heard, knt. has done me the justice to register the occurrence. Instead of lions, bulls, boars, camels, elephants, and such insignificant *animalculæ*, my shield is decorated with insignia more appropriate to my great pretensions. On the left are seen broken carboys *couchant*, implying that the secrets of science lie prostrate before me. On the right are fumes *rampant*, indicative of my discoveries, which *soar* above those of all other pretenders. In the centre are nine hedgehogs, with quills, *stickant*, a happy emblem of my peaceable disposition.

My motto, which I trust sir Isaac has also registered, is worthy of notice. Dr. Darwin was much pleased with it,

With scalprum scrape off epidermis
And cuticle (I think the term is)

---

and, desirous to emulate my fame in the art of motto making, *made*, "OMNIA E CONCHIS." But your worships will perceive that the doctor's motto bears no comparison with mine, in point of erudition; as I prove myself versed in three languages; whereas he can boast of only one. Here it comes.

> Ο ανθρωπος, or η γυνη
> Lacessit never me impune!!

This, my beautiful and appropriate motto, for the sake of accommodating those among your worships, who are not versed in the lore of Greece and Rome, and cannot afford to subsidize men of erudition to officiate for you in that department of science, I shall render into our vernacular idiom, as follows:

> If I'm attack'd by man or trollop
> I'll dose the knave with drastick jalap.

Lest the more critical and polite reader should complain, that in order to *let myself down* to the level of your worshipful capacities, I have anglicized my sublime motto in too vulgar and colloquial a style, I shall take the liberty, politely, to parodize thereon, and, as lord Bacon says, "to bring it home to men's business and bosoms;" that is, to make the application to that particular kind of gentry, against whom my hedgehog quills, aforesaid, are pointed *in terrorem*.

> Ladies and gentlemen, REVIEWERS!
> You are a set of mischief brewers;
> A gang of scandalous backbiters,
> Who feast on us, poor murder'd writers.

And all the nerves and muscles various,
Because, say you, their bones, are carious.

With antimonials make them sweat away;
Cram each snout full of asafœtida:
Then tell them that their case you fancied
Requir'd some castor oil, so rancid.

Now if you dare to throw the gauntlet,
I tell you honestly I sha'n't let
Your impudences, with impunity,
Impose in future on community.
If you dare say that greater wit
Than doctor Caustick ever writ;
If you dare venture to suggest
His every word is not the best;
If you dare hint that Caustick's noddle
Is not improv'd from Homer's model;
If you dare *think* he has not treble
The inspiration of a Sybil;
If you don't seem to take delight
In puffing him with all your might;
If you don't coin for him some proper lies
To circulate through this metropolis,
To give eclat to this edition
Of his Poetical Petition;
If you don't sing the same tune o'er
Which he himself has sung before,
Ancients and moderns, altogether,
Are but the shadow of a feather,
Compar'd with Caustick, even as
A puff of hydrogenous gas,
He'll hurl ye to old Davy's grotto,
As you'll imagine from his motto.

And though the drug seem somewhat baleful
Give each a dose of half a pailful;
Then thank them not to make wry faces,
For mild catharticks suit their cases.

Dash at them nitrate, hight argentum,
And tell them, though it does torment 'em,
That papists say that purgatory
Is but a passport into glory.

Just so, old Satan was quite merry,[26]
When erst, in Heaven, he rais'd old Harry;
With jokes and cannon, *in terrorem*,
He march'd and drove 'em all before him.

---

[26] Just so, old Satan, was quite merry.

So said Milton, *Paradise Lost*, b. vi. where the hero of the poem (whom I would propose as a model for your worships' imitation on all occasions) together with his merry companions "in gamesome mood stand scoffing," and "quips cranks," powder, grape shot, puns, blunderbuss, jokes, and cannon-balls, flash, roar, and bellow in concert.

But I am sure that every candid critick will be disposed to acknowledge that neither Homer nor Milton ever described a battle, fraught with such sublime images and similes, as this in which we are so desperately engaged.

Stick your keen penetrating probes
Through right and left hepatick lobes;
And though you pierce the diaphragm,
You need not care a single damn.

So Indians, when a captive's taken,
And they resolve to fry his bacon,
Their savage torture to refine,
First stick him full of splinter'd pine.

In fine, your worships will contrive
To leave not one vile wretch alive,
Except those dirty sons of ——
Whom nature meant to dig in ditches.

But all who would not make most topping
Fellows to work in docks at Wapping,
Some way or other, sirs, I'd have ye
Give a quick passport to old Davy.

But if with all this blood and thunder,
The stubborn blockheads won't knock under,
And e'en old women bravely wield
Their jordans like Achilles' shield;

No more with these *our* weapons dabble,
But raise a Lord-George-Gordon rabble;

Pour on the rogues, that they be undone,
The whole mobocracy of London!

Go, when I bid you, order out
A riotous and ragged rout
From dirty lane and alley dark
From Poplar corner to Hyde Park.

Come on, brave fellows, quick surround 'em;
With canes and cudgels punch and pound 'em;
Brick-bats and broom-sticks, all together,
Like coblers hammering sides of leather.

Brave Belcher, Lee, Mendoza, Bourke,
Let loose your fists in this great work!
Here's fine amusement for your paws,
Without the dread of police laws.

Let not one Perkinite be found
Encumbering our British ground;
But keep on pelting, banging, mauling,
Until old Beelzy's den they're all in.

And I'll be there and blow war's trumpet:
Or with death's kettle-drum I'll thump it,
Till all's "confusion, worse confounded"
Than e'er in Milton's hell abounded.

Thus, when the Spartans were in trouble,
Tyrteus help'd them through their hobble,
By singing songs, to raise their courage.
All piping hot, as pepper-porridge.

These are the methods of "dead doing,"
By which we'll work the wizard's ruin;
And when with Satan all such trash is,
We'll rise, like Phenix, on its ashes.

Now, sirs, consent to my PETITION,
And send these varlets to perdition;
So for your weal and welfare, *post hic*,
Will ever pray—

CHRISTOPHER CAUSTICK.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

The following Notes were added by the American editor of the third edition of this work. As they may be useful in explaining some allusions which might not otherwise be understood, I have thought proper to retain them.

THE interview with the board of longitude, adverted to in page 23, note 23, there is reason to believe is substantially true. Mr. S—, the unsuccessful applicant, could not, after the insult he received, by that pitiful offer of remuneration, be prevailed upon to reconstruct his instrument.

Our poor countryman CHURCHMAN also, whose laborious life has been spent in the pursuit of discoveries relative to the longitude, and whose investigations have been amply successful to merit the liberal protection of an institution, established with the *professed* views of the present one, can attest how far a poor but meritorious artist may confide in the liberality of either the board of longitude, or the gentlemen of the Trinity house.

The salary of the clerkship of the Pells, alluded to in the latter part of the note, which Mr. Addington, the pre-

mier, gave to *his own son*, a child eleven years old, is about seven thousand pounds sterling per annum. The duties of this office are necessarily transacted by a *nurse*, who probably is rewarded by our young master with as liberal wages as many of the curates of England receive. They, for forty pounds per annum, discharge the duty of the rector, whose tythes amount to three or four thousand, which he often most graciously condescends to bestow in running the race of—not a christian, but, a fox or a stag, and another species of races at New Market. The clerkship of the Pells, until Mr. Addington discovered otherwise, was always considered as justly belonging to some meritorious but worn-out and unrequited servant of the country.

Page 28, note 28. Dr. Anderson's titles are mentioned as L. L. D. F. R. S. *Scotland.* In England the *point* of this would have been sufficiently evident by the mere emphasis on *Scotland*, which the italicizing of the word imports; but as in America it is not generally known that for twelve pounds two shillings and sixpence sterling, any *creature*, can obtain, in the universities of Aberdeen and St. Andrews, a diploma which will dignify the possessor with a doctor's degree in divinity, law, or physick, there would have been a wonder how that wiseacre, Dr. Anderson, came by his. These *appendages* to the names of a candidate in the trade of authorship, or in either of the professions, are as necessary, in order to ensure him success as well as respect, in *Europe*, as *tails* to a bashaw in *Asia*; and in both cases the degree of dignity supported, and respect claimed, is regulated alike by the *number* of each.

A few years since, several Oxonians who had beheld with an unkind aspect the inundation of these *titled* can-

didates for employ in all the professions, without the sacrifice of any of the study, time and expense, which are required of the students in the English universities, previous to the attainment of these *insignia* of merit, clubbed, and raised a sum sufficient to pay for three diplomas. Three of the long eared species of animals, vulgarly yclept JACKASSES, were then procured, and appropriate names given to each, as the rev. Mr. *Bray*, Dr. *Ear*, and 'squire *Sulkey*. The CASH, accompanied by a recommendation of these three distinguished characters, attested by the party in the joke, was transmitted to the then principal of Aberdeen university, and on the return of the mail, the three candidates were each raised in law, physick, and divinity, to a rank with Dr. Anderson.

It may perhaps be useful, however, to add, for the information of any of our countrymen, who may pant for the possession of these academick honours, in order to be on a par with the aforesaid jackasses and Dr. Anderson, that a recent additional duty in England upon stamps, and on the postage of letters, will require them to remit as much as two shillings *and some odd pence* over the twelve pounds two shillings and sixpence, a circumstance, certainly much to be regretted.

For bottled urine has, no doubt,
In publick mails been frank'd about.

Page 30. The satire in these lines, whether it aims at the very ridiculous deference paid to a certain class of the Esculapian fraternity, whom I shall term HYDROGNOSTICKS, but whom the reader may, if he please, call "water-doctors," or at the abuse of the privilege of *franking*, in England, is perhaps as well founded as any other in the poem.

Besides the famous Dr. MAYERSBACH here alluded to who resides in London, there is another still more celebrated in Northamptonshire, who can scarcely write his own name, but who has already amassed a large fortune by practice *in this line*. Scarcely a post arrives which does not bring to these "*doctors*" many bottles for examination; and as no case is entered upon without that *necessary* preamble, a golden fee, the money collected is almost incredible.

The abuse of the privilege of *franking*, so common among the heads of the departments, and those who, *ex officio*, have the right of conveying by post a packet of almost any size, had like to have met with a serious and effectual interruption, a few years since, if the following story related respecting the affair can be depended upon.

An extraordinary *Lusus Naturæ* of the human species having occurred at Plymouth, the obstetrick gentleman, into whose hands it fell, resolved to make a present of it to the museum of an eminent anatomical professor in London. No immediate conveyance for it presenting, the commissioner of the dock-yard kindly undertook to relieve his embarrassment, by *franking* it up by post. For this purpose the child was made up into a parcel or packet (not a very small one to be sure) and directed for London. The weather growing warmer than was anticipated, our *caput mortuum* arrived at the general post-office in a condition rather resembling a *caput vividum*; for it soon produced a very *lively* effect on the olfactory nerves of all the clerks of the post-office. The inspector of franks, suspecting *foul* play, deemed it his duty to examine the contents of the parcel, when there was presented to the alarmed and astonished eyes of all around, a being of which they affirmed there did not exist the likeness either in heaven above or on the earth beneath. Some fled from alarm and some from stench, till the apartment was entirely deserted, except by old Jowler, a large mastiff that was kept as a guard to the

office. Attracted by the scent, Jowler soon satisfied himself that the commodity, so savory to *his* smell, was nothing more nor less than a nice piece of dog's-meat, and of consequence was, *bona fide*, his property; so he quietly took it up in his mouth, and marched off with it for his breakfast.

An action was afterwards brought against the post-office for the loss of the article in question; but as it was called a *child* in the declaration, it was successfully pleaded in reply, that as a *child*, it could not be considered in any other light than a *stage passenger*; and as the stage coach and not the letter-bag was established for the accomodation and conveyance of *passengers*, the plaintiff was in fault for not sending the said passenger with other passengers in the stage. This defence was irresistible and the plaintiff, to his sore displeasure, was nonsuited.

Behold! a rising INSTITUTION.

Page 127. The institution here alluded to, although its acts are often dwelt upon in the poem, is in no place sufficiently explained to enable the American reader fully to comprehend its nature.—A short history of it, therefore, may not be unacceptable.

Several philanthropick characters in London, chiefly those who had purchased the tractors, conceiving that the discovery of Perkinism merited the patronage of an establishment, like that of the discovery of the cow pox, announced such an intention in the newspapers, and, at the same time, called a publick meeting to take the proposed measure into consideration. Here the undertaking was unanimously resolved upon, and a subscription opened to carry the proposed charity into effect. The list was soon honoured with above a hundred subscribers, several with a donation of ten, and none, excepting one or two, less than

one guinea for annual subscription. Lord Rivers was elected president of the society, and eleven other persons of distinction, among whom will be found Governour Franklin, son of Dr. Franklin, compose the list of vice-presidents.

On the 25th of July last (1803) a large house was opened in Frith street, Soho-square, for the reception of patients, and in which the medical attendant, the matron, and servants constantly reside.

The objects of this establishment are stated by the Society, in their publication on the subject, as follows:

"1st. To afford relief to the disorders of the afflicted and industrious poor of the metropolis, if the remedy should be found capable of that desirable purpose; and

"2dly. To submit the long controverted question on the merits of the metallick tractors to the test of the severest scrutiny, the ordeal of experiment, by disinterested persons, and thereby enable the publick to form a correct opinion on the just pretensions of Perkinism."

As one of the articles, among the rules and regulations for the government of the society, directs the committee to report, after a suitable time, the result of the undertaking, there was published by them in February last, a book, entitled, *The Transactions of the Perkinean Society, consisting of a report on the practice with the metallick tractors, at the Institution in Frith street, and experiments communicated by several correspondents. Published by order of the committee.*

This REPORT is highly creditable to the metallick practice. It states that "the books of the institution, in which every case is registered, both favourable and unfavourable,

will show that nine tenths of the patients have been either cured or materially relieved." Among other cases adduced in this report, are two of restoration of sight.

The report concludes by expressing "the satisfaction the committee would feel, should the wisdom of the British parliament see fit to investigate the merits of Perkinism, and, if convinced of its utility, honour it with similar patronage, to other modern discoveries for the benefit of mankind."

Although I'm sure 'twould not be cruel
To pop off Perkins in a duel.

Page 155. If rhyme or reason could avail any thing against this barbarous, brutal, foolish and destructive practice, no rational mind, it is believed, would censure the attempt however unpleasant the mode may be to the parties, or the friends of the parties concerned.

In the present instance, much complaint was raised in London, by the friends of the two combatants, against these stanzas, as reflecting on the honourable personages concerned. If men will be so superlatively foolish, as well as wicked, however exalted their stations in life, ought any person, who respects the well being of society, to be ashamed of an act which assists to make this vice

"A fixed figure for the time of scorn
"To point his slow and moving finger at?"

The duel in question, has scarcely its parallel for absurdity in its cause and disaster in its consequence. A dog belonging to colonel Montgomery's kept mistress quarrelled in the park, with another dog, belonging to captain Macnamara. The captain's dog, proving too strong for his antagonist, *necessarily* (I speak as a man of *honour*) raised in the martial bosom of the colonel a

feeling which could not be allayed, consistently with the preservation of his dignity among *gentlemen*, without challenging the owner of the victorious dog to meet him, the champion of his kept mistress's dog, before the setting of the sun, otherwise to be proclaimed a coward and no *gentleman*. Macnamara, a post captain in the navy, *necessarily* accepted the challenge. On the first fire, the colonel was killed upon the spot, and the captain also received a wound, which, while it will maim him during life, will assist him, in the cool moments of reflection (if such moments are not inconsistent with a *man of honour*) to *feel* whether it were really manly to take away the life of a fellow creature, and wise to hazard his own in so despicable a cause.

Colonel Montgomery was brother to the marchioness of Townsend, and otherwise connected with the first families in the kingdom. Captain Macnamara, also, belonged to a family of distinction. As there are in England great numbers who know of no other laws of honour than such as they see adopted by the *great*, whom they ape in all their movements, such examples have a four-fold influence. There were, consequently, notwithstanding the fatal issue of this combat, more duels, and at the same place (Chalk Farm) within the few weeks following, than had taken place for many months before.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE POEM.

No. I.

WE now propose to oblige your worships with some profound observations respecting the plague of America, and thus fulfil our promise of page 112. You will there perceive that we have taken the liberty to advise the citizens of New York to

——————— scoop each crowded place in
The form of something like a basin.

This our caution, however, is of much the less importance to that place, on account of the sagacity of its good citizens in having foreseen the best means of preventing the "principle of population" from swallowing up the "means of subsistence." This is very evident from the following statement made, we believe, by one of the inhabitants of that place.*

"I never contemplate the felicity of situation and form which this island enjoys, without renewed confidence in the benevolent designs of Providence in respect to it. The conformation of this part of the continent required a great city at the mouth of the Hudson:—an island is formed for the purpose, large enough to have built Rome upon, and scarcely more than two miles wide. At the mouth of any other great river, this island would have been a dead marsh, surrounded by a like country. *Here* it is high, bold, and hilly. In most other places the sea would rise and fall without current. *Here*, the operation of alternate and conflicting tides cleanses the shores, and tends to preserve the purity of the earth, the air, and the water. The very marshes themselves indicate the paths where canals, with rapid currents of tide water, might easily be made to pass through the island. This must needs be a commercial city, and yet required such a disposition of its commerce as to be healthy. *To aid this object*, we see its own shores conveniently formed for the access of shipping for more than twenty-five miles round. No other place on earth has such an advantage. On the borders of the ocean, and yet *land-locked*; surrounded by fields and cultivation, and yet enjoying the refreshing water

* See "Letters concerning the general Health, by a Householder," published in New York in the autumn of 1805.

breezes from every point except the coolest; and having access to more than 1000 miles of other coasts and shores, within 160 miles from its own wharves:—Such a union of happy circumstances has never, I believe, been witnessed in any other place. I WILL NOT BELIEVE that the avarice and folly of men are destined to destroy it.

"The Collect is now filling up with earth, and is intended to be sold and built upon.

"It may be difficult, at this time, to say, whether upon the whole site of the present town, there was enough surplus earth in the hills, to have raised the low ground to a convenient height, had the whole been judiciously disposed. We know, however, that enormous expenses have been incurred in removing hills which were salutary, to build wharves which are unnecessary and pernicious.

"A part of the lower end of *Pearl street*, and of some streets crossing it, and all of Water, Front, and South streets, are built where the water once flowed, on ground made by constructing *wharves*, which have always been composed of *logs and loose stones*, filled up sometimes with earth, but often with bones, offals, ordure, and every species of corrupt and putrefying matter. The tract of ground thus made, reckoning only from the battery to the beginning of Cherry street, may contain about *ninety acres*. Those docks* next the shore were built *first*, and built without any expectation that others would be extended so far beyond them. They were at first raised no higher than was *then* deemed necessary to defend them from being overflowed; and *so high*, at least, the new

* The word *dock*, as well as many other terms and expressions, are used according to their popular sense in this town. It need not be explained, that I have been more desirous to convince the publick, than to gratify the lovers of fine writing.

ones must be raised. There is, therefore, upon this statement, no room for any descent through these grounds towards the river. But this is not all; for the weight of buildings, the operation of water, which is known to penetrate through all the crevices of these docks and wharves, and the aid of time, which moulders all perishable substances, do, as I believe, gradually sink and press down all the grounds thus made. The oldest sink *first*, and *most*. Thus there is a perpetual tendency in all these grounds to assume a form descending *inward*, that is, *from* the river, and *towards Pearl street*. The lower part of Pine street afforded, till lately, an example to prove the justice of this remark." †

Dr. Miller of the same city, in a " Report on the malignant disease, which prevailed in the city of New York, in the autumn of 1805," gives us the following sketch of our prospects relative to this disorder.

" WE LIVE IN THE LATITUDE OF PESTILENCE, AND OUR CLIMATE NOW PERHAPS IS ONLY BEGINNING TO DISPLAY ITS TENDENCY TO PRODUCE THIS TERRIBLE SCOURGE. The impurities which time and a police, rather moulded in conformity to the usages of more northern countries than the exigencies of our own, have been long accumulating are now annually exposed to the heats of a burning summer, and send forth exhalations of the highest virulence!"

It has been observed, that the plague in London has ceased its ravages since the year 1666. The destruction of the city by fire, and rebuilding it upon a more en-

† These ideas might be applied with equal propriety to the operations going on upon the North river, and in front of Cherry street. Let the reader imagine our town quite surrounded by a border of three streets made from the water!

larged plan—the introduction of fresh water—improvements in the construction of sewers—greater cleanliness of its inhabitants are assigned among the causes which have combined to produce this effect.

It is also urged that there has ever been an unrestrained intercourse between that city and the West India Islands, Egypt, Constantinople, and other parts of the world, in which pestilence has been supposed to have been bred, and yet no fever has been imported into London since the period above mentioned.

It is moreover said, that there is a difference between *specifick contagion* and *infection*. That disorders which are *infectious* can only be propagated in a *predisposed atmosphere*, under the control of contingent circumstances. But disorders which are *contagious* like the small pox, measles, &c. are not governed by such laws, but may be communicated in the coldest climate and the purest air at all times *and to all persons, who have not once undergone their operation. To such reasoning I* always reply, that all this may be true, but

Folks ought to die just when God pleases;

and in a *free government* like ours, it would be the height of tyranny not to permit the good citizens of New York and Philadelphia to make as many "*asylums for oppressed*" *yellow fever* as they please.

No. II.

By some late advices from England, I have learned with no slight degree of concern, that not only the Perkinistick Institution has been permitted to proceed in London without molestation, but that institutions of a similar nature have been established in other parts of the

kingdom. One in Durham, in a particular manner, under the patronage of the bishop of St. David's, is said to have reported two hundred cases of cures. Indeed we are not a little alarmed at this intelligence, and very much fear that you will suffer the dreadful disease of Perkinism to become an epidemick in Great Britain.

If this my last effort should fail to inspire you with zeal proportioned to the magnitude of the evils with which you are threatened by these trespassers on our rights, I shall consider your case as desperate, shall no longer prescribe for such patients, but introduce the undertaker and order some *patent coffins* to be provided for your accommodation without further ceremony.

No. III.

We told your worships, page 128, that Perkins was supported by Aldini, and promised some additional remarks by way of illustrating our assertion. We now intend to prove not only that we were correct in our statement, but that light, heat or calorick, electricity, Galvanism, Perkinism, animal spirits, the social feelings, especially when *love* is concerned, and the stimulus of society, are all intimately connected or different modifications of the same matter.

We will show that *light* and *heat* are the same thing in essence by the authority of some of our prime philosophers whom it would be heresy to dispute or gainsay.

"Universal space," says Dr. Franklin, "so far as we know of it, seems filled with a subtil fluid, whose motion, or vibration, is called light.

"This fluid may possibly be the same with that which attracted by and entering into other more solid matter,

dilates the substance, by separating the constituent particles and so rendering some *solids fluid*, and maintaining the fluidity of others; of which fluid when our bodies are totally deprived, they are said to be frozen; when they have a proper quantity they are in health, and fit to perform all their functions; it is then called natural heat; when too much, it is called fever; and when forced into the body in too great a quantity from without, it gives pain by separating and destroying the flesh, and is then called burning; and the fluid so entering and acting is called fire." *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, vol. iii. p. 5, 6.

Now we will see what Lavoisier, according to Fourcroy, can tell us on this subject.

"In 1780, he (Lavoisier) published three memoirs, which threw a new light upon the doctrine for the establishment of which he laboured with extreme ardour for three years: by first applying to the examination of such fluids as could be obtained in the aëriform state, at a degree of heat little greater than the mean temperature of the earth, he proved that our terrestrial atmosphere is formed of bodies which at the known temperature and pressure, are capable of preserving the aëriform state; that if the earth were nearer to the sun, alcohol, ether, and even water would form a part of the atmosphere; and that on the contrary, if it were at a greater distance from that luminary, water and mercury would be solid; *that the three states of solidity, liquidity, and gaseity, depend on the different proportions of fire combined in bodies*; and that the elastick fluids, being arranged according to their specifick gravity, it is evident that the upper regions of the atmosphere must be *occupied by inflammable gases*, and are therefore the place of luminous and combustible meteors." *Nicholson's Fourcroy*, vol. i. p. 57.

Again, vol. i. p. 183-4. "The comparison which the more modern philosophers, and particularly my illustrious friend Monge, have established between *calorick and light*, so as to consider these two effects as the *product of modifications of the same body*, is entitled to much more attention. It is established on a great number of experiments; it naturally and simply explains most of the phenomena; and it agrees with the sublime economy of nature, which multiplies effects much more than the bodies which produce them.

"Fire" he continues "is disengaged, and shows itself in the form of *heat*, when it is gently and slowly driven out of bodies into the composition of which it entered; but it shines in the form of *light* when it flies out of compounds, in a very compressed state, by a swift motion.

"According to this ingenious hypothesis, *calorick* may become *light*, and *light* on the other hand may become *calorick*. For this purpose it is only necessary that the first should assume more rapidity in its motion, and the second undergo a diminution of velocity."

Our next step in this our wonderful process is to prove, that light, which is the same as heat, may also be identified with *electricity*.

Here I shall produce the authority of a writer in the Encyclopædia Britannica, who appears to be a very sound philosopher. Under the title electricity, article 83, you will find that gunpowder has been fired by the electrick blast; from which the writer reasons as follows.

"As it therefore appears, that the electrick fluid, when it moves through bodies either with great rapidity or in very great quantity will set them on fire, *it seems scarce disputable*, that this fluid is the same with the *element of fire*

This being once admitted, the source from whence the electrick fluid is derived into the earth and atmosphere must be exceedingly evident, being no other than the sun or source of light itself." The writer then proceeds to show, that an iron wire has been melted by the discharge of a battery of electricity, and furnishes proofs which must convince the most incredulous, of the correctness of his theory.

Thus far we have proceeded triumphantly in making it abundantly evident that light, heat, and electricity are the same in substance; so that if your worships will permeate this subject with due retention and some small share of true philosophical perspicacity, you will find that heat and electricity are the dregs or sediment of light, and by digesting Dr. Black's theory of latent heat, you will find that the matter of heat, light, and electricity exists in very vast abundance in all bodies and substances.

We next will prove that Galvanism is a modification of electricity. Here we will advert to the theory of Galvani and Aldini, as stated by C. H. Wilkinson, lecturer on Galvanism in Soho square, member of the royal college of surgeons, &c. &c. This gentleman informs us, that "the animal body is a description of *Leyden phial*, or magick battery, in one part of which there is an excess of electricity, and in the other a deficiency *The conducting body communicates the fluid of the part where it is abundant to the part* where it is defective; and in this passage of the electricity, the muscular contractions are obtained in the same way as the discharges are produced by the Leyden phial or magick batteries. As the *conducting bodies* in electricity are the sole agents in the discharge of the Leyden phial, so the same bodies alone serve likewise to excite muscular contractions." *Wilkinson's Elements of Galvanism*, p. 82.

We find again, page 84. "Were I called on to give an opinion, I should state my persuasion that the muscular contractions (in Galvanism) are produced by the movements of animal electricity, directed by the conducting bodies of natural electricity."

Here we find, that the "muscular contractions" which are the consequence of the application of the Galvanick fluid are an appearance of "animal electricity." And as the animal body is a kind of "Leyden phial," *animal electricity* and *natural electricity* must be the same, and would seem to be an invisible fluid, which may be communicated, by the means of its proper conductors, from one body to another.

We next will prove that Perkins's points are the proper conductors of animal electricity. From a specification which Mr. Perkins published in the Repertory of Arts, it would seem that *zinc* is the principal ingredient in the tractors.

"Zinc," says Fourcroy, "is a conductor of electricity like all other metals, and nothing particular has hitherto been discovered in it with respect to this property; however, the *powerful manner in which it affects the sensibility of the human body in Galvanick experiments seems to give it herein a sort of prerogative* or preeminence over other metallick substances. If we place a plate of zinc under the tongue, and cover the upper surface of this organ with another metal, and especially a piece of gold or silver, and then incline the extremity of this last, so as to approach it to the plate of zinc, at the moment when the two metals come into contact with each other, the person who performs the experiments feels a very perceptible pricking sensation, heat, irritation, and a sort of acerb taste in the tongue, almost always accompanied with a *momentous* glare, or a luminous circle, which suddenly

appears before his eyes. No metal produces this singular effect with such force as zinc is observed to do."

Thus it appears, that Perkinism is the conducting, or, as it were, *decanting* of the electrick fluid by the means of those metallick substances which are best adapted to that purpose, from one "animal Leyden phial" to another, and by the due regulation of that grand principle of animation, giving a proper tone to the animal functions and curing many complaints to which frail mortals are liable.

This animal electricity is likewise a modification of what we call *animal spirits*, and may be termed the *stimulus of society*. That this was well known to the wisest of men, is evident from this adage of Solomon: "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." The want of a proper communication among animal Leyden phials is the cause of the gloom of the *solitaire*. The wish to partake of the benefits of the stimulus of society makes man a gregarious animal, and induces the human race to congregate in large cities, and to be fond of routs, balls, assemblies, in which the aforesaid human electrick phials are beaming *animal electricity* in every direction, and thus a flow of animal spirits is communicated by a pleasing contagion to all present.

When we see an animal Leyden phial superabounding with animal electricity, we say it is a *spirited animal*. When said animal happens to be a hero, a tyger, an irritated ram cat, or a black snake intent on his game, visible flashes of electricity will blaze from the eyes, and communicate very sensible shocks to a spectator. Thus the Gaul, who was commanded to cut off the head of Marius, a celebrated Roman general, and a personage full of the most *positive sort of animal electricity*, received such a *stroke* of lightning from the battery of that hero's

head, and at the same time was so *thunderstruck* with the exclamation of "*Tune, homo, audes occidere Caium Marium?*" that the dagger dropped bloodless from the hands of the ruthless assassin. Thus Alexander, when hampered in the chief city of the Oxydracæ, kept his foes at a distance by the fire that flashed from his eyes in whole torrents of animal electricity. How often do we see a congressional spouter, or an itinerant field preacher *electrize* a large assembly by repeated discharges of this mysterious fluid. In all cases of fanaticism it is mistaken for the fire of devotion, and causes grimaces, contortions, convulsions, and other strange symptoms, which, however, are easily accounted for by the theory of the "animal Leyden phial."

But the prettiest experiments ever made with animal electricity, I have seen sometimes exhibited by a female philosopher to a levee of her admirers. On such occasions, the lady's eyes seem to be fountains of *animal electricity*. This electricity, however, is not *vitreous* and *resinous* but *positive* and *negative*. The former expressed by a *flash of disdain*, and the latter by a *glance of approbation*. The different effects which discharges of these different kinds of electricity exhibit in the subjects of experiment may be rated among the most wonderful of phenomena. The former transports a man, Southey-like, to "the atmosphere of the highest of all possible heavens," the latter sinks him "down! down! to the Domdaniel cave at the roots of the ocean." But as this is a branch of natural philosophy to which, for forty years, past I have not paid the least attention, I shall not attempt further to instruct your worships therein, but refer you to the experiments so delectably set forth in the poems of Little, Johannes Bonefonius, Secundus, and other adepts in that curious science.

FINIS.

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